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THE

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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267

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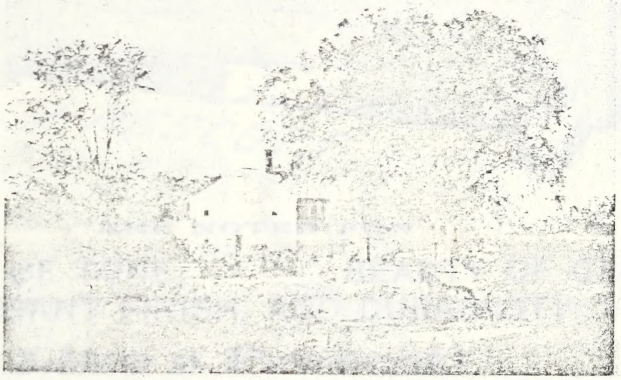
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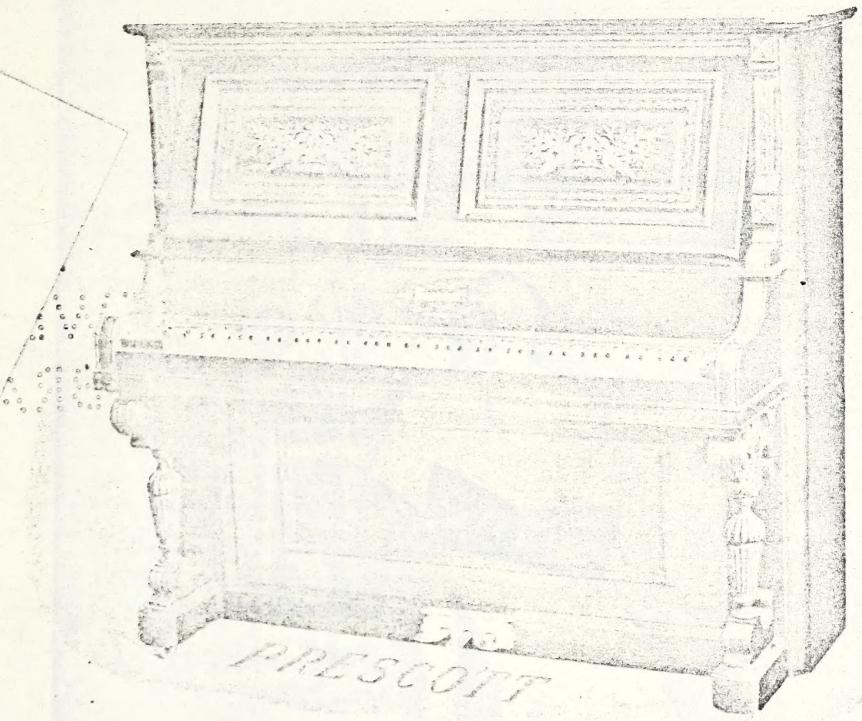
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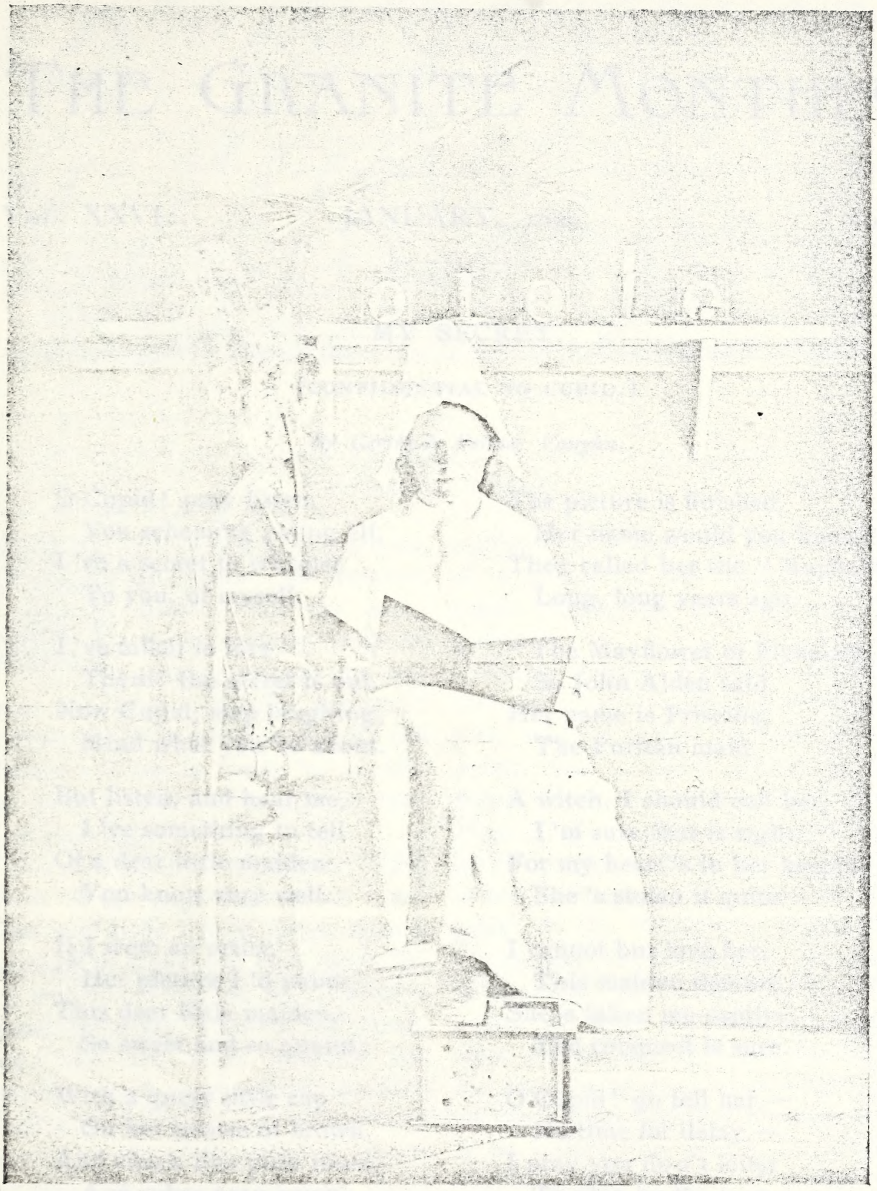
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She sat at the wheel one afternoon in autumn.
LONGFELLOW.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVI. JANUARY, 1899. No. 1.

MY SECRET.

(CONFIDENTIAL TO CUPID.)

By Gertrude Palmer Vaughn.

O Cupid! pray listen,
You scheming young elf,
I 've a secret to whisper
To you, of myself.

I 've fallen in love.
There! the secret is out.
Now Cupid, stop laughing,
Mind what you 're about.

But listen, and hear me,
I 've something to tell
Of a dear little maiden
You know very well.

If I were an artist,
Her picture I 'd paint,
This dear little maiden,
So sweet and so quaint;

With a queer little cap
On her tresses of brown,
And cheek like pink roses,
And sober gray gown;

With a rogue in her dimples,
And laughing brown eyes,
Whose depths are the coverts
Where witchery lies.

The picture is finished,
Her name would you know?
They called her the "Mayflower,"
Long, long years ago.

"The Mayflower of Plymouth,"
So John Alden said,
Her name is Priscilla,
The Puritan maid.

A witch, I should call her,
I 'm sure that is right,
For my heart 's in her keeping,
She 's stolen it quite.

I cannot but love her,
This maiden demure;
She 's taken me captive,
The conquest is sure.

O Cupid! go tell her,—
No time for delay,—
I pray you do n't loiter
To play by the way;

But haste to Priscilla,
And whisper it low.
I 'll wait while you tell her;
O Cupid! please go.



A Group of Indian Boys.

ALASKA.

By Converse J. Smith.

A THOUSAND pens have attempted to describe Alaska, but the wonderful territory with its entrancing scenery has never yet been faithfully portrayed by even the most versatile writer; the attempt will not be made by myself, but certain impressions gained may be of interest.

The distance from Seattle to Sitka, which is the capital, is about 1,200 miles, and from five to seven days is required to make the trip, stops being made at Victoria, B. C., Mary's Island, Wrangle, Juneau, and Skagway; the fare, until recently, has been $50 each way, which included meals and stateroom; at the present time, by reason of competition, tickets are sold for $25, or one may reach Wrangle, Juneau, or Skagway for $10, which is a ruinous rate.

It was in 1867 that it became known that Secretary of State Seward had negotiated a treaty for the purchase of Alaska, in consideration of $7,200,000; few approved, and many condemned the proposed acquisition.

Blaine, Logan, Washburn, Cullom, and other leaders entered their protest, while Charles Sumner in the senate and General Banks in the house favored the appropriation. Hon. A. P. Swaineford, at one time governor, and an authority on Alaska, states that during the debate in congress, E. B. Washburn defied any living man on the face of the earth to produce any evidence that one ounce of gold was ever extracted from Alaska, and declared the country was absolutely without value, yet on the 31st of October, the day prior to my sailing from Seattle, the United States assayer in that city showed me $350,000 in gold that was brought down from Alaska by the last steamer arriving, and stated that between April and October of the present year $7,000,000 had been delivered to him

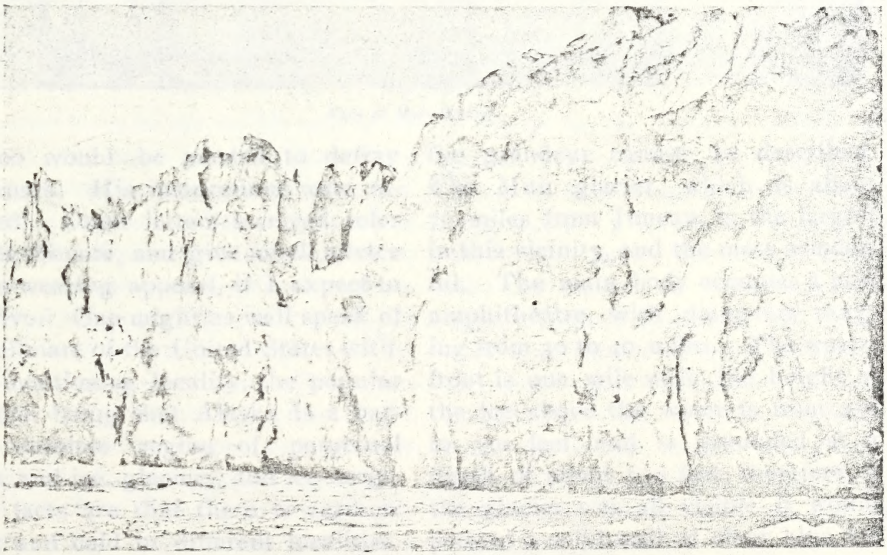


to be assayed, another million had been sent to San Francisco, and a few hundred thousand dollars in gold dust had been sent or taken east by miners. A single mine has produced more gold than the original appropriation for the purchase of the territory. It is interesting to speculate as to why Russia disposed of her North American possessions, and the reason United States decided to purchase. It is probable that Russia feared, in case of war, she might not be able to defend her possessions, and it would be natural for Great Britain to desire the vast territory contiguous to her colonies. On the other hand it is the opinion of those with whom I have conversed that United States desired to reward Russia for her friendly attitude mentioned during the Civil War, and then it is well to remember a powerful corporation that had controlled the country for years was behind the movement.

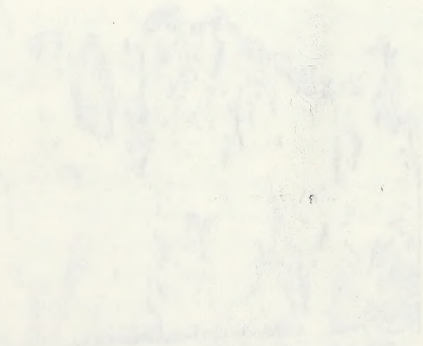
It is difficult to comprehend the magnitude of Alaska, its grand scenery, or its mighty rivers. Hon. John G. Brady, the present governor of Alaska, who resides at Sitka, informs me the present population is estimated at 50,000, and of this number about 30,000 are Indians; the latest computation places the area as 800,000 square miles, or equal to all the territory east of the Mississippi river, while the coast line is 26,000 miles, a distance that would more than circle the globe.

Sitka is more than 4,000 miles from Concord, yet one may travel west from this place over 2,400 miles and still continue in Alaska, or if the national capital was to be located in the centre of the United States Sitka would be near the geographical centre.

A letter from Concord asks if I will call on Richardson, Barrett, and others who are on the Yukon river. To do so and follow route taken by them it would be necessary to sail to St. Michaels, a distance of 3,000



Muir Glacier.



miles, then follow the Yukon river some 2,000 miles further. It appears the officials at Washington find it difficult to comprehend the territory as well as the ordinary citizen, as the collector of customs, who resides at Sitka, was instructed not long since to proceed to Circle City, make an investigation, and submit a report by return mail. Before taking up the investigation he advised the department that six months' time would be required to make the journey, and $1,500 would be needed to defray expenses. His instructions were revoked. Other letters received refer to the climate, and give much advice as to wearing apparel, if I expect to survive. One might as well speak of the climate of the United States without mentioning locality, the popular opinion being that Alaska is a barren, desolate region of perpetual snow and ice, glaciers, and ice-bergs. The facts are that there is extreme heat and cold in different localities. In Sitka zero weather is a rare occurrence, and the annual temperature is substantially that of Washington, D. C.

GLACIERS.

There are many glaciers in Alaska, and more or less are to be seen from the steamer on its regular course from Seattle to Sitka; now and then one is pointed out as a dead glacier, due to formations that have appeared front of the mouth, preventing discharge into the sea. All of the glaciers impress one profoundly and the grandeur cannot be described. The Muir glacier, which is about 70 miles from Juneau, is the largest in this vicinity, and the most wonderful. The main body occupies a vast amphitheatre, with diameters ranging from 30 to 40 miles. The waterfront is one mile wide, the height of the ice above the water is from 250 to 350 feet, and is grounded at a depth of about 750 feet, therefore, if the glacier was all visible it would present a solid wall of clear blue ice a full mile long and 1,000 feet high.



Face of Muir Glacier.

It is a river of ice moving to the sea. It is estimated that this particular glacier moves three feet daily, on an average, and in summer months often forty feet a day. Try and estimate the enormous amount of ice thus falling into the sea, which may be seen 100 miles distant. A single block, by actual measurement, has been found to be 400 feet square.

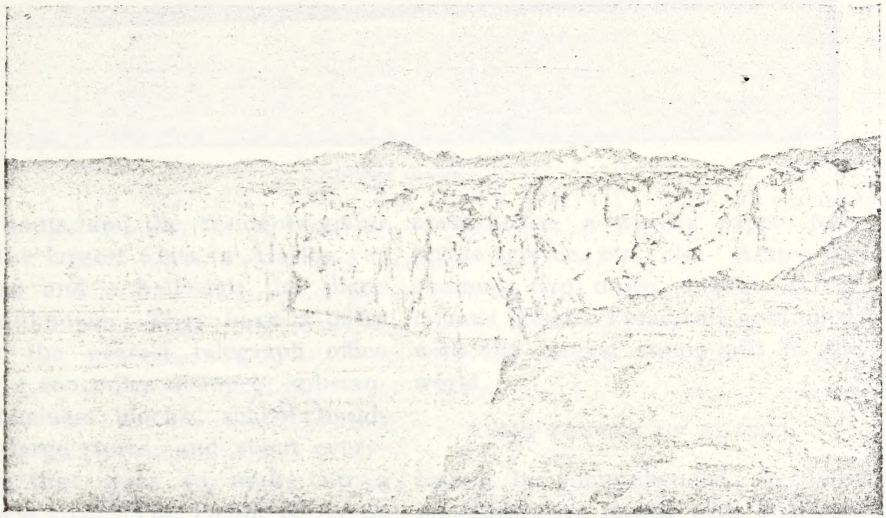
RIVERS OF ALASKA.

The Yukon, undoubtedly, is the greatest river in the world, and while it has not been seen by the writer many have been met who have navigated its waters. For a distance of 100 miles the width is from 12 to 20 miles, and for 1,500 miles it is three miles wide, and the vast volume of water is discharged into the sea by half a dozen channels. There are three great tributaries, one larger than the Mississippi, and all are navigable for many hundred miles.

Then there is the great Nughegak river, which is 20 miles wide for a distance of 50 miles from its mouth, and there are large steamers plying its waters.

TOWNS OF SITKA, JUNEAU, AND SKAGWAY.

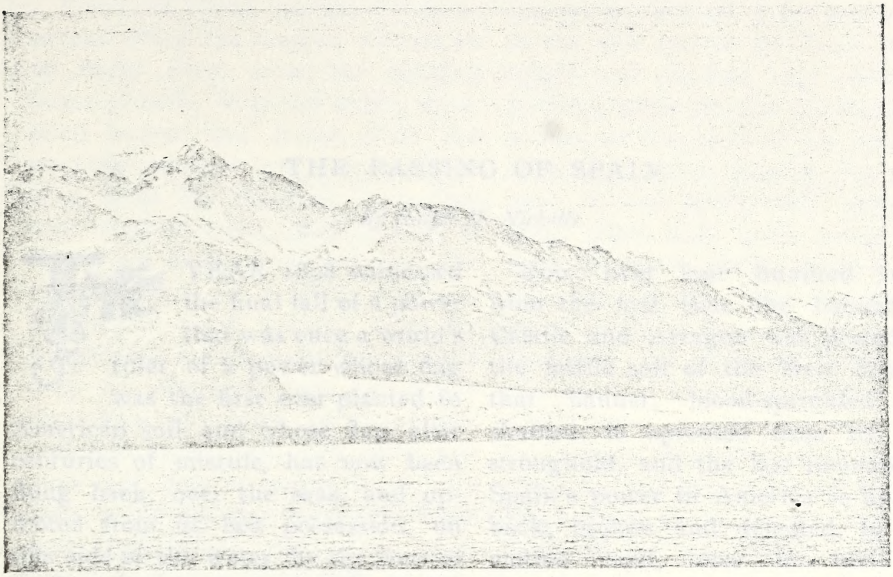
The town of Sitka occupies a beautiful site at the head of Sitka sound, on the west side of Baranoff island. It has a fine harbor, and here is the official residence of the governor, collector of customs, U. S. judge, marshal, commissioner, and others.



Muir Glacier.

There is an Indian school, orphans' home, in which instruction is given in both English and Russian languages. The Greek church is one of the great attractions, especially for reason of valuable paintings. That of Madonna and child, with its drapery of gold, is one of the most precious relics. Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano 8,000 feet high, stands like a sentinel over the place. There are about 2,000 inhabitants, one half of whom are Indians.

Skagway has a population of 5,000



Davidson Glacier.

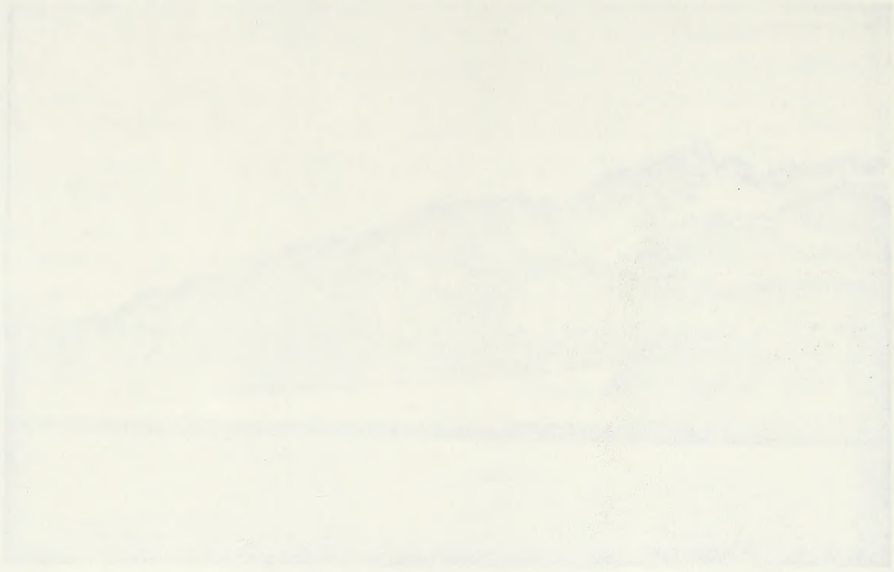
inhabitants, and the residents claim it is the largest town in Alaska, yet a year and a half ago the place was unknown. They have a daily paper, the nearest telegraph office being 1,200 miles distance, substantial business blocks, school buildings, large stores, and about everything that goes to make up a business city. The Pacific & Arctic railroad, the only railroad in the territory, begins here, and is now operating fourteen miles of road, and is within four miles of the summit of White Pass. It is claimed the trail over this pass can now be followed by the bones of horses that have died en route. The road in question is to be extended some 300 miles—the fare to-day is 30 cents per mile.

Juneau is situated at the base of a mountain which is some 4,000 feet in height, and is most picturesque. This town has good streets, large stocks of merchandise, a theater and opera-house, a weekly paper, telephone service, etc., etc. Across the channel, two miles distant, is the famous Alaska-Treadwall gold mine, with the largest stamp-mill in the world.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA

cannot be comprehended; her vast mountains are stored with gold and silver; there are fields of coal, mountains of iron and copper, and the fishing industry surpasses in value the entire Atlantic coast. The fur trade is simply immense, and good judges predict that at no distant day the great valley of the Yukon will produce sufficient grain to rival in value the production of gold, and to-day a good variety of vegetables are successfully cultivated within sixty miles of the Arctic circle.

Who of us will undertake to definitely estimate or limit the value of Alaska's undeveloped resources?



THE PASSING OF SPAIN.

By Ralph D. Nicholls.

THE YEAR 1898 witnessed the final fall of a power that was once a world's ruler, of a power whose flag was the first ever planted in American soil, and whose flag, after centuries of misrule, has now been flung back, over the seas, and uprooted from its last possession, on this side of the water, by the sons of the land that its bearers discovered.

Spain, the first great colonizing power, has seen, as an old man sees, the advancing signs of old age, the gradual loss of all her once great power, the passing from under her flag, and dominion, those vast emporiums of wealth, and gold, from which once her galleons sailed, laden with riches,—her colonies.

Once a world-wide power, whose flag was borne on every sea, whose name was feared in every land, a power so great as to boastfully assume the right over all the western seas, and close them to all but Spanish traffic. Less than four hundred years ago, the flag of his most Catholic Majesty, the king of Spain, floated in the southern breezes, waved its gold and crimson standard over mountain and valley, sea and shore, of all this vast continent, North and South, while the islands of the seas owned his sway, and delivered up their annual tribute to the bottomless coffers of the Spanish throne.

Now, over four hundred years from the first time the banner of Castile and Arragon was placed in the fertile soil of the New World, that banner, blood-sprinkled and shamed, is uprooted from its last stronghold, and the last remnant of Spain's power in America is hurled back, broken and defeated, to the mother land, now in her old age, reduced, forlorn, and beggared, tossed and torn with the seething undermath of incipient revolution, she faces the future, a pale phantom of what she once was, and with the traditions of a glorious, yet bloody, past behind her, sinks, before the eyes of all, into obscurity and oblivion.

O'er the lands where once the black cowled monk and dread Inquisitor glided to and fro, dark emblems of evil; o'er the land where cowering slaves worked to the hissing music of the lash, till they died in the golden mines; o'er the land where corruption and treachery were so common that it was a matter for remark to see an honest, public man, now waves a glorious banner, the symbol of peace, justice, right, and liberty, its heavenly colors dancing in the sky, bringing hope to the downtrodden, and peace to all, the flag of our glorious Union, the flag of a nation ready to take up arms for the helpless and oppressed,—our flag, the Stars and Stripes.

From the fertile valleys, the prosperous cities, the rugged mountains of Porto Rico, from the tangled forest growth, from the burnt, desolated homes and farms, from the starving mothers and helpless children, from the bleeding, stern, patriot bands of Cuba, goes up a cry of joy, a cry of thanksgiving, that the great shadow of a black darkness has passed away forever; from the homes and hearts wells up joy too deep for utterance, that henceforth they may sit down in peace and quietude under their own roofs, and none will dare to molest them, and that, under the flag that now floats over their heads, their lives, their homes and dear ones will be safe, and their native land will enjoy freedom and peace from all oppression.

What a contrast from the time when Spain's troops under the dreaded Alva, overrun Europe and compelled kings and emperors to sue for peace. Then, the "first infantry in Europe," now, a defeated host, shipped back to their native country by a generous foe.

Spain, stripped of her colonies, her fleets wrecked, her armies beaten, her prestige lost, ceases to have any importance in modern history, and sinks to the level of a third-rate power; having lost all, she passes from the stage of history, where once she was wont to play so important a part, and where she once queened it in haughty disregard of all others. With the passing of Spain from the stage of history, another power arises to take her place, and all eyes are turned to the new star of the West, whose bright and dazzling rays above the horizon, make the Old World nations to fear, as they gaze at the entrance of a new power among the great ones of the earth, and speculate what effect this new comer will have on their selfish interests and schemes. A new voice will now be heard in the counsels of the nations, speaking, not in harsh and selfish disregard of all others' rights, with angry tones and strident voice, but in a sweet, clear tone, with trumpet ring, she will cry before all the glorious words of the fundamental keystone of her very being, "All men are free and equal," while her motto shall ever be, for her guidance in the new and larger realm of activity to which she is now called, "We stand for liberty, not license; freedom, equality, and our Union is cemented and bound together by a tie that takes in all, as upon our crest shall stand in letters of living fire these words: 'One for all, all for one.'"

And in the future union of all peoples and tongues, in peace and good-will to each other, described by the poet in the short, expressive phrase, "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," one may surely venture to prophesy that the leader of them all, and the presiding genius of that brotherly assembly, will be the star-crowned Columbia and her ensign will be ours—the glorious banner of the Stars and Stripes.



Lieut. A. M. Avery. Capt. William A. Sanborn. Lieut. Robert S. Foss.
Lieut. Joseph L. Morrill.

OFFICERS OF COMPANY K.

By Adelbert Clark.

Four pictured forms before me
In loyal blue, I see,
Who left their homes and loved ones
To set a nation free.
Each face shows hope and courage,
Each heart is just and true,
And each proud form is fit to wear
The honored loyal blue.

Four officers of Company K,
Their praise who would not sing?
True men as God has ever made,
And firm as any king.
Their noble forms stand erect,
Each eye is keen and clear,
And on each face with beauty marked,
There is no shade of fear.



This one—is Captain Sanborn
With epaulets sparkling bright
Upon his manly shoulders,
Beneath a glowing light.
How faithfully he led the ranks
That morning long ago,
When orchards dreamed of summer,
And dropped their leaves of snow.

The next—Lieutenant Morrill,
The captain's faithful friend,
And friend to every comrade
Whose love with his did blend.
Beneath the flag of freedom,
From days of early youth,
He learned to love its crimson bars
And choose the way of truth.

Here—is Lieutenant Avery:
Sufficient manly grace,
And love for home and country
Gleams from his noble face.
And 'neath the starry banner
His heart is always true,
And never did a man more brave
Put on the army blue.

And still beneath the banner
Of red and white and blue,
Lieutenant Foss, the fourth one,
Doth bear an honor, too!
The clanging of his sabre,
The army's fadeless blue,
They tell us that beneath it all
The heart is staunch and true.

God bless these noble officers;
Long may their honor live,
'Till Christ comes in his glory
The crown of life to give.
'Till then, O God, I pray Thee,
Bid every nation cease
From war's dark, gloomy shadows,
And gently whisper—Peace!

JACK AND PIRIE.

JONES' FERRY is a small town lying among the New Hampshire hills, in the valley of its principal river. It's name dates back to the time when Amos Jones used to ferry the occasional passengers across the bridgeless river in his shaky scow. A substantial bridge long ago displaced the old boat, which, with its owner, has drifted away into the dim and distant past.

It is an unknown town, a sleepy, unnoticed place, but life goes on there just as steadily and unceasingly as in the great cities of the country. To the few inhabitants it is as real, interesting, and absorbing as the constantly shifting scenes upon that broader stage. Comedies and tragedies are daily enacted, and the drama is always "on" to a careful observer.

One morning in early June, while the dew was still hanging in glistening beads from each blade and leaf, Deacon Buttersworth came briskly up the one street of the village, on his way to the store for a new ox-goad. The deacon was a tall, spare man, with sharp-cut, rather good-looking features. His eyes were clear and piercing, and his fingers were long and bony, and had a gripping habit that was typical of the man. He was prominent in the church, as his title implied, passed the box, and spanked the unruly small boy, but was not over-lavish in expenditure, unless he could see a dollar overlapping the one he advanced, even in the service of the Lord. He believed in casting his bread upon the waters, but he wanted to have some attachment upon it so that if it did not return readily, he could pull it back by main strength.

As he was passing Squire Perkins's house, the owner, who was working in the yard, sauntered leisurely down to the gate, as if to pass the time of day with his neighbor.

"Fine mornin', Deacon!"

"First rate! Need some rain, though. Crops won't start without it. My corn 's just getting up, and if it don't rain soon, the sprouts will die."

"Well, looks like we might get a scud afore night," replied the squire consolingly. "Pretty sudden thing that, down to the Bolton's," he continued. "Heard 'bout it I suppose?"

"Yes, just like the bottom dropping out 'n a pail," answered the deacon, smacking his hands together to give force to his illustration. "And it 's a warnin' to us all," he went on. "Beats the nation how some families always seem to be in hot water! Only last year Seth died, and now here 's his widder goes off without a moment 's notice, leavin' those children without a cent."

"What 's goin' to become of 'em?"

"Well, I suppose the town 'll have

to take 'em. Have n't any kin as I ever heerd of."

"Taxes are gettin' pretty stiff, Deacon. Over one and a half last year, and there 's the new schoolhouse this year," and the squire pursed up his lips and rubbed his chin ruefully.

"And it falls heaviest on you and me, Squire," replied the deacon, a black scowl falling across his placid features. "I do n't see what good such shiftless people are, anyway. Now, there was Seth, if he had learned some trade he might have left his family somethin' to live on instead of turnin' them over to you and me to support. But he had to become a painter and spend all his time daubin' on a piece 'er cloth. The only rational thing I ever heerd of his doin' was when he painted that sign for the butcher down to Reedsville, and he done that for a joke."

Poor Seth Bolton! his kind heart would have suffered a twinge of sad pain could he have heard these two hard-shelled old farmers reproaching him for his devotion of his life to his beloved art. With the best intentions in the world, and with unremitting labor he had scarcely been able to feed and clothe his small family, and when death had suddenly ended his career, he left behind him a few half-finished pictures, a sunset painted from the hill above the town, and a lot of squeezed paint tubes, as empty as his pocket-book. His balance at the bank was nil, and his credit with the grocer zero.

His brave little wife had put her willing shoulder to the wheel and managed to keep it from sinking into the mire of utter penury, but now she was as suddenly taken away, leaving nothing behind for the sweet little babes but the lingering remembrance of her love and care. The sun of their fortunes seemed to have set completely, and the West was leaden with the promise of a sad tomorrow.

The funeral was over; the poor little mother was taking the first rest she had had in years, and the children had been brought back to the house by the neighbors to await the action of the selectmen as to their disposal. The woman who was supposed to take care of them in the interim had gone home to dinner, and intended, doubtless, to bring the children something to eat when she returned. As far as the neighbors knew, there were no relatives to whom the children could be sent, and there seemed no outlook for them but the work-house. Sorrowful ending for the little lives for which Seth and his dear wife had planned so brilliant and happy a future!

Jack was a bright, sturdy little fellow, just a year in knickerbockers. His eyes looked out fearlessly from under his long dark lashes, while his chubby fists were ready to do battle on all occasions. His stout little legs, his straight back, and open brow all denoted fearlessness and honesty. Pirie was four, with long golden curls, and great, round blue eyes, big enough to hold his little hands when he cried. His was one of those confiding little faces which go straight to a mother's heart. Just at this minute the blue eyes were filled with tears, and weary sobs followed each other in rapid succession like waves upon the beach. He was crying for the dear mother, for when

they told him she was dead that meant nothing to him, and he met all Jack's sad attempts to pacify him with the plaintive cry so pitiful to hear:

"Me wants mamma!"

Alas! she would never smooth back his golden curls again, nor kiss the tears from the soft round cheeks. The rough hand of adversity had replaced her tender and loving fingers.

"Don't cry, Pirie, dear!" said Jack, great drops starting from his own eyes and dropping upon the little one's upturned face. "Mamma won't come any more, Pirie," he said in tremulous voice. "Mamma is way up in the blue sky with papa and the angels; but she sees you and me, and she is patting you on the head now, though you can't feel it."

"Me wants to feel it; me wants her here, Jack," wailed Pirie.

Jack choked back a sob, took him in his arms, and tried to rock him to sleep. After a while the tired little head fell back on his shoulder, and his troubles were forgotten. Poor little motherless babes! No one in the wide, wide world to care for them; no gentle hand to guide their faltering, unknowing steps; no watchful eye to foresee and prepare for coming troubles; nothing but the work-house, the work-house for these bairns.

Patiently and softly, back and forth, rocked Jack, Pirie's curly head lying quietly on his shoulder, while the great tears rolled slowly down his own cheeks. Poor Jack! *He* could not fall asleep and forget it all. *He knew* what death meant in a dim, uncertain way; he knew that never in the long years before them, would that sweet smile bring peace to their grieved little hearts, smoothing away all troubles. But Jack was older than his years; Jack was a philosopher. He saw that he was left the head of a family, and his brave heart, instead of giving way to despair, rose to meet the occasion, and he pressed back the sobs, cuddled Pirie closer to his breast, and resolved to "manfully fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil," as he had been baptised to do, though of course he did not use these words.

His mother had died very suddenly, just as her husband had done, and had been able to make no provision for her little ones, but she had often talked with Jack about her sister in California, and told him if anything happened to her he must take Pirie and go to this Aunt Clorinda. Of course she did not mean for them to go alone, for she did not expect to die so suddenly, but simply wished him to remember that there was some one to turn to in case of need. As the little fellow thought over what he should do, these words came back to his mind, and he decided at once "to go to his Aunt Clorinda's in California." He did not know any more than that she lived in California, and he had about as much idea of what and where California was as he had of the Mohammedan religion. He did not even know his aunt's last name, for she was married, and his mother had never spoken of her except as "Aunt Clorinda," but that did not trouble Jack. He thought every-

one must know his "Aunt Clorinda." He knew everyone in Jonesville, and supposed Jonesville was a large segment of the universe.

Before the funeral, Jack had overheard the squire and the deacon talking things over behind the house, and was greatly terrified when he caught them discussing the advisability of sending them to the work-house. He had not a very clear idea of what the work-house was, but knew it must be something awful, because he had once heard his mother say that "she would rather go to the work-house than sell one of the sunsets which adorned the walls of their little parlor."

He feared they would carry out their evil intentions at once, and it suddenly occurred to Jack that he must act quickly or it would be too late. So, quietly laying Pirie down upon the sofa, he began his preparations for departure.

To a boy of his age the first thought was for something to eat. He remembered certain jolly picnics they used to have before his dear father died, so he got a little basket and went to the pantry, and filled it with what he could find, though the cupboard was nearly in the condition in which old Mother Hubbard found hers; but a few slices of bread, some cold meat, and a stray doughnut or two filled the small basket. Having provided the food for the trip to California, Jack went back into the little parlor, and looked thoughtfully at Pirie cuddled up on the sofa, his head pillowed on his arms, and his fat little legs drawn up like those of a kitten. When his eyes fell on the bare legs he shook his head. "It would never do in the world," he thought. "Pirie could not walk to California, be it ever so near. His legs would give out before they had gone half way," and he remembered how often he had had to carry him when they had gone over to the "Ferry" together to play.

Here was a serious question. He felt sure of his own sturdy legs, but poor little Pirie, who did not even wear trousers! Oh! no, he could never do it in the world!

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him, and he ran out into the shed. He was gone several minutes, but presently came back drawing a little four-wheeled cart such as children have to play with, only this one was strongly built. Jack's father had made it for the children.

This, thought Jack, would straighten matters out, for when Pirie was tired, Pirie could get in and ride. Now, having his supplies and his conveyance ready, Jack scratched his head to see if there was anything else. It was summer, but sometimes it got cold as night came on, and he remembered that when they went out for an afternoon his mother always used to carry Pirie's little coat and a shawl, so he went up-stairs and got the gray coat with the brown braid on the sleeves, and the red plaid shawl he had seen her carry, and stowed them carefully in the wagon, occupying as little space as possible. Then, after making sure that his most important piece of property (a large jack-knife) was in his pocket, he decided that

everything was ready for departure.

He was reluctant to wake Pirie, but felt that he must get away before those fearful men carried out their purpose; so he gently shook the little fellow, and when the sleepy eyes opened wonderingly, he said:

"Wake up, Pirie! I'm going over in the woods to play Indians. Don't you want to come?"

"Ess," cried Pirie, wide awake in a moment when such a lark was in prospect.

"Well, hurry up and let me put on your hat then, 'cause I want to get over there as soon as I can," and Jack bustled about, and got Pirie's straw hat (the last thing his mother had done for the little fellow was to trim this hat), and put it on his glossy curls, now somewhat tangled by his nap. Then, after smoothing down his dress and straightening his collar, he took him by the hand, and hauling the wagon with the other, hurried out through the front door.

Just as they were about to go down the steps Jack stopped, and telling Pirie to wait a minute, went back to the little parlor. Pulling a chair across the room, he climbed up, and kissed a tiny portrait of his mother, which his father had painted, and then moved the chair over to his father's favorite painting, and pressed his sad, little face to that as a last good-by to all that was dear in the poor, little home. Then he stood for a moment in the middle of the room, the tears rolling slowly down his cheeks, and looking from one painting to the other. He was thinking that he would like to take these pictures with him, but he knew that if Pirie once caught sight of his mother's portrait his plans would all be upset, so he decided to leave that and take the painting. Placing a cricket in the chair he pulled the cord over the hook, and lifted the picture, which was about a foot square, down to the floor. After dusting it carefully with his handkerchief, he hurried out to the door and stood it in the cart with his other baggage, much to Pirie's amazement.

Before venturing out into the street, he peered up and down the highway to see if anyone was in sight, but it was the noon hour, and all the systematic country folk were at their midday meal. Seeing that the path was clear, he grasped Pirie's hand, and they hastened down the graveled walk, on either side of which the early rose bushes filled the air with their fragrance. It seemed as though they were to get away without being discovered, and Jack felt relieved, but just as they were going through the gate they were stopped by a harsh voice, which cried out:

"Hullo, Jack!"

Somewhat startled, Jack looked round, and was greatly relieved to find that it was only Polly, the parrot, who had been completely forgotten in the hurry of the funeral, and had been left hanging on his perch, under the honeysuckle, on the porch.

"Poor Polly!" said Jack sadly to himself, "who will take care of her?"

"Hullo, Jack! Does yer mother know you're out? Polly wants a

cracker!" yelled the parrot; and Jack thought it quite probable that she did want a cracker, for, as near as he could remember, she had had nothing all day, so he opened his basket, took out a piece of bread, and went back to give it to her. The old bird, the friend and companion of many a happy day, climbed down off her perch, rubbed her nose against the boy's hand, and ate the bread with relish. This little mark of affection touched Jack's heart, and he resolved not to leave her behind to the tender mercies of such men as the squire and the deacon. It seemed to him that Aunt Clorinda could not object to having such a bright, cheery bird as Polly.

This parrot had been the pet of the family for years, and was supposed to be anywhere from fifty to two hundred years old. He had been labored with by several generations of various religious proclivities, and some, it is to be feared, with no religious proclivities, to judge from his acquirements. He was remarkably adept at picking up anything odd, original, or profane. If he overheard the boys in the street using any slang phrase he was sure to crop out with it shortly.

With the bird perched upon the edge of the cart they started once more on their pilgrimage. As soon as the bread was fairly swallowed Polly gave vent to her feelings as follows:

"Jack's a brick! Jack's a brick! Jack's a rip-snorter!" and she kept on repeating these important facts to the trees and fence posts or the next twenty rods, and filling the whole air with his praises. She was an appreciative bird.

It was lucky people were busy with their dinners at the rear of their houses, or this little trio would certainly have been discovered and their plans upset; but fortune favored them, and even Pirie's toddling steps soon carried him outside the village, and under the fragrant forest trees which lined the road. When they had gone for some distance into the woods, Pirie, who had hitherto been too much absorbed in hauling the cart to notice where they were, suddenly stopped.

"Will 'oo play Injun now, Jack?"

"No, not just yet, Pirie, this isn't so good as a place I know of down here a little farther."

"Oo said you were going to play Injuns," objected the little one.

"I know, Pirie, but we must n't stop here, we will by and by."

"Where is 'oo going, Jack?"

"To Aunt Clorinda's in California."

"Me don't want to go to Aunt Clorinda's. Me wants to stay here and play Injuns."

"But we can't stay here," objected Jack. "Mamma is gone, and we have no one to take care of us now, and we must go to Aunt Clorinda's."

"Me don't want any Aunt Clodinda; me wants my mamma!" cried poor little Pirie, and the great tears rolled down his already streaked cheeks.

"Now, Pirie," said Jack, putting his arm round him protectingly and wiping away the great drops, "you must be a brave boy, for we have got to go a long ways, and we must hurry up so as to get away from

some wicked men, and then you don't know what a beautiful place we are going to. Oh! it's the finest place in the world! and they have ponies, carts, and rabbits, and flowers and music—and circuses—and—and"; here Jack's invention gave out, but he had described a sufficient number of beautiful things to make Pirie's eyes brighten up, and he turned his eager little face up to his brother in happy expectation. He promised not to cry any more, and so, taking up the handle of the cart, they paddled on once more; a strange procession under the great pines. Sturdy little Jack leading blue-eyed Pirie, whose golden curls, now all disheveled, waved in the lazy afternoon breeze, and rolling on behind them the red-striped wagon, with the knowing old parrot perched on one side, gazing abstractedly at the bright-hued sunset, which occupied the opposite side of the cart.

For some time Polly kept silent, evidently enjoying the fragrance of the trees, and tasting the novelty of the situation, but silence was not her forte, and after a while she began to rehearse her vocabulary of choice expressions. She had learned, among other things, a number of tripping rhymes, which she recited much more accurately than a person could do.

Her first attempt was the following, well known to all children:

"Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
When rolled the round roll Robert Rowley
rolled round."

"That's a good one! Polly, give us another," said Jack, when the parrot stopped for breath. It reminded him of home, and comforted his troubled heart.

"Dat's a dood one! Polly," lisped Pirie. "Dive us anoder!"

"Hold your yawp," screamed Polly, who did not like being interrupted, and then went on,

"Under a shady tree they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat;
I held my breath, and lay right flat.
He held that kissing was no crime;
She held her head up every time;
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it."

"You try that, Pirie," said Jack, wishing to interest the little fellow and prevent his feeling tired.

"Me tan't say dat, but me tan say the 'odder."

"Well try the other then," answered Jack encouragingly.

"Wobert Wowly wolled a woll—woll wound Wobert Wowley wolled a woll—woll—wound—Oh! Me tan't do it Jack! Me's tongue sticks."

"Well, never mind. Polly will do it for you;" and so Polly went on with her instructive poems.

It will have been noticed by this time that Jack's ideas of geography were rather vague. He thought California must be somewhere at the end of the turnpike that went by the house, and all he would have to do to get there would be to follow it right into his Aunt Clorinda's arms. With this idea in his mind he was now on his way, with his helpless charges fleeing from a poor-house to cast himself upon the mercy of a not over-generous world. Two wee elves! two babes! alone under God's heaven, with no friend, no shelter, no food to speak of; but perhaps Jack's supreme trust in something, he knew not what, was a more

powerful protection than the shield of the mightiest ruler in Christendom. Surely the echo of these weary little footfalls fell upon God's heart!

After progressing in this manner for about an hour and a half, a man with a wagon overtook them on the road. They did not know him, but Jack had noticed that Pirie was showing signs of fatigue, and thought, perhaps, the man would give them a ride. So, just as the horse was abreast of them, and the man was looking curiously down upon the strange trio, Jack asked if they might get in and ride a little way.

"Who be you, anyway?" asked the man as he reined in his horse.

"Jack and Pirie," answered our hero simply.

"Well, who 's yer father, yer little tramp? Oh, I know you! You need n't tell me! You belong to one 'er them gipsy tribes and they 've sent you out to steal. Ye can't come none of yer tricks on me. G 'lang Jenny!"

Poor Jack looked at the man in wide-eyed fear and amazement, and Pirie's little lower lip began to quiver and pucker at the harsh words. But they had a defender, and one who was equal to the occasion. Polly, who had been listening intently, screeched after the man loud enough to wake the dead:

"Go to Tunket! you old rapscallion!"

"What 's that!" cried the man, furiously reining in his horse.

"Go to Tunket! go to Tunket!" reiterated Polly. "Rapscallion! Horse thief! Bummer! Skinflint! Wo-o-o-oe-o-u-w!" and Polly ended up with a most terrific yell of derision. She was thoroughly aroused and poured forth all the invectives she could command.

The man had stopped his horse and sat staring at the bird stupidly, not knowing what to say or do, but he finally shook his fist at the little group in the dusty road and drove away, followed, till he was out of sight, by Polly's injurious remarks, and even when he had disappeared round a bend in the road, the old bird would bristle up and remark that "he was no gentleman!"

This man's rough speech troubled Jack a good deal. The boy had a vague idea that gypsies were very wicked, and he feared that there was something wrong about Pirie and himself, for every one seemed to want to injure them. After this rebuff he rather avoided meeting anyone, and would not have asked a favor of a man for the world.

But, by this time, Pirie's strength had reached its limit. His short, little legs could walk no more; he was all tired out, and looking pitifully at Jack he said:

"I'se so tired, Jack!"

"You shan't walk any further, Pirie," said Jack, and he lifted the sleepy, little fellow into the cart beside the parrot and the picture. Then, after bolstering him up with the shawl and coat, he grasped the handle and went on. This was a change for Pirie, and he was contented once more. He took the parrot in his lap and stroked her head, and the good old bird chuckled to herself and winked her eye knowingly.

Past fences, fields, and through woods, sturdy little Jack trundled along, though he, too, was getting very tired, but he wanted, if possi-

ble, to reach California that night before dark. He did not dare to ask a man any questions, but thought if he met a woman he would venture to do so. They did not meet a woman, but about five o'clock they came upon a little girl of about our hero's age carrying a pail of milk. The boys both looked hungrily at the milk, but did not dare to ask for any.

The little girl had a kind face so Jack ventured to ask,

"How far is it to California?"

The child was nonplussed, but not wishing to appear ignorant to this nice looking boy, she said,

"Oh, 'bout a mile and a half."

"Is this the right way?"

"Yes, you keep right on and turn to the right."

And the little girl trudged away, well satisfied with her directions. Jack also felt reassured. Certainly, these directions were explicit enough, and he could not fail to find his aunt.

And so he pulled his tired legs along, though he wanted awfully to lie down on every soft place he passed and rest, for he thought he ought to get there as soon as possible on Pirie's account. But supper time was drawing near and little Pirie's stomach began to cry out, and it was n't long before Jack's course was stopped by a plaintive wail from behind.

"Jack, I 'se so hundry!" and then Polly insisted that she "wanted a cracker."

As there seemed to be a general call for food our hero stopped by a little brook, which they happened to be passing, and unloading the child, parrot, and basket on the bank prepared for supper. The contents of the basket were spread out on the ground and each helped himself, and when they got through there was only a crust of bread and a doughnut left. These Jack carefully put back in the basket, though he hardly thought they should need them, as they must soon get to "aunt Clorinda's." After making a cup out of an oak leaf, and giving Pirie a drink, they started on their way again.

Darkness was now coming on, and our little hero began looking about anxiously for his aunt's, but he could see no house that looked as though it could be the place he was in search of. In fact houses were very scarce and far between, and did not look very inviting. Of course, his aunt's must be an elegant place with great grounds and buildings, he thought. So on and on he trudged, his legs getting heavier and heavier every minute, for it was a pretty long walk for the little fellow, to say nothing of hauling the cart and Pirie.

But no house appeared, and he could not understand what the little girl had meant when she told him it was "only 'bout a mile and a half" further on. The shadows were falling and as they lay in long, fearful shapes across the road, they appeared to little Pirie like monstrous dragons and fearful things he had heard of in fairy tales. He had kept pretty quiet lately, under the promise that they would soon be at "aunt Clorinda's," where were all manner of beautiful things, but when it began to get real dark he could stand it no longer, and Jack heard the usual signal of distress from the cart. Pirie's little lower lip was quivering pitifully, and now and then a restrained sob came from his overburdened heart.

Is there anything in the world which is quite so pitiful, and appeals quite so quickly to any heart not made of stone, as that puckering up of a baby's lip just before he begins to cry? It gives the little face such a grieved, reproachful look that one feels that he would lay down his life to spare the sweet little toddlekins a pain.

The moment Jack saw Pirie's lip go up he dropped the handle of the cart and took the child right up in his arms and sat down in the road.

"There! there! Pirie dear, don't cry," begged our hero, "you must be a brave little man!"

"Me wants mamma! Where is mamma, Jack? I'se so cold and hundry, and its all dark and I'se afwaid!"

"I know, Pirie, but we shall get to a beautiful place soon where there are great walls, and music, and flowers, and people, and rocking horses, and everything. Now, you just be a brave boy, and I know lots of things you'll have." Jack had to invent his description of his "aunt's Clorinda's," and thought it well to make it beautiful enough to divert Pirie's mind. His words had a certain effect for the sobs gradually ceased, and when he was quieted down our hero put him back in the cart and wrapped the shawl around him, after putting on his little gray coat. While he was doing this Polly, who had been taking a nap, woke up and said in very audible tones,

"Whoop-la! Set 'em up again! Poor Pirie! Pirie want a cracker?" And then he cuddled up to the little fellow as though he, too, feared the dark and wanted companionship, and it made Pirie feel less lonely.

Night was now upon them, dark and chilly, and no house was in sight, and Jack felt that he could not go much further, for his legs ached so badly that he could hardly stand, and when he thought of his being away off here alone with Pirie and no mother nor father to care for them the great drops began to fall from his heavy eyes. But he held back his sobs lest Pirie should hear them, for if he should break down he knew Pirie would lose all trust and confidence in him and go all to pieces, so he looked anxiously through his tears for some place of shelter. What should they do! It would never do to let Pirie sleep out doors all night. He would catch his death, but nowhere could he see any house, and he was about at the end of his strength. His heart began to sink, for the fields stretched away on either hand into the darkness, and no sign of life was visible. It was still as death, and even the birds and frogs seemed to have gone to sleep.

Just as he came near allowing a sob to slip from his lips he saw something round in a field a short distance from the road, and hurrying towards it, straining his tired eyes, bitter was his disappointment to find it only a great hay stack; one of those mounds which are sometimes piled up in the fields when the farmers have not sufficient room in their barns for all the hay.

Jack turned away with a heavy heart and was about to continue his toilsome road when a thought struck him. Many and many a time he had played around such stacks at home, digging great holes through them and hiding there for hours, and it now occurred to him that he might

make a nice warm nest in this one for them to spend the night in, as there seemed no other place of refuge. It would surely be much better than sleeping out on the open road, so he trundled the cart with its precious load across the field to the stack, much to Pirie's wonder and amazement.

"What 'oo doin' to do, Jack?" asked Pirie, sleepily. "Where is 'oo castle and moosik?"

"We havn't got to them yet, Pirie, but do you know I have a plan that will be lots of fun. Did you ever sleep in a haystack, Pirie?"

"No," said Pirie with eyes wide open in wonder.

"Well, I don't suppose you had better, but I often do, and it 's such fun, but you are so small I don't suppose you could be brave enough to do it."

"Oh! 'ess I tould, Jack. I 'se so brave! Me won't try a bit. Will 'oo let me, Jack?"

"Well, perhaps, Pirie, if you 'll be awful good," and Jack appeared to give in reluctantly, which only made Pirie the more urgent.

"Well, then, if you want to do it you must sit right still while I make the house in the hay, and when I go in out of sight you must n't be afraid."

"No, me won't be 'fwaid."

So Jack hauled the cart close to the stack and then began digging out the hay near the bottom to make a nest for them to sleep in. He worked away rapidly, pulling out great handfuls, and gradually dug his way right into the middle. When he had gotten in a few feet he dug it out on all sides of him so as to make a sort of little room in which they could turn around.

Pirie got awfully frightened waiting all alone for Jack outside the stack in the dark, and if it had not been for the promise he had made and the reward he expected, could not have stood it. But finally Jack backed out of the hole and told Pirie that all was ready, and followed by the little fellow, who was rather fearful of the darkness, he crawled in again. When Pirie got inside he found that his brother had dug out a hole big enough for them both to sit upright in and turn round if necessary. After getting the little fellow accustomed to the darkness Jack went back for the bird and the other traps. But he had not gone more than half way out when he met the faithful old parrot, who did not mean to be left behind, waddling in on her own account.

"In the gloaming, O my darling,"

sang Polly *sotto voce*, as Jack picked her up and crawled backwards to the nest and gave her into Pirie's keeping.

Then he went out again and returned with the shawl and the basket and the picture. The picture he carefully stowed away in a corner where it would not get hurt, and then he opened the basket to see what there was left, for he was desperately hungry, and knew Pirie and the parrot were, for he heard them talking it over confidentially as he was coming in. Pirie was saying:

"I 'se so hundry, ain't you, Polly?" and then Polly would jerk out,

"Polly wants a cracker, you bet!"

Poor Jack's heart sank when he saw the contents of the basket. A crust of bread and a doughnut was

all that was left. A meagre repast for two hungry boys and a parrot. But without saying anything to Pirie our hero handed him the doughnut, and the famished little fellow soon put himself outside of it and looked hungrily up for more, but Jack could not give it to him. He was holding the piece of bread in his hand and feeling it over wistfully. He was so famished that he felt faint, but he remembered that there was nothing more in the basket and the parrot had not had anything and Pirie only a little, so, with a sigh, he broke the bread in two pieces and gave half to Pirie and the other half to Polly, and the two ate their allowance greedily, not knowing that their brave little protector was going without a mouthful in order to feed them. Poor Jack squeezed himself as far away in the hole as he could get and buried his face in the hay to hide his sobs from Pirie, for he could not restrain them. Of course it was quite dark so the little fellow did not notice what his brother was doing, and then he was very busy eating the bread.

After a while Jack screwed up his courage and resolved to brave it out, though he felt as though he could not go to sleep without a mouthful, but there was no help for it, so he put some wisps of hay in his mouth to try and appease his hunger. When Pirie had eaten the last mouthful Jack crawled up to him, and wrapped the shawl around him outside of the little gray coat, and then lay down by his side and hugged him up close to his breast.

"Now, Pirie, you must go to sleep just as though we were in our own little trundle bed," said our hero.

Pirie seemed contented for a while, and the novelty kept him absorbed in his thoughts, but presently he said:

"Jack, is that 'oo music?"

Jack listened, and could hear the frogs piping up in a neighboring pond, and remembered that he had told Pirie that they were going to a place where there was beautiful music. He thought it no harm to interest the little fellow, so he said:

"Yes, Pirie, that 's it, way off, and to-morrow, when we wake up, we will go where it is and see all the players. Now, you just listen and hear the whistles and the drums."

And the frogs kept up their thrumming songs, and as they drifted through the silent night air across the fields, they sounded not unlike distant music.

The old parrot found a snug nest in the lunch basket, and after a violent fit of coughing, and a few remarks about the narrowness of his quarters, he relapsed into silence.

The moon rose higher and higher in the heavens, and at last peeped into the hole which Jack had dug, and gazed lovingly on the two little forms, Pirie's golden head pillowed on Jack's arm, and his little knees drawn up, and resting in the pit of his brother's stomach. And a smile stole over the face of the moon, and it sailed on its way looking down upon scenes of happiness and joy, and upon others which were heart-breaking in their pitifulness. But this little nest in the haystack with its two helpless occupants was not forgotten by the moon, and next morning, when it had made its complete circuit and reported to God what it had seen during the still

night, it asked that "Jack and Pirie" might be especially cared for. The "man in the moon" had taken them under his protection.

It was late the next morning when Jack opened his eyes and saw the broad light of day shining in at the opening in the stack. For a moment he did not know what to make of it, nor where he was, but, after rubbing his eyes and getting the hay out of his hair, he remembered it all, and in spite of himself a sigh escaped his lips, for he realized how hungry he was, and how alone in the world.

He thought he would not wake Pirie, who was fast asleep, but he disturbed him in getting up, and the little fellow slowly rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked around appealingly. Seeing nothing but the long spears of hay all about him, he puckered up his lips and began to cry. This woke the parrot, who stretched himself and pruned his wings and tail.

Jack thought how he would like some of his mother's rolls and coffee and how good it used to seem to sit around the cosey little breakfast table in the morning, and his stomach began to ache again from long fasting. Pirie was hungry, too, and Jack had not a morsel to give him. The basket was absolutely empty; not a crumb was left. What was to be done? Evidently they could not stay there. The only thing was to push on and get to "aunt Clorinda's" as soon as possible, though the little fellow did not feel as if he could walk a step, he was so tired and sore from his long tramp of the day before. After quieting Pirie as well as he could, he led the way out into the open air, carrying the basket and the parrot, etc. When they got outside they found that it was broad daylight and the sun well up in the heavens, for, being so tired, their sleep had been long and heavy. The dew was still on the grass, and the birds were singing everywhere. It was a beautiful day, fortunately for the little ones.

They could now see around them, and note their surroundings. The stack in which they had slept was in the centre of a big hayfield, and away off beyond some trees, could be seen the chimneys of a house and the top of a windmill. Jack looked at these chimneys wistfully, for he could see the smoke pouring out of them, and his imagination pictured the owner and his family sitting down to a good breakfast, while he and little Pirie were out here with their poor little stomachs all puckered up with the pain of hunger. He glanced down at his brother and saw that the round little face was pale with fatigue, and he drew himself up and resolved to go to this house and get something to eat at any cost. He could suffer himself, but he could not see Pirie suffer, and no matter what they might say to him about being a gypsy, he would insist on having something to eat for Pirie.

Without waiting longer, he placed Pirie and the parrot in the wagon, and started off across the fields towards the chimney tops. The wagon seemed to have grown many pounds heavier during the night, and his legs felt as though there was a stick running right down through them, but he labored on, holding one hand on his stomach to quiet the pain, for it ached and ached.

After proceeding in this way for fifteen minutes or so, he came to the trees, and found that they consisted of a large orchard of pear and apple trees, and beyond and through them he could see a great lawn with enormous elms scattered here and there. Winding among the trees he went across the orchard towards the lawn which he supposed must lead to the house. He looked anxiously up at the spreading limbs in hopes there were some apples on them, but it was too early and none were ripe.

On the edge of the orchard was a sweeping driveway running around the lawn under an avenue of trees, and Jack turned into it and trundled his wagon over the hard surface towards the now visible house. They had not proceeded far when they saw a man approaching carrying a child in his arms. This reassured Jack, for he felt that a man with a child of his own would not be cross to them, but when they got near enough to see clearly their eyes opened wide in wonder, for though a child in size he was a man in years.

A strange, misshapen little form, held in the arms of a strong man, evidently a servant; his legs which were thin and crooked, hung over the man's arms, while his poor, weak arms encircled the man's neck. His back was humped and his head was large, but his face was sweet and noble. He had large, expressive eyes, a high forehead, and beautiful teeth. If one had seen only his face they would have exclaimed, "What a handsome man!" But his body was terrible in its deformity. His features denoted nobility of soul, and showed the marks of extreme suffering, either mental or physical.

As they came near, the children looked at him in wonder, and Pirie whispered to Jack, just loud enough to be heard by the dwarf,

"Jack, is 'at a brownie?"

"Hush!" said our hero, who saw the momentary pained look come over the sweet face and then turn into a smile.

"Who are you, my little man," said the dwarf, as the weary cavalcade came to a halt at his feet.

"Jack and Pirie," said our hero.

The servant almost laughed, but the "Brownie" nudged him and he restrained himself, and then his master went on in the softest voice in the world so that Pirie felt no fear at all. Besides, how could he be afraid of this queer little man, carried in another's arms, and especially as he had such a pitying face?

"Yes, but I mean where do you come from and where are you going?" asked the little man.

"We left home last night and we's going to aunt Clorinda's in California," answered Jack, modestly.

"But where are your father and mother, and why do they allow you to wander about in this way?"

"Father died last year and mother three days ago, and they were going to put us in the work-house, and we ran away." The tears sprang to Jack's eyes, and at the mention of his mother little Pirie began to sob pitifully.

A suspicious moisture gathered in the eyes of the little man, and his lips said something about "poor little babes!" He leaned over in his servant's arm and smoothed Pirie's tangled hair and tried to quiet him, while giving Jack an encouraging nod to restrain his own tears. Then

he asked where they had stayed over night and what they had to eat, and when our hero told him how they had slept in the haystack on his own land, and in sight of the house, and had nothing to eat scarcely, he turned abruptly to his servant and told him to hurry to the house, and then he bade Jack to follow, so this queer procession wended its way up through the long avenue of grand old trees towards the beautiful residence which Jack could see through the branches. Passing through an immense entrance hall they were led into a dining-room, which would have held all the little home they had left behind them, and by pressing a button in the wall a servant was summoned, who was ordered to bring the boys something to eat. This order was quickly obeyed, and in a few moments the children are ensconced in great, soft chairs, and eating all their little stomachs would hold of the best things they had ever tasted.

While they ate the little man, who had been placed in a chair and whose head just came up to the level of the table, watched them intently. He noticed the great lines which tears had made down the round cheeks, how the chubby, little hands were soiled and grimy, how the collars, evidently accustomed to being neatly fastened to the clothes, were askew, how the little shoes were all covered with dust from their long, weary tramp, and a lump rose in his throat and a tear sparkled down his cheek, which the children were too intent on their breakfast to notice.

As the programmes at the theatre say, "six months are supposed to have elapsed since the last scene." The curtain rises and discloses a long, winding avenue, bordered by great elms, which meet overhead and form a perfect arch of green leaves and waving branches, among which the birds are singing their sweetest, and the sun of a beautiful morning, as it glints through the leaves, falls upon bright-colored wild flowers, which grow near the hedge. Away off up the avenue a little pony carriage, drawn by two long-maned Shetland ponies, can be seen approaching, and the brisk little fellows are scuffling along at a famous rate, and soon near us so that we can see the occupants of the wagon. Two little boys occupy the seat, one with black hair and one with yellow curls. The larger of the two is driving and the smaller wielding the whip. Just as they pass us, at a hand gallop, we catch what the two boys are saying. The elder one, with sparkling eyes, turns to the little fellow by his side and says:

"Ain't this fine, Pirie?"

"Ess, the bestest time me ever had, Jack."

So here are our babes again. We left them filling their empty little stomachs, while the sweet-faced, deformed man watched them. This little man was very rich and owned a magnificent house in New York, as well as this great country seat. He had not one living relative in the world, no one to care for him or to love, and as he sat there on the opposite side of the table watching these two helpless children, his lonely heart was filled with love and compassion, and he resolved to make them his own and to watch over them as tenderly as the mother they had lost. So, after they had eaten

all they could, he drew Jack one side and got the whole story from him, not omitting their intention to go to California and live with their "aunt Clorinda." When he found that there was a relative concerned he immediately took steps to look her up, but as Jack's information was very meagre, the search was not successful, and "aunt Clorinda" never appeared on the scene.

When he had satisfied himself that no relatives were to be found, this kind, little man formally adopted our two babes and installed them in his great house as his children, and tenderly did he care for them. They lived like princes, as we can judge from seeing them whirl by in their little pony cart, and our friend, the parrot, was placed on a great perch on the front piazza, where he held forth at seasonable and unseasonable hours in a choice collection of highly colored epithets, rich and resounding adjectives, and uncomplimentary compliments to the gardener or any one who happened to come in sight.

SLEIGHING.

By Lisa A. Fletcher.

Tinkle, tinkle, go the bells,
As swiftly o'er the snow we slip,
Up the hills and down the dells
With happy smiles upon the lip;

Passing meadows white with snow,
Which in summer dreamed in flowers,
Where in May the violets blow
And bird songs fall in happy showers;

Down into a shadowy glen,
Where folded in a silver dream,
Patiently waiting spring again,
Winds a frigid frozen stream;

On into the forest deep,
Where great pines their arms outspread
And lowly ferns their vigils keep,
Fair tokens of the summer dead;

Swifter and swifter gliding on,
Nerves a-tingle with delight,
Faster now the breath is drawn,
For oh, for oh, this seems like flight.

Tinkle, tinkle, go the bells,
As swiftly o'er the snow we glide,
Up the hills and down the dells,
With joyous praise for wintertide.

CUPID: A SONG.

By Grace Fletcher.

The following poem, contributed by C. C. Lord of Hopkinton, is by Grace Fletcher, a native of Hopkinton, celebrated in history as the first wife of Daniel Webster. Grace Fletcher was a daughter of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, who was settled in Hopkinton in 1773, his daughter, Grace, being born in 1782. Ruth Bailey, to whom the poem is addressed, was a daughter of Capt. Joshua Bailey of Hopkinton, who commanded a company at Bennington under Gen. John Stark. Ruth Bailey was born in Hopkinton in 1778.

Cupid A Song

As Cupid in the garden strayd
A sporting in a damask shade,
A Bee which e'lie concealed among
The silver weeds his finger stung.

The tears his beauteous cheeks ran down
The stepsh the blue, the burning wound
Then runing flying o'er the grass,
He soon addressd'd thee Queen of love.

He cries dear mama O! die,
Tis for that winged serpent fly.
He call'd a Bea. on yonder plain,
Has stung me O! he with pain.

The Goddess placidly rejoin'd
If you such pain and anguish find,
At the resentment of a Bea,
Shunk how hearts feel when stung by thee.

Grace Fletcher to Miss Ruth Bailey.

Hopkinton Augt. 1799

UNLUKIKUS LOSES HIS SELF-POISE.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

ON New Year's Day several of the usual crowd were lounging in the little shoemaker's shop on the corner. Some one made use of the word luck and that naturally suggested Mr. Unlukikus.

"That man," said the shoemaker pausing in his work, "never stays out of the soup long enough to get dry. Never saw anything like it. A year ago last summer I was in Dane's wheelwright shop when he came in to buy a wheelbarrow. Lord only knows what he thought he wanted of a wheelbarrow, but he bought one and then when he was making change, fell backward over it and broke his arm. That's just a specimen of his luck."

"Bah! there's no such thing as luck," said one.

"Mebbe there aint," said the man with the cream-colored goatee, "but there's sunthin' that acts enough like it to fool the undersigned anyhow. I saw that there same Unlukikus in one of the wust pickles that ever mortal man got inter—sunthin' that I don't b'lieve could a-happened to any other human critter. It was at the burial of a member of the order of Royal Rungstarters an' Unlukikus was a-readin' the service. He was gettin' along fine, too. You know what a rich s'norous, silvery voice he has an' I tell you he made it sound sollum. An' right in the most techin' an' impressive part, gentlemen, right where it says 'dust ter dust an' ashes ter ashes,' he forgot hisself an' took a kind of a half step for'ard an' pitched keels over head right inter the grave. When he felt hisself a-goin' he let out a yell that you could hear from Ballyhack ter breakfast. Oh! it was awful. It jest turned the hull obsickwees inter a circus. Purty nigh every one 'ceptin' the late lamented snickered an' the widder had a highsteeric fit. But I never did pity a man as I did Unlukikus—he felt so cut up. Why, the man just laid right down in the grave an' begged 'em to fill her up an' have no more fuss about it. 'When a man,' he says, 'gits ter be such a silver-plated idiot, such a monumental intellectual wreck that he can't keep hisself from walkin' inter another man's grave with his eyes wide open,' says he, 'it's time ter let him return to the yearnin' buzzum of his mother airth, an' ter begin ter cultiwate sweet violets an' night bloomin' dog fennel above his fool head. I've capped the climax,' says he. 'I've reached the grandest, proudest hights of dodderin' idiocy ever clumb by a mortal man,' says he, 'an' now I am ready to depart in peace. Why not let me perish now,' he says pleadin'ly, 'when I am ready ter die an' everybody else is ready ter have me?' An' they actually had

ter haul the poor feller out of the grave by force."

At this moment the subject of this graphic narration entered, and the shoemaker with his usual ready tact, changed the course of the conversation by remarking that having reached the beginning of another year he had resolved to give up the habit of using tobacco. Several others told of habits which they had determined to lay upon the altar, and the funny man turning to Mr. Unlukikus asked, "Well, old man, which of your pet vices are you going to give up?"

Mr. Unlukikus had seated himself in the only remaining chair and then had drawn back a few feet to get away from the deadly fumes of a particularly offensive stoga that the funny man was smoking. This brought him directly under an old hanging lamp which usually kept company with the cobwebs that ornamented the ceiling, but now hung about five feet from the floor. Tilting completely back in his chair he glared at the funny man a few moments before replying to his question.

"I hadn't thought of giving up anything," he said at last. "To tell the truth, though, I did make one resolution this morning. You all know that I have the reputation of being very unlucky. I have come to the conclusion that I owe by far the greater part of my misfortunes to the fact that I am easily excited and act too hastily. I go off at half-cock as it were. What I want is more self-control. During the year upon which we are entering, I shall keep a strict watch over myself, I shall restrain my natural impetuosity, I shall try to keep mysely in a calm and placid state of mind, I shall cultivate self-poise—"

At this moment sounds from the street seemed to indicate that a dog fight was in progress in front of the shop, and Unlukikus sprang to his feet, banging his head against the lamp with such force that he fell back into his chair.

"Wow!" he yelled, "What in blue blazes are you doing? Show me the red handed assassin that hit me on the head with an axe. Where is he?" and he jumped up again hitting the lamp and falling backward as before. This time some one held him down until the shoemaker returned the death-dealing lamp to its usual place near the ceiling.

"Holy Mackinaw!" shouted the injured man as he struggled to his feet and executed a war dance in the center of the room. "Did you ever see luck like that? Here this bing-fired lamp has hung in that same place for twenty years and over forty thousand people have passed under it without knowing it was there. It was waiting—waiting for a whack at me, and the very first time I came within reach of the consarned thing it gleefully swooped down and skinned fourteen square inches off my scalp. What are you cackling about?" he demanded savagely of the funny man.

"You want to cultivate self-poise, you know," gurgled the funny man with a sob of laughter.

"Self-poise be hanged," he howled, as he pressed both hands to his aching head. "When a billy-dished lamp goes seven feet out of its way to swat a man on the head, it isn't self-poise he wants. He wants first of all to see his friends

happy. He wants to be where his ravished ears can drink in the music of their wild yelps of uncontrollable laughter. He wants to sit in the center of a circle of mirthful lunatics while they soak themselves full of bliss, watching his sufferings and then chuckle and choke and haw-haw themselves into convulsions—that's what he wants."

And Mr. Unlukikus went out, shutting the door so hard that it made the funny man's false teeth rattle.

THE COCHECO.

[Reprinted from the Dover *Gazette* of April 28, 1849.]

By Mark W. F. Durgin.

O, sweet are the days that have left me forever,
But mem'ry still often recalls them to view,
When I roamed by the banks of that sweet winding river,
The lovely Cocheco, with surface so blue.

How peaceful thy bosom, how gentle thy flowing
'Till ded to the brink of thy terrific fall;
No tempest affects thee—thou heed'st not the blowing
Of winds; thou 'rt sheltered by forest trees tall.

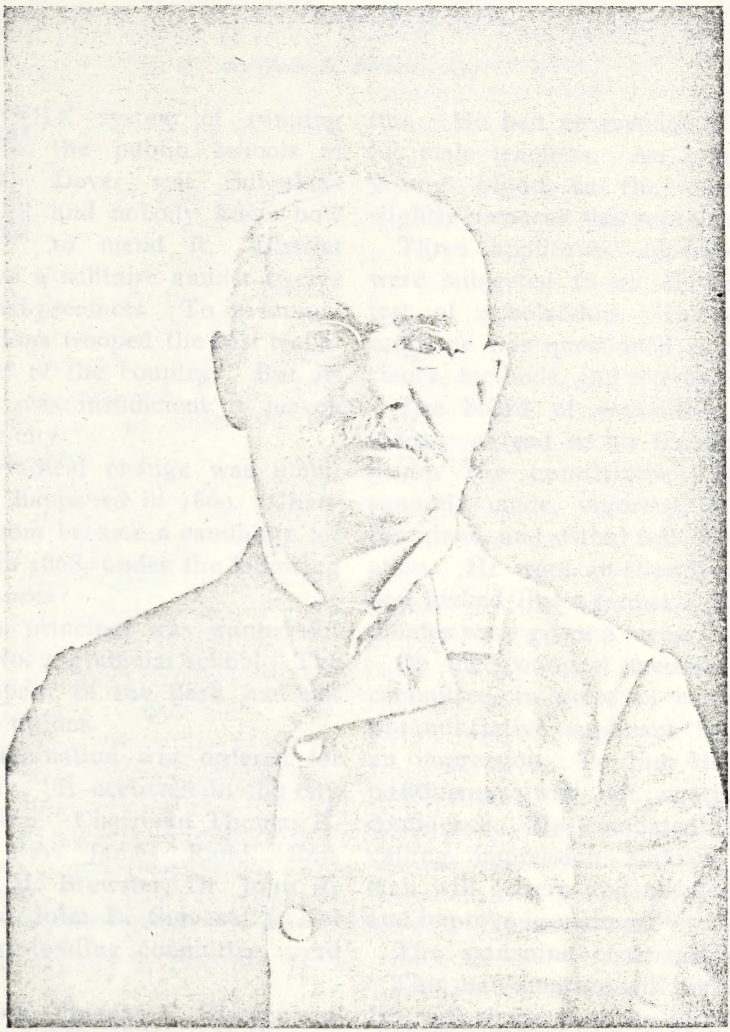
Thy falls tho' so frequent, yet calm thou approach'st them,
And calmly flow'st on when their terrors are past,
With awe I beheld thee so swiftly rush o'er them,
And shrunk from the vision with terror aghast.

Yet when I beheld thee roll on toward the ocean,
Unruffled, unmoved, and so sweetly serene,
It instantly banished all painful emotion,
And added fresh beauty and charms to the scene.

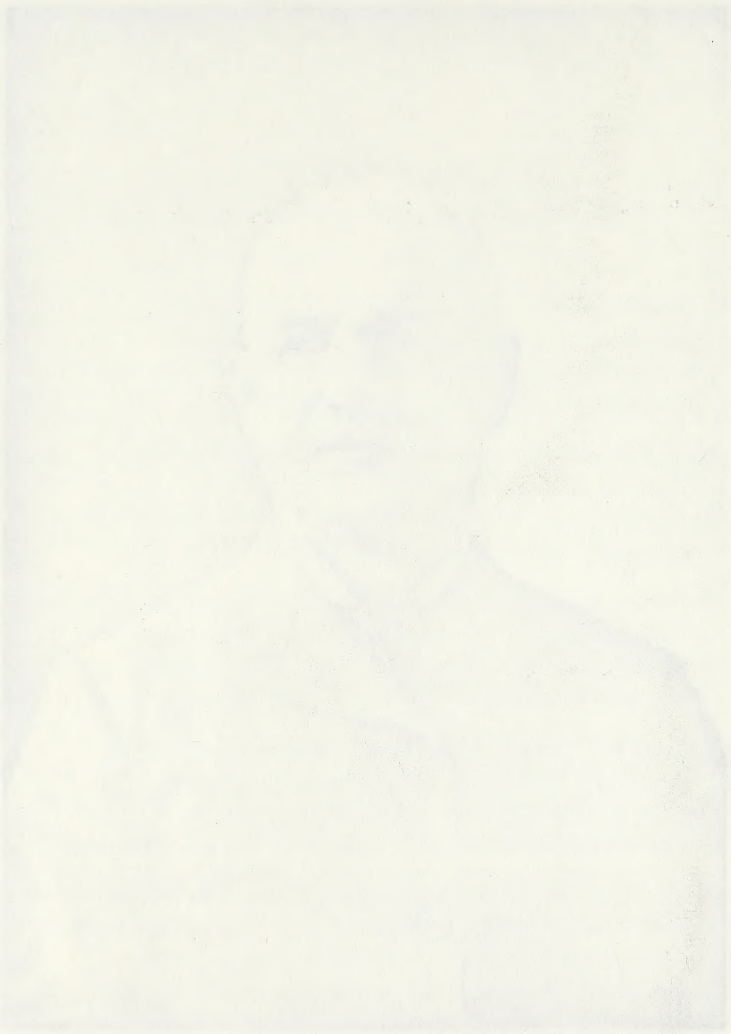
How often, in youth, I have strolled by thy margin,
And thought of the future, when manhood arrived—
Built castles in air for my thoughts to enlarge in,
From fanciful greatness, much pleasure derived.

Alas! all those castles, in truth were but airy—
Mere day dreams of fancy by ign'rance begot,
Mid-age has discovered the fate that must carry
My life to its issue—and then I'm forgot.

But thou, lovely river, unchanged shalt continue
To flow, as in youth I beheld thee so oft,
Till time shall no longer send forth his retinue
Of days, months, and years on thy bosom so soft.



CHANNING FOLSOM.



CHANNING FOLSOM.

By John B. Stevens, Esq.

THE system of running the public schools of Dover was ridiculous and nobody knew how to mend it. District No. 2 was a solitaire amidst twelve educational precincts. To its annual examinations trooped the best teaching talent of the country. But its influence was insufficient to leaven the whole city.

But a radical change was imminent. It happened in 1869. Channing Folsom became a candidate for a school in 1868, under the following circumstances:

A male principal was wanted for District No. 2, grammar school. The last occupant of the desk had not met expectations.

An examination was ordered for August 11. It occurred in the city clerk's office. Chairman Thomas E. Sawyer, Rev. James Rand, Rev. Jonathan M. Brewster, Dr. John R. Ham, and John B. Stevens, Jr., of the superintending committee, were present.

The Hon. Thomas E. Sawyer was a man, who, in his prime, must have been of commanding presence. But he had shrunk. His hair and beard were white, eyebrows bushy, nose and mouth large. He had puzzled schoolma'ams and schoolmasters for forty years. His committee associates ordinarily accepted his estimate of a candidate without question. He had an aversion to youthful male teachers. An infusion of young blood in the committee slightly menaced this supremacy.

Three applicants appeared, and were subjected to an old-fashioned test of scholarship. In addition, each one was questioned as to experience, methods, and reference.

The board of committee unanimously agreed as to the best man under the conditions. He was squarely made, vigorous, and self-contained, and withal full of asseveration. He wore an abundant beard, and looked like a farmer. The candidates were given a recess.

On the youngest member of the committee, in point of service, the unrenunciative applicant had made an impression. To him the man's positiveness was not egotism, but confidence. He combated the prevailing impression saying, "This man will govern and teach at once, and improve in manner."

The saturnine chairman replied, "This man's nature will not change. He will shape it as he grows older, but beneath the surface it will remain unchanged. When forty he will be a great instructor. He is too young. Let him get his discipline elsewhere."

"He has a mathematical order of mind," said Brewster.

"Granted, but the mathematician is usually without tact."

"Upon further acquaintance he may come nearer your ideal," suggested Ham.

"It is impossible to idealize him. He constantly puts his personality forward; and in so far as he recognizes this trait, it is a thing he accepts as a matter of course; it is an integral part of his make-up, congenital."

It was noticed that one of the chairman's feet was moving uneasily.

At this juncture, Parson Reed allowed himself to be drawn out in favor of the positive applicant. "In these days," he said, "the one thing needful is courage. 'T is only the undismayed who are respected in grammar schools."

During the silence which followed, Dr. Ham signified acquiescence by a nod of his head. Then Brewster pulled his chair nearer the Doctor's, and Stevens smiled approval. So sides were drawn, for and against.

The scene now assumed all the dimensions of a catastrophe. The meeting became dry as iron filings.

But the wily chairman made a diversion. The candidates were recalled. Again the hirsute youth demonstrated his superiority. The chairman stood alone in opposition. In rasping tones, he said:

"S. W. Young of Pittsfield, what is your age?"

"Thirty-two, sir."

"E. T. Shurburn of Portsmouth?"

"Twenty-three, sir."

"Channing Folsom of Newmarket?"

"Twenty."

The oldest was chosen, Stevens only voting for the youthful applicant. But the district was in the market for another principal at the end of the term.

Channing Folsom made his mark in Portsmouth and elsewhere, and, upon consolidation of her school districts Dover shortly selected him, over a host of competitors, to take charge of the Belknap grammar schools. His success was so marked, and became so widely known that he was called to the Boston Eliot school.

But he had built up a lasting and favorable impression in Dover, and with the utmost unanimity he was recalled to fill a still more responsible and lucrative position. For sixteen years he remained our honored superintendent of schools, retiring in order to assume the higher duties of state superintendent of public instruction.

He was conspicuously prominent in vitalizing the plans which made Dover a single school district, and so long as the memory of that achievement runs, the record of Channing Folsom's labors will run parallel with it. He has made himself a man of mark in educational circles. His energy and industry still remain unimpaired, and he is devoted entirely to his work.

His natural abilities, his capacity and inclination for work, the mingled warmth and non-explosiveness of his temper, and his enthusiasm in the cause of public education, exhibited through a long term of office-holding in Dover, combined to make him strong and influential. Our cumulative obligations to him are very great.

In the discharge of his school duties he struggled always in the forward direction; participated strenuously in whatever was going on in educational circles; and to carry a point indulged sometimes in a good deal of humor, and told a good story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly

and graphically. It was easy to make him show his tenacity, but he never exhibited prejudice or egotism, and his talk was always good and utterly unpedantic.

He never made compromises with his sense of duty. He could hesitate, but not because of self-saving timidity. He shrank from no noises, and took criticism, whether applausive or otherwise, in good part. In his intercourse with teachers he recognized individuality, and was tolerant in matters of detail. He sought results.

But his labor to improve our suburban schools, and bring them into line with the larger opportunities of the higher grades, was his superlative merit. In this direction he worked like a Titan. By frequent visits he kept track of teachers and scholars, and poured out in these wayside lyceums the accumulated wealth of his teaching experience. In consequence of his untiring efforts the geographical position of a boy's home utterly ceased to mould his chances for good instruction.

Of course there were differences in opinion about some of his solutions of every-day problems; but nobody ever objected to his frankness and intentness.

It is necessary to say he is more than a school manager, though he is that preëminently. His straightforwardness has never been sicklied over with irresolution, but his sure youth has rounded into mellowed yet disciplined manhood.

He is a thinker, analyzer, constructor. He brought his fresh youth to Dover, and gave freely from his mature strength, something valuable, something lasting, and we are grateful.

The subject of this sketch, a son of Dr. William Folsom of Newmarket, and his wife, Irena Lamprey of Kensington, was born in Newmarket, June 1, 1848. He attended the public schools of his native town, fitted for college at Phillips Exeter academy, and entered Dartmouth college, September, 1866. He remained two years at Dartmouth. Weak eyes and insufficient financial resources made this step unavoidable. His college gave him the honorary degree of A. M. in 1885.

While in college he taught a district school in Durham, and the high school at Newmarket. After leaving college, he taught a winter term in Sandwich, Mass., two years in Amesbury, Mass., and four years in Portsmouth, N. H. He came to Dover as principal of Belknap grammar schools in 1874, and remained till late in 1877. Was successful in Eliot school, Boston, Mass., from December, 1877, till April, 1882. Dover superintendent from April, 1882, to October, 1898.

Mr. Folsom married Ruth F. Savage of Newmarket, Nov. 12, 1870, by whom he has five children, Henry H., born in Portsmouth, Sept. 28, 1871; Alice I., born in Portsmouth, Jan. 9, 1873; Arthur C., born in Dover, Jan. 17, 1875; Emily S., born in Dover, Sept. 3, 1876; Mary H., born in Somerville, Mass., Oct. 8, 1880. Henry was graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of '92, and is now practising law in Boston, Mass. Alice has been a successful teacher in Dover. Arthur, Dartmouth college, '97, is in commercial life at Boston.

He is an attendant upon the Methodist church, and has been a life-long, stalwart Republican. Has been a

member of the Masonic fraternity since twenty-one years of age, being charter member of Soley lodge of Somerville, and of Moses Paul lodge of Dover. He has been master of Moses Paul lodge for three years, and is a member of Belknap chapter, and Saint Paul commandery, Knights Templar. He is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Royal Arcanum, and Ancient Order of United Workmen. Charter member of Dover Grange, and for two years past its worthy master. He is owner of ancestral acres upon which his forefathers settled in 1674.

THE COUNTRY DEPOT.

By Alice O. Darling.

A little, old lady stands down by the track,
Commissioned to welcome the wanderer back.
Though his baggage be checked to the borders of sin,
She bids him "God speed" ere the journey begin.
No matter how far in his folly he roam,
She's first of all others to welcome him home.

This little, old lady is plain in the face,
She has lost, with her youth, the best part of her grace.
Of alien birth, though for years and years
She has echoed our laughter and witnessed our tears,
In greeting and parting until she has grown
In bonds that are sacred, like one of our own.

Come bearing the trophies of wealth or of fame,
Come weary and heartsick, her greeting's the same.
All summer she waits and all winter her love
Is warm as the heart of her rusty, old stove,
And e'en for those lost ones her beacon lights burn,
The loved and the longed for who never return.

SOME OLD TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By T C. Gibson.

IT is peculiarly characteristic of mountainous countries that they have nearly always a romantic and interesting history, and that their hills and valleys are usually associated with strange traditions and weird legends. This is strikingly exemplified in such European countries as Scotland, Spain, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the mountainous parts of Germany, Norway, and other mountainous countries, all of which have a fascinating history, and are rich in traditional folk-lore. Who has not been enchanted by legends of the Vikings, or thrilled by tales of Sir William Wallace, or of William Tell? Who, during the past few months, has not been deeply interested in the romantic story of Cuba, amongst whose beautiful mountains has been carried on for so long that patriotic struggle for freedom which is now, by the aid of the American arms, about to be brought to a successful issue?

But it is not necessary to go so far afield as Europe or Cuba to find a mountainous country of romantic interest. Nay, indeed, it is not necessary to go further away than New England, for in the beautiful White Mountains of New Hampshire there is to be found a wealth of material awaiting the pen of the romancist, that seems to have been strangely neglected up till the present.

The White Mountain region was once the home of powerful Indian tribes, and these entertained some strange beliefs regarding the mountains. Their theory of the origin of the White Mountains is as interesting as it is singular: "Cold storms were in the northern wilderness, and a lone red hunter wandered without food, chilled by the frozen wind. He lost his strength and could find no game; and the dark cloud that covered his life-path made him weary of wandering. He fell down upon the snow and a dream carried him to a wide, happy valley, filled with musical streams, where singing birds and game were plenty. His spirit cried aloud for joy, and the 'Great Master of Life' waked him from his sleep and gave him a dry coal and a flint-pointed spear, telling him that by the shore of the lake he might live, and find fish with his spear and fire from his dry coal. One night he had lain down his coal, and seen a warm fire spring therefrom with a blinding smoke. And a great noise like thunder filled the air, and there rose up a vast pile of broken rocks. Out of the cloud resting upon the top came numerous streams, dancing down, foaming cold; and the voice spake to the astonished red hunter, saying:

'Here the Great Spirit will dwell and watch over his favorite children.'"

The Indians held the mountains in great fear and veneration. A curious superstition peopled the higher peaks with superior beings, invisible to the human eye, who had complete control of the tempests. These mountains they never dared to ascend; and when the first white explorers came, the Indians not only assured them that to make the ascent of those mountains was impossible, but earnestly entreated them not to make the attempt, lest the spirits that ruled the tempests might be offended and utterly destroy them. Once, indeed, tradition says a famous Indian chief named Passaconaway, who held a conference with the spirits above, ascended

> "To those mountains white and cold,
> Of which the Indian trapper told,
> Upon whose summit never yet
> Was mortal foot in safety set;"

and from thence passed to a council in heaven. Another Indian tradition told of a great flood once having taken place when all the world was drowned save the White Mountains. To these one single powwow and his squaw retreated and found safety from the waters, and thus preserved the race from extinction.

Perhaps the most interesting Indian tradition is that which is associated with Mount Chocorua, a peculiarly shaped peak to the north of the Presidential range. Chocorua was once a powerful chief, who, after the rest of his tribe had left the country, remained behind amidst his native hills and valleys over which he had once held sway. There seems to be more than one version of the tradition relating to his death and his curse. The one given by Drake in his "History of the North American Indians" is usually regarded as correct and is to the following effect: Pursued by a miserable white hunter Chocorua had retreated to the mountain which now bears his name. He had climbed to the highest point where his further flight was barred by a great precipice, where he stood unarmed, while below stood his pursuer within gunshot. Chocorua besought the hunter to spare his life. He pleaded his friendliness to the whites, and the harmless, scattered condition of his few followers. But the hardened hunter was unmoved; the price of his scalp was too tempting; gold pleaded stronger than the poor Indian. Seeing that he should avail nothing, the noble chieftain, raising himself up, stretched forth his arms, and called upon the Gods of his fathers to curse the land. Then, casting a defiant glance at his pursuer, he leaped from the brink of the precipice to the rocks below. "And to this day, say the inhabitants, a malignant disease has carried off the cattle that they have attempted rearing around this mountain." In an old volume which the writer has had the privilege of examining there is another story given in connection with Chocorua's curse, the truth of which, however, is not vouched for. It is a sad, though a beautiful story and we regret that it is not possible to give it in full, but an outline must suffice. Cornelius Campbell had been a follower of Cromwell, and a bitter enemy of the House of Stuart; and on the restoration of Charles II he had been compelled to flee to America, where he and his beautiful and noble-hearted wife found a home amongst the New Hampshire

hills. Campbell is described as a man possessed of great intellectual powers and a gigantic frame, and passionately devoted to his wife and family. To their house came the son of Chocorua, a boy of nine or ten years, to whom Mrs. Campbell showed much kindness. One day this boy accidentally drank some poison while paying one of his usual visits to the Campbells, and shortly afterwards died. From that time Chocorua meditated revenge, and one day Cornelius Campbell returned home to find his wife and children murdered, and that so cruelly that there could be no doubt as to who was the perpetrator of the foul deed. For a time Campbell's frenzy amounted to madness, but at last he set out with a party in pursuit of the Indian, who had retreated to the mountain which now bears his name. Here he was found by Campbell at the edge of the precipice already mentioned. With an Indian's calmness Chocorua faced his terrible adversary, saying that the "Great Spirit" had given life to Chocorua and that he would not yield it to the white man! "Then," said Campbell, "hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder," and raising his gun, deliberately took aim and fired. Chocorua, with his dying words, prayed that a curse might rest on the land. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that for long it was found impossible for cattle to live in the neighborhood of this mountain. Scientists eventually discovered that the trouble was in the water, but for long the superstitious believed that Chocorua's curse lay on the district.

The power of the White Mountain Indians was completely broken in the fight known as the battle of Saco Pond. The expedition which terminated in this fight was organized by Captain Lovewell, and the object was to put a stop to Indian depredations which had for long kept the settlements in the vicinity of the mountains in a state of perpetual fear and terror. The most dreaded tribe was the Pequawkets, and Lovewell determined to attack them at their home on the Saco. His band at first numbered forty-six volunteers but on the march that number was reduced by sickness to thirty-three. This intrepid band fell into an ambush at Saco pond and a desperate fight ensued which lasted from ten in the morning "till the going down of the sun." Among the first to fall mortally wounded was the brave Captain Lovewell; and when night fell only nine of his heroic followers remained unwounded, and of the Indians only twenty left the field uninjured. Their brave chief was among the slain and although the advantage lay with them at the close of the fight their power was so broken as never again to be rallied. The story of the retreat of the whites is full of pathetic interest and noble self-sacrifice.

The settlement of the White Mountains is of comparatively recent date. Not more than a century ago the first settlers were struggling to overcome difficulties that seemed all but insurmountable, and braving dangers from which the boldest might shrink, with a fortitude and heroism to which justice has never been done. Slowly, inch by inch almost, had they to clear their way through a forest of remarkable density, through which prowled many fierce animals, such as the wolf, bear, and most dreaded of

all, the terrible lynx or gray-cat. But even when a clearing had been made and fenced off from the attacks of wild beasts there still remained to be removed a vast quantity of rocks and great boulders, and this was often a more difficult undertaking than the clearing of the forest.

The pass through the White Mountain Notch was only discovered so recently as 1779, and this way he set down as the real starting point in the history of the settlement of the White Mountains. This important discovery was made quite accidentally by a hunter named Nash while on a hunting expedition on Cherry mountain. This pass gave direct communication with the lower towns, and the seaboard. Hitherto a long detour had to be made round the mountains in order to get to any of the lower settlements. The first article of merchandise to be brought up through the Notch was a barrel of rum, which, it is recorded, was, when delivered at its destination, nearly empty "through the kindness of those who had helped to bring it up." Many years elapsed, however, before a road was made through the Notch, and many hardships had to be endured before roads or railways were known amongst the mountains.

One of the first settlers was Captain Rosebrook, whose cabin it is said was at one time thirty miles from any other human habitation and the way to it was only marked by "spotted trees." Captain Rosebrook was a man strong and athletic, and inured to hardship. During the Revolutionary War his services had proved of great value to the American forces in the Indian warfares they were often obliged to carry on. Of his connection with the mountains many stories are told. It is said that on one occasion the want of salt compelled the Captain to go on foot to Haverhill, a distance of 80 miles through a trackless wilderness, following the Connecticut river as his guide, to obtain a supply of this humble commodity. There he obtained one bushel which he shouldered and trudged home over the same rude path.

The town of Bethlehem is now one of the most popular summer mountain resorts in America. Its situation, commanding a most magnificent prospect of mountain and valley, is unequalled. Occupying an elevated plateau from which, in the background, rises Mount Agassiz, Bethlehem annually attracts thousands of health and pleasure seekers from all parts of this country and even from beyond the seas. Its magnificent street, extending along the base of the mountain for about two miles, is lined with palatial hotels, boarding houses, and summer residences, where every luxury abounds in plenty. New York and all the principal New England towns are within a few hours' journey. But let us look at Bethlehem as it was in 1799—not quite a hundred years ago. We see then a backwoods settlement, far removed from any populous district, surrounded by the great primeval forest through which prowl many fierce beasts and where still lurk a few miserable Indians, remnants of the once powerful tribes that had formerly held sway in this region. Often in the night would the settlers be startled by the howling of packs of hungry wolves; or on arising in the morning would find that during the

night bears had broken in on their flocks, killing and devouring them. But, worst of all, there comes a famine.

Provisions have run short. The nearest towns, where fresh supplies can be got, are far away; and besides they have not the means to purchase provisions. But these people have all their lives been accustomed to hardships; and have faced difficulties and dangers only to overcome them. On this occasion, therefore, their expedient is to go into the forest where they burn wood sufficient to make a load of potash for a team of oxen, which they dispatch to Concord a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. But four weary and anxious weeks must elapse ere the teamster can return with provisions and during that time the people only keep themselves alive by eating green chocolate roots and such other plants, to be found in the forest around, as will yield them any nourishment. Such is a picture we have of Bethlehem a hundred years ago. The town of Littleton, which is now the principal business centre in northern New Hampshire, within the memory of some still living, consisted of three small houses built of logs.

There have been, happily, few tragedies connected with the history of the White Mountains, and these have already been often told. The best known is probably that connected with Nancy's brook. Nancy, a servant-girl, was engaged to a man in the employ of Colonel Whipple, and it was arranged that they should accompany the Colonel to Portsmouth to be married. Having entrusted all her savings to her lover, Nancy went to Lancaster to make some purchases necessary for the journey, and on her return found that Colonel Whipple and her lover had already departed. Though it was late at night and midwinter at the time, Nancy started out in the hope of overtaking them, and her body was found by the brook which now bears her name, cold and frozen, with her head leaning on her staff. A few years afterwards her recreant lover died a raving maniac.

All who are acquainted with the White Mountains are familiar with the story of the terrible disaster which caused the destruction of the Willey family in the night of the great slide in 1826. Houses of entertainment were at that time not very plentiful in the mountains, and the one kept by Samuel Willey at the White Mountain Notch was much frequented by farmers as a stop-over place on their way to and from market. A long spell of drouth was followed by a terrific storm which in one single night is said to have dislodged a greater quantity of trees, rocks, and soil than the slides of the previous hundred years had done. A tremendous slide took place on the mountain behind the Willey house. The house itself escaped as if by a miracle, a great rock behind the house dividing the slide in two, and deflecting it to the right and left of the house. But the whole family, consisting of nine persons, perished. In seeking to escape they had been overtaken by the terrible avalanche. Six of the bodies were afterwards taken from beneath the débris, some of them terribly mutilated, but three bodies still lie buried beneath the awful mass of rocks and earth that overwhelmed them on that night of terrors. The writer has been told,

by one who can recollect of that awful storm, that the appalling noise made by the slides that night could be distinctly heard in Bethlehem fifteen or twenty miles distant.

It has often been deplored that the White Mountains are almost destitute of interesting traditions and associations, and it has been said that if they were only in Europe instead of America that there would be a story or a legend connected with every rock and crag, and that every mountain and glen would be wrapped in an air of mystery and romance. It must be remembered, however, that the White Mountains were practically unknown a hundred years ago, and compared with those of European countries that is but as yesterday. It must necessarily follow, therefore, that the romance of the White Mountains must always be essentially different from that which the legends and traditions of remote ages have associated with the mountainous countries of Europe. But it does not, therefore, follow that there is nothing of poetry or romance to be found in the New England mountains. We think there is much of both to be found in the life of the pioneers and early settlers, in their struggles and sacrifices, their patient toiling, their bravery and heroism, and their great hardihood and perseverance. The romance of the White Mountains has still to be written. Surely such grand scenes are worthy of the pen of a Scott or a Byron; and it may be that there will one day arise another "Wizard of the North" whose pen shall weave around the old mountain dwellings, where, far away in the shades of the almost trackless forest the travelers of a century ago were wont to find rest and shelter, stories of romance; who shall make a Trossachs of this beautiful region, or make classic the Saco or the Ammonoosuc; and who shall throw around the White Mountains of New England a bright halo of romance that time shall not dim.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

By G. K. B.

God loveth woman, but none more than she
Whose delight was in the law of His love.
If choral angels chant in heaven above
Hymns of human praise, all will sweetened be
With recollections dear to God and thee,
Of one great soul, great mind, greater mother,
Than whom rich freedom's land hath no other
Deeper stored in our hearts' fathomless sea.
Her astral soul devoted to the slave;
Her quiv'ring woman's frame born but to crave
Only love that passeth sorrow's weighing;
The victories of her great burdens laying
Too gracefully at the Redeemer's feet,
And gently summons all to His white seat.

JAVA AND THE COLONIAL SYSTEM OF THE DUTCH.

[Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Samuel C. Eastman.]

By Jules Leclerq.

THE Dutch do not fail to demand of the traveler returning from Java what most impressed him in their magnificent colony. There is a temptation to answer: seeing them there and seeing them remaining there. This little people, whose country is a mere point on the chart of Europe, has ruled with admirable tenacity this vast colonial empire of the Indian ocean, which contains 35,000,000 of inhabitants, embracing islands as large as France, islands in whose interior England would be only an islet, lost in a sea of forests. Java, Sumatra, three quarters of Borneo, the Moluccas, the Celebes, Bali, Sembok, Sumbawa, Flores, Timor, these are what Holland still possesses of their immense oriental empire, which formerly reached from Bengal to the Cape of Good Hope. Java, the queen of the archipelago, was torn from them in 1811; but the English, after an ephemeral rule, restored it to them in 1816, without knowing its value. They did not know that they were abandoning the most beautiful colony of the world. Did not Adam Smith say that this island, by the fertility of its soil, by the great extent of its coasts, by the number of its navigable rivers, is the best situated country for the seat of a great foreign commerce and for the establishment of a great diversity of manufactures? The illustrious economist doubtless knew that the commerce has existed in the Indian archipelago from the most remote antiquity; that the Tyrians visited it; that it was from these that the ancients imported into Egypt the cloves mentioned by Strabo. As the English have never returned a single colony, it is doubtful if they would have returned Java if they had not still been in the intoxication of triumph, after the Battle of Waterloo, and full of recognition of the aid which Holland had contributed to their success.

Since then how have the Dutch maintained themselves in the archipelago? How do thirty thousand Dutchmen peaceably govern twenty-five million Javanese, who are satisfied with their lot? This is the most marvelous thing in Java, and is what interests us to examine.

Holland has not, like England, self-ruling colonies, with their government responsible to their parliament, like the Cape colonies, where even the natives have a right to vote, and whose institutions are faithfully copied from those of Great Britain. The Dutch colonies, properly speaking, have no existence; they are subject to the control of the mother country, and the representative of

the crown exercises an almost omnipotent power there; they are like what the English call crown colonies in distinction from those which have self-government.

Before the Dutch constitution of 1848 the king had the exclusive administration of the foreign possessions; at the present time the crown fixes the taxes of the colony and the most important matters. The administration of the foreign possessions is conducted by the minister for the colonies in the name of the king and a detailed report of colonial affairs is annually presented to the Dutch parliament. The government of the Dutch Indian possessions is no longer, as in the time of the famous India company, exercised by a corporation, but rests in the hands of a single man, the agent of the king, and responsible to him for the discharge of his duty; a responsibility which is made effective by the power granted to the king and to the second chamber of the parliament to present him for impeachment.

This agent of the king has the title of governor-general. He is the chief of the land and sea forces of the Dutch Indies; he exercises supreme control over the different branches of general administration; he makes ordinances on all matters not regulated by law or by royal decree; he declares war, concludes peace, and makes treaties with the native princes; he appoints to civil and military offices; he exercises the power of pardon, and no sentence of capital punishment can be executed without his authority. Protection of the natives is one of his most important duties; he takes care that no grant of land does injury to their rights, and subjects the government farms to the limitation of administrative regulations; he regulates the nature and the extent of the labor contributions, and looks after the execution of the ordinances relating thereto. He can banish foreigners who disturb the public peace. In a word, the representative of the king is invested with complete power; in the Indian empire he is almost a king, in the most absolute sense of the word.

By his side, or rather below him, there is indeed a council of the Indies, sitting with him as president, and composed of a vice-president and four members; but it is only a body for consultation, whose advice he takes, without being obliged to follow it; in certain cases specified by law he is bound, it is true, by the advice of a majority of the council, but as it is not the council which is responsible for the conduct of the government, he has the right to appeal to the king to protect his responsibility; he may even, against the advice of the council, take measures which he thinks expedient, when he believes that the general interest of the colony would suffer by the delay which an appeal to the king would entail. In reality then, the governor-general alone exercises the executive power and the legislative power.

There are no ministers at the head of the different departments of civil administration but officers, five in number who have the modest title of directors; these officers are placed under the orders and under the exalted supervision of the governor, who is actually the prime minister. They are the director of the interior, of

finance, of education, of agriculture, and the director of justice and of public works. The commanders of the army and navy are placed at the head of war department and of the navy. The union of the different chiefs of the department of civil administration, assembled by the order of the governor-general, forms the council of directors. That the directors have been chosen from the brothers of the governor shows to what degree the council is a family affair.

The mechanism by which a very small number of officers governs the most dense population of the world is disclosed in all its ingenuity in the machinery of the local administration even better than in that of the central administration. The island of Java is divided into twenty-two provinces at the head of which are placed European officials who are as omnipotent in their province as the governor-general in the colony. But just as the heads of the departments only have the title of director, so those governors, or prefects, of the provinces are modestly called residents, and their provinces, containing a million souls on an average, are called residences. The resident, appointed by the governor-general, is the representative of the government in his province; under this title he is the chief of the civil administration, of the finances, of justice, of police, and he has the right to carry the *porong* or golden parasol, which in the eyes of Javanese symbolizes the supreme rank. He is assisted by sub-residents, who have the title of assistant-residents and these in their turn have under their orders controllers, who watch over the execution of the regulations relating to the natives, visit periodically the villages in their district, listen to complaints, supervise the government plantations, and are, as it were, the hand which unites the native administration to the European.

Java is administered by a hierarchy of officials which constitute a select body. Trained at the college of Delft or at the University of Leyden, which are the nurseries of the colonial administrators destined for the civil service, they have all passed, either in Holland or at Batavia, a special examination, the programme of which is arranged by the minister for the colonies. This programme varies according to the duties for which the candidate is to be prepared. For the highest posts the "grand examination of officials" must be passed, which deals with essentially technical affairs, including chiefly the history, geography, and ethnography of the Dutch Indies, the civil and religious laws, the political institutions and customs of the nations, the Malay and Javanese languages. There are two examinations at intervals generally of two years; the second embraces the same subjects as the first, but more extended and more thorough. The candidates for judicial functions must be Doctors of Law, and in addition have passed examinations in the Malay and Javanese languages, the Mussulman law, and the customs of the Dutch Indies, international law and the colonial institutions of the foreign possessions.

The selection is made annually under the direction of the colonial minister, who, after consultation with the government in Java, announces in the official journal the number of candidates, administrative or judicial, to be placed at the disposition of the

governor-general. The examination rank determines the selection. The candidates selected, besides a first-class passage, are entitled to an allowance for their equipment, and on their arrival at the colony they receive a provisional salary, pending their definite appointment; for they are not immediately given an important position, but must serve an apprenticeship under a controller or an assistant resident, who initiates them into the practice of colonial affairs. The salary of the civil officials is fixed by the king or by the governor-general. These salaries are at least three times as much as they would receive in Europe in similar situations, and a pension is given on retirement. The governors of provinces receive $8,000, the residents $5,000 to $7,000, the controllers $1,600; even a modest justice of the peace is well paid. In the large cities of the colony, Batavia or Souvabaya, a good lawyer has an income of at least $20,000. It is plain that the corps of officials which presides over the destinies of Java is wisely organized, carefully recruited, and well paid; it constitutes the elite of the mother country by critical selection. It is, perhaps, the most perfect colonial personnel in the world.

The mechanism of the Dutch colonial system in Java skilfully conceals the real motors of the machine under the machinery of pure parade, by leaving to the native princes the illusion of power, and by concealing the action of the European directors. Each residence includes one or more regencies, and by the side of the resident there is one or more regent. While the resident is always a European official, the regent is always a native official, belonging to the highest families, and often, even, of princely birth; according to the importance of his rank he has the title of *Râden Adipati* or *Mas Toemenggoeng* or *Pangeran* (prince).

The natives are subject to the regent, their natural chief; as to the resident, the real possessor of power, he acts only through the regent; but to conceal his authority he appears to the eyes of the natives as the "older brother" of the regent, and it is in form of "recommendations" that he gives orders to his brother. This formula, which would be regarded as commonplace with us, has an important meaning among the Javanese, for as they view it, the elder brother, after the death of the father, is the head of the family, respected by this title by his younger brothers, but considered always as a brother and not as an official chief. Since they are brothers the regent explains his plans to the resident; the European official is even bound to take the advice of the native official, when the interests of the native are involved; the younger brother is the intimate adviser of the older brother in all cases where the latter ought to be enlightened as to the condition of the people; but when the resident has made up his mind on the advice of the regent, the latter, as a dutiful younger brother, ought to submit.

The regent, who has only the semblance of power, has, as compensation, all the external marks which would impress the multitude; in order that he may keep up his rank and keep up the luxury of an Asiatic court, he is better paid than the resident himself; he ranks above all the

European officials except the resident; he is surrounded with the pomp of a prince, holds a court in which the natives, even if members of his own family, approach him only on their knees, has a numerous suite, exercises control over the native chiefs of the regency; in a word, in the eyes of the natives he is their lord and master. To this material authority is added spiritual authority, for he is also their high priest; more than that he is their judge for he is a member of the *Landraad* (council), and presides at the court of the regency. You can see that the regent is apparently everything, but it is his elder brother who rules him, even while treating him in public and in private on a footing of perfect equality and frank cordiality. The regent would take care not to disobey the "recommendations" of his brother, for he knows what it would cost him; appointed by the government, he knows that he will be kept in office only on condition of pleasing the government.

The regent is always chosen from the nobles, who, before the conquest, governed the district in the name of the native ruler. The last vestige of the feudal regime, which flourished in Java in the past ages, he descends in direct line from the vassals of the ancient kingdom of Matavam. The Dutch have reduced the power of these nobles, while leaving them their prestige, which they use to serve their plans, and it is by their assistance that they introduced their famous system of cultivation, to which they gained them by giving them possession of the soil. To keep them better under control they granted to them heredity in the transmission of power, thus treating with respect a principle which has prevailed in Java from time immemorial. They comprehended that the natives would much more docilely allow themselves to be governed by a regent of exalted lineage, known and respected in the country, than by an official chosen from the lower classes, or taken from a distant province. As much as possible the ancient divisions of the country have been preserved, so that the authority of the regent extends over the same territory and the same populations as that under the control of his ancestors. He has the income of the lands which belong to his charge. But in spite of all the pomp and all the dignities which are astached to his rank, in spite of all the influence due to his being a prince, he is, under the externals of a native rajah, only a salaried employé of the Dutch government; when he dies, his son is ordinarily called to succeed him, out of respect for the hereditary rule; but this is not a matter of right, and the government which appoints this official can also remove him. From the day when he is deprived of his office he is only a member of the family of the regent and his pomp, his fortune, and his power pass over to the one whom the government has chosen in his place from the same family. An English writer has remarked that the policy of the Dutch in Java seems to have been inspired by the experience acquired from a long residence in Desima; either on account of natural similarity or in consequence of being favored by the Dutch, many of the details of life in Java resemble those of Japan. Just as abdication is a common event in the customs of Japan, so in Java the

regents and the native chiefs, coming to the threshold of old age, like to lay aside the responsibilities of power in favor of a son or some other member of their family. The retired regent then enters the *Landraad*, and thus preserves an elevated rank.

One of the most interesting characteristics of the Dutch policy is the wisdom with which it has known how to respect the importance which the natives attribute to rank and pomp. The first clause to which the regent submits himself in taking the oath of office is that in which he expressly promises to observe the decrees relative to these special questions, and to treat the natives according to their rank. The Dutch in this respect do not profess the disdain which the English and French affect. They concede that they must regard the ideas of the natives, not from the European point of view, but from the native point of view; they officially recognize the importance of these questions, and wisely leave the regulation of them to the natives themselves.

Parallel to the hierarchy of the European officials, there is a whole hierarchy of native officials. Just as the resident has under his orders assistant residents and controllers, so the regent has for subordinates *wedonos*, assistant *wedonos* and *mantries*. Each regency is divided into districts which are administered by a *wedono*. This chief of the district is, like the regent, a native of good family, and he is, like him, salaried by the government; but he is elected by the native community, subject to the approval of the resident. He is charged with the police of the district and executes the orders of the regent; he presides at the district court; every month he accompanies the controller in his tour of inspection, and the latter indicates what improvements should be made. The *wedono* is assisted by the chiefs who have the title *mantries*, and whom he selects from the young men of the best families, even from the sons of the regent. The *mantrie* lives in the house of the *wedono*, who can send him at any hour of the day or night to the place he designates to execute the orders of the controller. The young *mantrie* performs all the tasks, requiring a journey; he constantly travels over the country on horseback and that is why on the day of his appointment he receives a pony and a kris. The government thus saves the cost of those innumerable peons or messengers, which elsewhere surround European or native officers.

One of the most skilful means by which the Dutch know how to temper their rule, is the employment of the native language in all the relations between the Europeans and the natives. In the greater part of the colonies founded by great nations in our own as well as in ancient times, the conqueror has been seen to impose his own language on the conquered. The Dutch, a people patient and persevering, find the best policy in learning the language of the people they govern, and they practise this system not only in Java, but in the whole extent of their colonial empire. In Java the problem is complicated by the presence of four races which divide the island among themselves and which speak each their own language: Malay, Soudanese, Javanese, and Madourien. I saw at Djokjokata a resident who spoke no other European language than Dutch, but

who knew thoroughly the four native languages, one of which, the Javanese, has three dialects, according to the rank of the person addressed; one can judge of the complication.

In order to give to the natives the illusion of autonomy, the Dutch do not content themselves with leaving their regents, their *wedonos*, their village chiefs, they even leave them their emperor. The territory of the *vorstenlanden* (prince's lands), this central province which occupies the fifteenth part of Java, forms a little empire, the last remains of the kingdom of Mataram. This territory is divided between two princes, the *soesoehoenan* and the sultan; the former lives at Solo or Sourakarta, and the latter at Djokjokarta. These two capitals are still the centres of Javanese life, and there one can best get an idea of what Java must have been in the past.

Formerly the *vorstenlanden* formed only a single province, subject to the *soesoehoenan* alone; but in the last century the emperor, Hamangkoe, despairing of subduing a Chinese insurrection, called the Dutch to his aid, and in return granted the lands to them. Scarcely was he delivered from the Chinese, he was obliged to reckon with the pretention of his brother, who claimed the right of sharing the throne. Hamangkoe, to avoid new contests, left the matter to the arbitration of the Dutch, who put an end to the dispute by a solution suited to their policy, inspired by the principle, *Divide ut imperes*. They divided the kingdom into two provinces, which was the best way to weaken a powerful state; the largest of the two divisions formed the province of Sourakarta, and remained the share of the *soesoehoenan*; the other division was assigned to the brother of the emperor, who became sultan of Djokjokarta.

The present emperor and sultan are the descendants of these two princes. The emperor has the title of *soesoehoenan*, which means "his highness;" he also has the titles of "clove of the world," "commander of the army," "servant of the merciful," "master of culture," "regulator of the religion." He is regarded as the "elder brother" of the sultan. This is a rather typical example of the skilful management of the Dutch. Formerly, the two sovereigns met annually at Garan, near Djokjokarta; the interview took place with great pomp, and the sultan paid homage to the emperor by taking off his sandals, and kneeling before him in the attitude of adoration. But as this ceremony attracted a great multitude of people, the Dutch found it prudent to put an end to it. To induce the sultan to renounce it, they represented to him that a prince who did homage to another would not be considered as really independent in the eyes of Europeans. The following year, on the day fixed, the emperor arrived with his usual retinue, but to his great surprise he found the sultan, contrary to all precedents, dressed in a military uniform, seated by the side of the throne, and very little disposed to accept the humiliating ceremony. He swallowed the insult without letting his spite appear, and this interview was the last. The Dutch had thus secured a double end: embroiled two princes who till then had been united, and put an end to a national festival which attracted too large a number of natives.

The two princes of the *vorstenlanden* have only the empty appearance of the authority which the powerful potentates, who oppressed the Javanese for so many centuries, possessed; from concession to concession they have been despoiled of their powers to such a degree that there is only an insensible shade of difference between the so-called autonomous government of *vorstenlanden* and the government directly exercised by the Dutch in the other provinces. When one of the princes is near to death, the resident is installed at the *kraton* for some weeks; he is, in fact, the sovereign for the time being, until the choice of the successor has been arranged in concert with the Dutch government. This successor is not accepted unless he concedes all that is demanded. And so each change of emperor brings about some new concessions. And as these emperors, surrounded by two or three thousand wives, succumb quickly to their debauches, the concessions have a direct relation to the frequency of the vacancies on the throne.

Not content with reserving to itself the choice of the prince, the government names and discharges the minsters, whose salaries it pays, it watches over the administration of the kingdom, the police, the levying of taxes, the recruiting and the equipment of the army, who are, moreover, only troops for parade, and absolutely unfit for war; the government also reserves to itself the control of opium, the management of the forests and of the swallow's nests, the rights of entry and departure. The authority of the princes is limited to their native subjects; as to the Europeans, they are under the direct authority of the residents established in the two capitals of the *vorstenlanden*, and whose palaces are protected by solid forts, which frown upon the palaces of the so-called sovereigns.

In compensation for the concessions of authority and territory, the emperor and the sultan receive large pecuniary indemnities, which enable them, like their ancestors, to maintain the ceremonial of an oriental court, to surround themselves with thousands of servants, and to keep up their dignity in the eyes of the people. This suffices to make them perfectly satisfied with their present condition, and they regard as marks of honor the titles and decorations which the queen of Holland confers upon them. The indemnities, which are taken annually from the Indian budget, amount to about 1,300,000 florins ($520,000), of which the emperor receives about two thirds, and the sultan one third. The emperor, who represents the old house of Mataram, and whose person is considered sacred, still has a great prestige in the eyes of the Javanese people, and this prestige extends even beyond the limits of his kingdom. While leaving these princes only the semblance of authority, the Dutch policy, which understands the oriental taste for parade, leaves them the old organization of the complicated ceremonial of their courts; it lets them show themselves to their people in all the pomp and splendor employed by their ancestors; it has maintained the rank, the titles, the symbols, the salaries of the officers.

To conceal the authority of the government by means of native intermediaries, so as to make the people, gentle but proud, believe that they

are still obeying their natural chiefs, is, as it appears, the psychological side of the entirely peculiar system of colonization which the Dutch have introduced into Java, and the like of which one would search for in vain in all the other European colonizations.

The economic side of their colonial system proceeds from the same idea, and is not less peculiar nor less curious. While they have left to the natives their princes and their regents, while they have kept up the institutions under which the natives have lived for centuries, they have not modified in any respect the land and agricultural system, they have perpetuated the law of property as it has been established from time immemorial in Java.

Under the despotic government of the sultans there had been no individual ownership; the prince was the proprietor of the land, and to him belonged the right of trading with the foreigner. The inhabitants of the same village constituted a *dessa*, a community which had a political and civil character at the same time.

Under the system of the *dessa*, the inhabitants live under the regime of the possession by the community, in other words, the land belongs not to individuals but to the *dessa*. That does not mean, however, that the lands are cultivated by the inhabitants of the village in common; the system consists practically in an annual or periodical division of the arable land among all the inhabitants of the village having a right to any part of the soil; this division is neither equal nor general; all the inhabitants do not have the right to it, and the extent of the portions is regulated by custom and also by the favor of the chiefs of the *dessa*. The cultivator, to whom is assigned a piece of land, can possess it individually and to the exclusion of every one else; but he has only a precarious tenure, and he must always expect that at the next partition his land will fall into other hands. The vice of this system can be imagined; as the improvements which the cultivator may make in his field may profit others, he lacks the powerful stimulant of personal interest which inspires the individual owner. Besides the division is due to exactions and favors, for it is always in the power of the chiefs of the *dessa* to assign the best land to their friends.

However defective the system is the Dutch have preserved it in order not to appear to overturn the institutions of the Javanese people. Formerly the ownership was in the prince; the Dutch government is simply substituted for the prince, and has kept the ownership of all the land in Java. This system has as corollary the *corvées*, or days of labor which the natives formerly paid to the prince as rent for the land they occupied. The *corvée* is the right of the prince to call for the personal labor of his subjects, without pay, for the building of roads, dikes, bridges, canals, for the maintenance of these works, for the postal service, and for other public services. The number of days of *corvée* could formerly reach fifty-two, annually, as a maximum. The Dutch have been compelled gradually to soften the rigor of this rule, whose odiousness they understood; so that the government regulated the extent of the *corvée*, and ordained that the laws

relative to this subject should be revised every five years. The extent and nature of the *corvée* varies in the different provinces; in 1893 it had been reduced to forty-two days in certain residences, to thirty-six in others, and even to twenty-four in some. The regulations limit the day to twelve hours, the time of rest and the time of travel to and fro being included therein. The person who gives the service cannot be compelled to perform it more than seven miles from his abode. He still has no pay, but he is not now obliged to furnish tools or materials which are his own.

In certain provinces since 1882 a commutation of forty cents a head has been substituted for the *corvée* and from the receipts they have increased the indemnities given to the chiefs. Recently the question of the complete abolition of the *corvée* by means of an increase of the commutation has been discussed; but they recognized that the economical situation of the people did not now permit the carrying out of this plan, which would involve the imposing of too high a tax. It was proposed also to give the natives the option of buying off the obligation; but it was equally necessary to give this up, for fear that the chiefs would be tempted to keep the ransom and impose the forced labor on other holders of the soil.

Besides the *corvées* due to the state there are other *corvées* due to the commune or to the *dessa* which are neither less numerous nor less heavy. The case is cited of a native who had the courage to complain because the *corvées* demanded of him by the *dessa* proportionately to the land he occupied were so burdensome that if justice was not done he would give up his land. Examination showed that the number of communal *corvées* reached in certain *dessas* two hundred and twenty-four a year.

There were two men who admirably understood what they could get out of the *corvée* to make the colony productive to the great advantage of the mother country; these providential men were two soldiers, Marshal Daendels and Gen. Van den Bosch; with their military genius they enrolled the millions of Java in an innumerable army of persons fit for the *corvée*. From the regime of the *corvées* was born the famous system known under the name of culture system which forms one of the most curious pages of colonial annals of modern times. It is generally believed that this system was invented by Gen. Van den Bosch, but Marshal Daendels made the first trial of it. It may be said that the economical history of the Dutch Indies is that of the administration of these two governors, for while employing different means, one proceeding by force and terror and the other by laws and orders, they were looking for the same end, and if their system rests on principles which are to be condemned, it must be recognized that they are the founders of the colonial empire of the Dutch and that their names are linked with that of Java.

Daendels, whom the Javanese designate to-day under the name of the "iron marshal," governed the island from 1808 to 1811, in the name of Louis Napoleon, then king of Holland. To cover the country with roads, the better to keep it in order by opening it to strategy, was

the tactics of the generals of the empire. In less than two years the marshal had accomplished an admirable system of roads extending from one end of Java to the other, a distance of 800 miles, from Anjer on the west to Banjouvangi on the east. If the Javanese roads are possibly in the best repair of any in the world, it is on account of the happy innovation that they are made of two parallel tracks, one for heavy teams and beasts of burden, and the other for horses and post carriages; each is wide enough for three vehicles abreast; they are separated from each other by a ridge generally adorned by a hedge.

The marshal had recourse to forced labor for the execution of these great works. He ordered each commune or *dessa* to build a part of the road in a certain fixed time. If a village had not finished the work in the fixed time the marshal sent a sergeant and four soldiers with the order to seize the native chiefs and hang them. It can be understood that with this far too oriental system the roads decreed were finished as if by magic. The despotism of this Napoleon of the Indies inspired in the natives a fear which exists to-day, as could be seen when recently an engineer by the name of Marshall came to Java to build railroads. The people imagining that he descended from the "iron marshal" lavished upon him marks of profound respect. If Daendels did great things he committed many excesses. Suspected by Napoleon of wishing to create an empire in Java for his own profit, he was recalled to Europe, and soon after the crown jewel of the Indies passed over to the English.

Daendels was thus the real inventor of the system of forced labor. Under his administration all the villages, whose land was suitable for the cultivation of coffee, were compelled to plant a certain number of coffee trees, generally a thousand plants for each chief of a family. At the end of five years the product of the plantation was estimated and the village was required to deliver without pay, to the storehouses of the government on the coast, carefully cleaned and sorted, two fifths of the harvest, in default of which the village had to pay a fine to the government, according to the tariff established each year, which averaged ten dollars a picul (135 pounds). The remaining three fifths were the property of the cultivator, who disposed of it as he liked. Nevertheless the government, to secure the whole crop, bound itself to pay, according to the same tariff, the price of each picul of first quality coffee, transported to the coast cleaned and sorted.

This system, which ought to have caused an enormous production of coffee to flow into the hands of the government resulted in failure on account of forgetfulness of a detail. The government, in truth, received the whole of the slender production of coffee harvested in the vicinity of the storehouses established on the coast, but it only received a small portion, much less than three fifths of the very considerable product of the interior. The reason was that in spite of the excellent roads with which the marshal had furrowed the island, the mountain villages were deprived of communication with the roads, or did not have the means of transport to carry the heavy loads of

coffee to great distances. The result was that the coffee was bought on the place at a cheap price by the first comer, or exchanged for the half or third of its weight in salt, the sale of which was monopolized by the government. The government received only a small portion of the crop, the greater part of which was sent to Europe by private buyers, who did not take pains to clean and sort it. The bad reputation which Java coffee thus acquired in the European market affected the price of the government Java. Besides the villages of the interior received so little profit from the coffee that they neglected its cultivation. So the system was abandoned under the English rule, and the villagers, not being obliged any longer to cultivate coffee, returned to their old crops, better suited to their needs.

The English introduced into Java a system conformable to modern ideas. But these ideas were hardly practicable in a state of society analagous to that of Europe in the middle ages. When the Dutch received Java back from the English they returned to the former system and found it to be satisfactory for the first years. From 1817 to 1824 the revenue always considerably exceeded the expenses, but in 1824 there was for the first time a deficit, which increased each year. From the return of the Dutch to 1833 the excess of the expenses above the revenue amounted to $13,000,000. This deficit, covered by Holland, formed the debt of Java, which in eight years amounted to the revenue of a year and a half. This for Java was a heavy and exhausting debt like all debts held abroad, for which the interest must leave the country so that it produces a disastrous drain of money. As a result the people were living in great destitution, oppressed by the native chiefs, and the jewel of the Indian archipelago had become a burden to the parent state. At this period Java was very nearly in the same desperate position as continental India in 1856. On the other hand the finances of the home country itself were compromised, as the result of the Belgian revolution, which had created a great breach in the public treasury. The war which had swallowed up millions, and exhausted Holland, to relieve itself from its distress, could only turn towards an impoverished colony.

It was at this critical epoch that the other providential man was seen to arise, a man whose name, like that of Daendels, is linked to the history of Java. General Van den Bosch presented himself as saviour, presented his infallible system and prophesied that he would make a new Pactolus of Java. He set out for the Indies in 1830, fortified with full power, and entirely free in his choice of means which would tend to fill the treasury. He built his plans upon the idea that the Javanese, so long as they were left to themselves, would never devote themselves to the cultivation of products destined for the European market. Different from his predecessor, Commissary-General du Bus de Gisignies, who counted only on free labor and private enterprise, Van den Bosch wanted the exclusive monopoly of the state.

In his view the state was a producer, a manufacturer, in the face of which no private competition could come in rivalry. He placed himself

on the *adat*, that is, the collection of old institutions of Java, which imposes upon the natives duties towards the sovereign and which confer upon him the right of demanding as tax either a certain part of the product of the soil or equivalent personal services. The natives, then, were bound for the payment to the government, their new sovereign, of the land tax in the form of a quota of their harvest, which might be estimated at about two fifths. Then Van den Bosch conceived this innovation, that the native instead of paying the tax of two fifths, should give up a part of his land, not exceeding one fifth, and that the personal services which he owed to the state should be applied to the cultivation of products which are wanted in the European market, such as indigo, tobacco, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. If the value of these products should exceed the amount of the land tax, the excess was to be paid over to the native. His solicitude for the interests of the native was even carried to the point that, if the harvest should fail from a superior power, the loss should be the government's.

The idea of the originator of this plan was that the innovation would have the double advantage of enriching the mother country and of stimulating the Javanese to work by interesting them by the suppression of a tax of an oppressive character. In principle the native was at liberty to free himself from this tax by abandoning a part of his land, and as the relations between him and the government ought to be regulated by agreement, the system apparently rested on the free consent of the parties. But it was easy to see that this arrangement would inevitably result in forced labor.

It is an economical error to constitute the state an industrial agent, to expose it to the chances of gain or loss. Impelled by the need of realizing great and quick profits the government would very soon inaugurate coercive measures. In place of voluntary contracts it would be orders. If the native was exempt from the land tax, on the other hand he would be paid only insufficient wages, and be reimbursed only by the excess of the harvest. They would demand of him not simply a fifth of his land, but a third or even more, sometimes even the whole, according to the needs of the treasury. The Dutch authors Veth and Van der Lith have exposed these abuses in detail. After 1832 there was no longer any question of voluntary contracts, since a circular from the governor-general imposed on each province the amount of products in proportion to the population and at the rate of eighty cents per head. Better results were demanded of Java from year to year and consequently the native was pressed more and more. Independently of the "culture system" there was placed upon him a multitude of personal services, which often were not even paid for, and the maximum of his power of endurance was demanded of him, for to secure an always increasing profit, it was necessary to put to work all the living powers he possessed.

Van den Bosch understood that the realization of his plans was only possible with the coöperation of the native chiefs. To gain them to his ideas and to stimulate their zeal, he allowed them so much per cent., or

premiums on the quantity of products turned over. The absolute domination of the chiefs over the people was the key of the vault of the forced culture system. It was necessary to secure their connivance by strengthening their power. Accordingly Van den Bosch went farther in this direction than his predecessors, who had already restored to the regents their ancient prestige, of which they had been deprived during the English regime. By the regents everything could be secured from the natives; to exalt them in the eyes of the people, it was necessary to procure for them the means of keeping up a princely luxury by giving them a large part of the profits and by thus interesting them to encourage production. It can easily be conceived that these regents accustomed to treat as pariahs their subjects, whom they considered as beings of an inferior class, would be inspired by the example of the government to enrich themselves at the expense of the people, and to give themselves up to all sorts of exactions and abuse of power, which it would be necessary to ignore. So that if the culture system was a source of wealth for the chiefs, it was to the detriment of the well being of the natives. The right of choosing the chiefs of the *dessa* was denied to them. Since the chiefs of the *dessa* in the organization of the culture system were the instruments of the government, it was necessary to remove those who did not act with it. Deventer asserts that the chiefs of the *dessa* who did not secure a satisfactory product were whipped or deprived of their office. A disgraceful trafic in the village offices was the result, and old domestic servants and grooms were placed at the head of the *dessas*. The rights which the natives had from the *adat* in the arable lands were not respected, and it was by no means infrequently the case that all the land of the *dessa* was used for a plantation of sugar cane, while the poor inhabitants of the village were compelled to raise their rice on land exempt from the culture system because it was too far from the factory. As it was difficult to apply Van den Bosch's system in the provinces, where individual ownership of the land was in force, the rights of the occupant were simply disregarded. One regent, to put an end to the possession of the individual, could find no better way than burning the registers, which showed the titles. There was nothing that was respected, and usages and customs of the natives, that in the plan of Van den Bosch were to serve as the basis of the system, were trampled under foot.

For some years the results were brilliant for the mother country, and gold poured into the treasury of the state. Vanden Bosch, on his return from the Indies, was appointed colonial minister, and held the office till 1840. His system was continued in Java by his successors, Band, de Eerens, and Merkus, to whom the minister left very little liberty of action. When Band announced that he should hardly be able to send four million dollars more than the previous year, Van den Bosch ordered him to take care to send double that increase. The governors-general were only instruments in the hands of Van den Bosch, who did not hesitate to express his discontent when

they did not act according to his views, that is to say, if they did not work, above all, for the constant increase of the revenue.

The culture system had happy results in the eastern provinces, where the people received a great benefit from it, by initiating them into other labors than the cultivation of rice. In these provinces the soil is productive, and the crops introduced gave good wages to the natives. Nevertheless, we might ask, with Van der Lith, the celebrated economist, if free labor and private industry would not have produced the same result. The effects of the new organization were not the same in other parts of the island. It is this which shows the evil of the culture system, considered as a tax; if it is profitable in certain districts, it creates heavy burdens in others, and a flagrant inequality is the result. In many provinces the Van den Bosch system caused the people to suffer; here, because the soil was unfit for the crops they wished to introduce, or already exhausted; there because the wages were too low for the amount of work exacted; elsewhere, because the natives were not numerous enough for the *corvée*.

The incredible disaster which burst upon them in 1849, under the administration of Governor-General Rochussen, disclosed the vices of culture system. From the time of the inauguration of the Van den Bosch system the policy of the system of an increase of revenue had been pushed to the extreme. Money was demanded; always more money, and the interests of the colony had always been blindly sacrificed to this constant preposession.

To satisfy the insatiable needs of the treasury of the mother country the natives were obliged to neglect their own crops so as to secure the products designed for the European market. The cultivation of indigo had exhausted the land; that of tobacco prevented the second crop; the sugar cane absorbed a large part of the population in the factory, where this product must be treated before it could be delivered over to commerce. Governor Rochussen, comprehending the colonial interests better than his predecessors, perceived the danger which might result from the culture system: while supplying the European market, the natives were becoming impoverished and might be in want of the ordinary necessities of life if the tendency to consider only the interests of the mother country was not resisted. But the warning of Rochussen was not listened to, and the orders which he gave to the residents were not obeyed.

The natives, in order to pay the land tax which was raised in proportion to their increasing poverty, were compelled to sell their buffalos without which they could not cultivate their rice fields. Finally, and what completed their misery, there were heavy levies (*corvées*) for defensive works, which were exacted of them over and above the "cultures." To erect at Sourabaya and Samarang useless fortifications, which entered into the defensive system planned by Van den Bosch, innumerable workmen were compelled to come from all parts of the island, and they, far from their fields, neglected the cultivation of rice. The harvest failed, the means of subsistance were wanting, and the

most fertile colony in the world experienced the horrors of famine. The exact number of natives who perished, victims of misery and epidemic diseases, has never been known. But the number must be large, since in the districts of Demark and Grobogan the native population was reduced two fifths.

The news of this disaster discredited the culture system in Holland. An orator of great talent, a clergyman, Van Hoëvell, who had passed several years in the Indies, came to the front in parliament. He became the apostle of the Liberals, who wanted to substitute free for forced labor and fought the government system ardently. If he did not succeed in getting his principles wholly accepted, he laid the way for their final triumph. The government entered upon a new path by entering upon a partial diminution of the cultures which were too burdensome for the people. Thus government cultivation disappeared little by little, and the abolition of the forced cultivation of sugar was the last blow given to the Van den Bosch system, for the forced cultivation of coffee, which alone still subsists at the present time, does not belong to the system introduced by this reformer. This cultivation, in fact, does not compel the natives to give up any part of their land, a fundamental principle of the Van den Bosch system.

So the government cultivation succeeded little by little private cultivation, with which the Van den Bosch system was incompatible, since the state, as the sole proprietor of the soil and uniting in its hands all productive forces, could not tolerate any private competition. Free industry, in order to develop itself, demanded legislative intervention. Nevertheless it was not till 1861 that the reform party obtained control. Minister Therbecke at first entered upon the new road with timid experiments. His successor, Fransen Van de Putte, in 1865, presented a draft of a law which went to the core of the colonial question, and regulated the principal points concerning the relation of governmental and private cultivation, but the draft did not become a law on account of the novelty of the principle which recognized that the native owned the land he cultivated.

Finally, in 1870, on the recommendation of de Waal, the parliament adopted the celebrated "Agrarian law," which is still in force in the colony. This law allows Europeans to hire or lease, for at least sixty years, the uncultivated lands and guarantees to the natives the ownership of the land they have cleared up and cultivated. Another law of the time enacted that the government would not grant any extension to the cultivation of sugar, which was to be definitely abolished in 1890. With the exception of the cultivation of coffee, this law definitely swept away all that remained of the famous culture system of Van den Bosch, the blossoming and fall of which divide the colonial history of Java into two very distinct periods.

What especially characterizes the new state of things sanctioned by the Agrarian law is that the state no longer exercises an absolute monopoly. The colonist, the plain, private individual can secure land for cultivation by conforming to certain regulations. He may contract

with the natives who may agree to raise certain products for the European market, to be delivered on payment of the price. These contracts were often imposed by force upon the inhabitants of the villages by the native chiefs who were corrupted by Europeans. But the government has made this abuse disappear by prohibiting contracts with whole villages through the chiefs; now the arrangements must be with the natives individually.

Another way opened by the Agrarian law for private enterprise is opportunity given for leasing for a long term new land belonging to the state. The long term of the lease permits the tenant to reimburse himself for the cost of breaking up the land and gives him a real title, which he can mortgage, affording security to the lender. The state not only finds indirect advantages in bringing the wild land into cultivation, which tends to increase the production and the advantages which result from it, but also direct advantages, such as the export tax on what is raised, and the rent paid by the tenant. The importance of this system of development is shown by the fact that in 1892 about 60,000 acres had been leased on a rental of $432,000 annually.

The Dutch have thus entered on the humanitarian path of free labor. Aside from the *corvées*, which still exist in the cultivation of coffee and in public works, no force is used, can be used towards the natives, whose services are hired by contract. To prevent any appearance of constraint, the government has abolished a law which punished the breaking of contracts by the native workman and substituted a provision according to which the breaking of the contract can be punished in certain cases only, and the proof is often so difficult that this provision generally remains a dead letter. The economical situation of Java is thus in a period of complete transformation, and little by little the old colonial system is disappearing to give place to a liberal rule answering better to modern ideas. Happily this transformation has been brought about insensibly, without shocks, and it was begun before it became an imperative necessity.

The Dutch, a prudent and thoughtful people, do not proceed by radical and violent measures. Thus they have not abolished the *corvée* in the cultivation of coffee, the last intrenchment in which the culture system has taken refuge. This cultivation, organized on a grand scale by the government, offers such advantages to the mother country that it would have been rash to abolish it by a stroke of the pen. The shock in breaking up the whole economy of the old system might have had the most disastrous results for the Indies as well as for the mother country. But although the hour of complete emancipation has not yet struck, we may predict that the day is near at hand when there will no longer be seen in Java any vestige of the forced employment of one people by another.

The culture system has had heated panagyrists and inveterate traducers. An English author (J. Money) has proclaimed it to be the finest of the colonial systems; a Dutch author (Havelaar) in a celebrated book painted a sombre picture, which hastened its fall, just as "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" contributed to the abolition of slavery. The culture system deserves neither this excessive honor nor this indignity. It can be said in praise of Van den Bosch that he extricated the native from his natural indolence, inculcated in him habits of industry, and taught him other arts than the cultivation of rice, which had previously satisfied his limited wants. It is less the system than the abuses, of which it was the occasion, that deserves the blame.

And, then, who would believe it? It is to the culture system that Java owes the increase of population, exceeding everything that could have been imagined by General Van den Bosch, who had probably never foreseen this unexpected result. The population, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century was estimated at 3,500,000, has now reached the chimerical number of 25,067,461 inhabitants for a territory of 2,388 geographical square miles, or 10,496 inhabitants to a geographical square mile. In the double relation of density and increase of population, the island of Java surpasses all the other countries of the globe. Now it is interesting to note that it is especially since the introduction of the culture system that the population has increased with exceptional rapidity. At the time of the innovation Java contained 7,000,000 inhabitants; in 1850, 9,500,000; in 1867, 15,000,000. Since 1830 the population has doubled every thirty-five years; while in those European countries, where the increase is most rapid, as in England, sixty-three years have been required to produce the same result.

The proofs of the relation between the culture system and the increase of population are numerous. Besides the fact that this increase has been produced especially since the introduction of the system, it has been most markedly manifested in the provinces where the system has been worked on a grand scale. It cannot be denied that General Van den Bosch has potently contributed to the repeopling of the island of Java, which apparently sustained in ancient times a population much more dense, judging from the remains of the civilization which has disappeared. This prodigious density of population strikes forcibly the new comer to Java. Along the roads, which furrow the island, there are processions of villagers, men, women, and children, who seem to issue from the earth. If it is true that the prosperity and happiness of a people can be judged by the rate of increase of the population we must conclude that the Javanese nation is one of the happiest in the world, and also that it has not been so oppressed nor so badly governed as has been claimed. The native seemed to me to be very well nourished, suitably clothed, and I have no recollection of having met a beggar in Java, as I have often seen in the fortunate isle of Ceylon.

Nevertheless the culture system was a factitious and artificial institution, which might for a certain number of years be favorable to the development of the population by making the conditions of existence easy for it, but which could not continue to produce the same results. The system was admirably con-

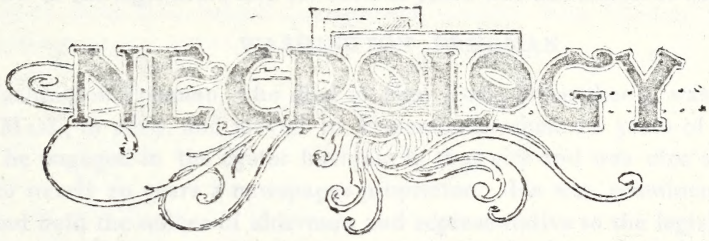
ceived in view of the development of industry among a half-civilized people who had been curbed for a thousand years under their ancient masters. At the present time this people could not be forced to submit to the despotism under which it lived so long. But the forced labor, by increasing the population, must inevitably, by such a multiplication of the number of mouths, reach a day when an incredible misery would suddenly succeed to the prosperity, without the natives having been prepared to contend against the horrible necessity by the thousand resources of free labor.

To the old system, founded on the ownership by the state and the subjection of the natives, a regime of preliminary steps towards individual ownership and liberty has been substituted. Formerly Java was an estate to be farmed rather than a colony, for it had neither colonists nor private proprietors of the soil. The Van den Bosch system was incompatible with European colonization, since the state was not willing to sell the land, which it was causing to be cultivated by the *corvées*. The few private plantations dated from the English rule, as they wished to establish individual ownership. Since the new regime, established by the Agrarian law, European colonization has become possible, the monopoly of the state is giving way little by little to private enterprise, and Java, which was hardly more than a farm, where the persons liable to be taken for the *corvée* were attached to the soil, is transformed into a country of colonization open to all trials.

For a long time Holland was opposed to the establishment of railroads in Java. Mr. de Beauvoir, who visited the island at the commencement of the building of the roads, was greatly surprised at the vigorous oppositon made by the greater part of the Europeans. Men of importance assured him that railroads would be useless for Java, on account of the shape of the island, it being very long and narrowed by the mountains in the centre; they thought the system of roads inaugurated by Daudaels sufficient. But this opposition was founded on their first and dominating idea of *the fear of free labor*. They explained, in fact, that with a regulation which forbid the inhabitants of one village from going to another without permission, railroads seemed to be a dangerous innovation to the partisans of the economical ideas of another age. So Holland retarded as much as possible the introduction of railroads into its colony, but it has been obliged to adopt them on account of the poverty of its means of transport, a poverty which made the price of rice vary considerably at short distances, and which, in the most fertile island of the world, allowed the inhabitants of one district to die of famine, while those of a neighboring district lived in abundance.

The inauguration of the railroad, which from that time united the eastern and western provinces, is an ecomical fact of incalculable importance. This event, which occured November 1, 1894, makes the beginning of a new era for the queen of the Indian isles. In the

transition period which Java is now going through, it no longer enriches the mother country to the injury of natives, for such is not the end which a healthy colonial system should pursue. A colony ought not to fill the treasury of the mother country, it ought to enrich the nation. It is without doubt for this idea, that while Java no longer contributes to the treasury the chimerical income of former days, and even causes an annual deficit of more than $4,000,000, the renouncing of the pearl of the Indies is proposed in vain in Holland; it would rather sacrifice its last soldier. And yet the Dutch, these modern Phoenicians do not precisely pass for a dreamy or chimerical people; they even have the reputation of being the most positive, the most methodical, and the most thoughtful people of our era.



TWO CENTENARIANS—MRS. LYDIA C. TENNEY, MRS. ROENA SHELLEY.

Two New Hampshire centenarians died during December, 1898.

Mrs. Lydia C. Tenney, who died at West Concord, December 18, was one of ten children born to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Crane of Bradford, Vt., her natal day being December 8, 1795. She was the last survivor of the family; the next a brother, dying in 1893, at the age of 94. Mrs. Tenney joined the Congregational church in 1813 and in 1816 was united in marriage with Jonathan Tenney of Corinth, Vt.

Mrs. Roena Shelley died in Keene, December 14, aged 102 years, eight months, and 25 days. She was a native of Springfield, Vt., being one of nine children of Rufus and Annie Ranstead. Her childhood was spent in Springfield, Weathersfield, and other Vermont towns, until about 15 years of age, when she moved to Westmoreland, N. H., to live with her grandparents. There she was married at the age of 24 to Oren Shelley. She had resided in Keene since 1846.

CAPT. GEORGE H. EMERSON.

Capt. George H. Emerson of Lancaster, died in the hospital at Berlin, December 29. He was born at Lancaster, June 25, 1844. When a lad of 18 he enlisted in the Seventeenth New Hampshire regiment and soon after the mustering out of that body he secured a position at Washington, in the treas-

ury department. After a four years' sojourn in Washington, he resigned his clerkship, and returning to Lancaster in 1868, founded the *Lancaster Gazette* and was its editor for seven years. In 1878, he was elected register of probate for Coös county and held the position until 1886, when he resigned to accept the office of special inspector of customs, under President Cleveland's first administration, with official station at Calais, Me. Mr. Emerson lost his office in 1889 on account of the change of administration. In 1890 he accepted the position of editor of the newly established *Dover Times and Star*, which position he held but a few months, being stricken with paralysis in April, 1891.

AMOS W. PIKE.

Amos W. Pike, father of Judge Robert G. Pike of the supreme bench, died in Rollinsford, December 30. He was born in that town, December 15, 1819. He was a school-teacher and taught thirty-seven successive years. He was superintendent of the schools of Rollinsford for over thirty years. In 1853 he served his town in the legislature and for several years was selectman of the town.

WASHINGTON FREEMAN.

Washington Freeman, who died in New York, December 9, was born in Wellfleet, Mass., in 1829, and moved to Portsmouth when 10 years of age. For 40 years he engaged in the oyster business in that city and was also a bank official, and for nearly 20 years a newspaper proprietor. He was prominent in Masonry, and had held the offices of alderman and representative to the legislature.

COLONEL JOHN M. WEARE.

Col. John M. Weare died at Seabrook, December 22. He was for many years the superintendent of the blacksmith shop at the state prison at Concord. He was one of the organizers of the Rockingham Agricultural society. He had held every position in the state militia from private to colonel. He had been a member of the state legislature, senate, and a county commissioner. He was 84 years of age.

BENJAMIN HIBBARD.

Benjamin Hibbard was born in Piermont, January 27, 1822, and died there in December. He had been one of the leading men in town and always noted for his integrity and honesty. For several years he served as selectman and twice represented the town in the legislature.

BENJAMIN DODGE.

Capt. Benjamin Dodge was born in New Boston, August 9, 1819, and died there December 9. He married Eliza Ann Batchelder of Bedford, December 19, 1844. He derived his title of captain from being captain of the first company of artillery, Ninth regiment New Hampshire militia. His lumbering interests in New Hampshire and in Wisconsin extended over a period of forty years. He had been a justice of the peace, selectman, town treasurer, and representative in the New Hampshire legislature.

WILLIAM H. WHITNEY.

William H. Whitney, who died in Washington, D. C., December 10, aged 67 years, was born in Manchester and there resided until 1864, when he removed to Washington. He remained in the national capital for twenty years, during fourteen of which he was chief of the pension division of the treasury department. In 1885 he returned to Manchester, where he had since resided, holding a position to the time of his death in the Amoskeag Manufacturing company.

WILLIAM CRANE.

William Crane, a well-known citizen of Candia, died December 8, at his home, where he has resided since purchasing the place in 1849. Mr. Crane was 84 years of age, and had served the town as representative and in various town offices during the earlier part of his life. For many years he was a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings bank. In his young days Mr. Crane worked at the machinist trade and spent two years in Russia and two years in England. He was one of those who helped to build the railroad from Moscow to St. Petersburg, having charge of the working of a steam shovel.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

Deacon William H. Allen died December 11, at his home in Penacook. He was born at Seekonk, Mass., July 21, 1815. He came to Penacook in 1841, and entered the employ of H. H. and J. S. Brown as overseer of the spinning and spooling department in the old stone mill on the Boscawen side of the river. Some years later he left there and was put in charge of the general store managed by the same firm. In 1855, he became associated with Dana W. Pratt, and for some years was engaged in the dry goods business with him, under the firm name of Pratt & Allen. Still later, Mr. Pratt withdrew from the firm, his place being taken by Lyman K. Hall. After the dissolution of this firm, Mr. Allen conducted the business alone, until he retired from active participation in it, about thirteen years ago. He was one of the original members of the First Baptist church, organized in 1845, and represented Penacook, for two terms in the legislature.

OSCAR V. PITMAN.

Oscar V. Pitman was born in Meredith April 29, 1839, and was educated there and at New Hampton. Since 1853 he had been engaged in business at Concord as a grocer and real estate agent and owner. He died at Mount Vernon, N. Y., December 9.

JAMES L. MASON.

James Lawrence Mason died in Concord, December 18, aged 83 years. He was born in Enfield, September 23, 1815. His early life was spent in Lebanon, Hanover, and Lowell, Mass., but the greater part of his life had been identified with the industries and interests of Concord. He came here 61 years ago last October. For over 30 years he acted as superintendent of the iron department of the

Abbot-Downing company's carriage establishment and he was one of the first engineers of the fire department. He served the city as an alderman, was a trustee of the Merrimack County bank and one of the finance committee a number of years. He was a member of the board of education for six years, a water commissioner for 15 years, and a member of the last constitutional convention. He was a staunch Republican.

RUFUS P. CLAGGETT.

Rufus P. Claggett, a native of Newport, died at Newport, December 8. He was a farmer and trader, deputy sheriff eighteen years, county jailer thirteen years, and high sheriff three times. He was born June 20, 1830.

NATHANIEL S. WEBSTER.

Nathaniel S. Webster, who died at his home on Boscawen Plain, December 7, was born in the house where he died, May 11, 1818, and was, therefore, eighty years old. Two years ago he and his wife, Lucy Lord Webster, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Webster had been active in the social and political life of Boscawen. He joined the Congregational church in 1835, and was always an active and consistent member. He had held most of the offices of the town, serving in the legislature two sessions.

DR. IRVING S. GRAVES.

Dr. Irving S. Graves, a native of Nashua, thirty-two years of age, died in that city, December 15. He was city physician in 1892, and in 1895 was elected milk inspector, an office in which he effected many changes and improvements.

A. H. C. JEWETT.

Albert Henry Clay Jewett was born in Laconia fifty-seven years ago and died in Washington, D. C., December 14. He served in the war and at its close studied and practised dentistry. About eight years ago he received an appointment in the pension office at Washington.

GEORGE W. M. PITMAN.

George W. M. Pitman died at his home in Bartlett, December 3. Judge Pitman was born May 8, 1819. He was well known throughout the state, having served fourteen terms in the house of representatives; two terms in the state senate, one year being president of that body; three years in the constitutional convention; was judge of probate and county commissioner for the county of Carroll, and selectman of Bartlett for years.

ORREN J. COOK.

Orren J. Cook died at Nashua, December 14, aged sixty-three years. Ten years ago he and a brother, Charles Cook, were implicated in a sectional war in Oklahoma, which was the result of a dispute over the location of a county

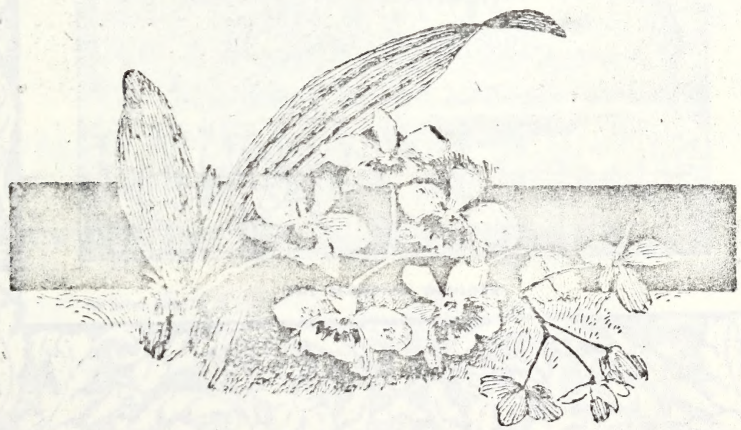
seat. The outcome of the difficulty was the arrest of the Cook brothers and five others, on charges of murdering a deputy sheriff and six others, who were ambushed and killed in the district known as "No-Man's-Land." The men were tried by the United States court in Texas and were found guilty and sentenced to death. Relatives of the Cook brothers in Nashua raised $3,000 by subscription for the aid of the men in a new trial. The brothers were released on bail and returned to Nashua. Orren was soon rearrested and taken to Texas, but was subsequently acquitted.

GEORGE A. SANDERS.

Colonel George A. Sanders was born in Laconia, Dec. 10, 1846, and died there December 2. He was educated in the public schools and at Gilford academy. For twenty-one years he was a traveling salesman for a Boston firm. Since 1887 he had been engaged in the plumbing business at Laconia. He was very prominent in social and political circles. He was a member of the legislature in 1889–'90, one of the board of county commissioners from 1892 to 1896, and aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Tuttle in 1891 and 1892, with the rank of colonel. He was engineer of the fire department in 1888–'89, and was elected chief engineer in 1890, holding the position up to 1896.

REV. AZARIAH CRESSY.

Rev. Azariah Cressy died in South Sutton, December 2, aged seventy-eight years. He had been pastor of the church at South Sutton for many years.

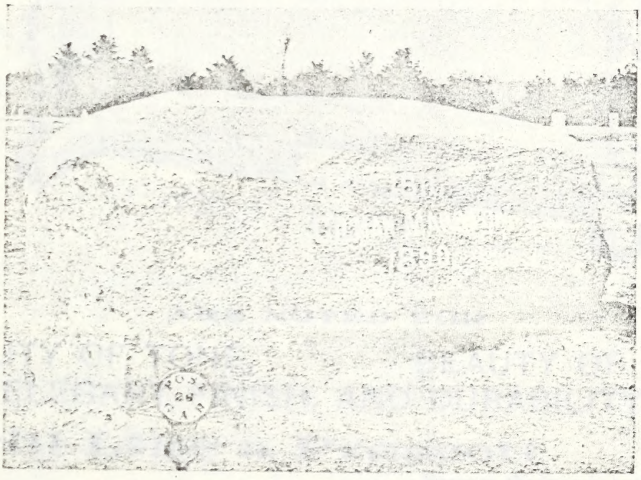




olume XXVI FEBRUARY Number 2

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



THE MARSTON BOULDER.

See poem, page 75.

CONCORD · N·H·

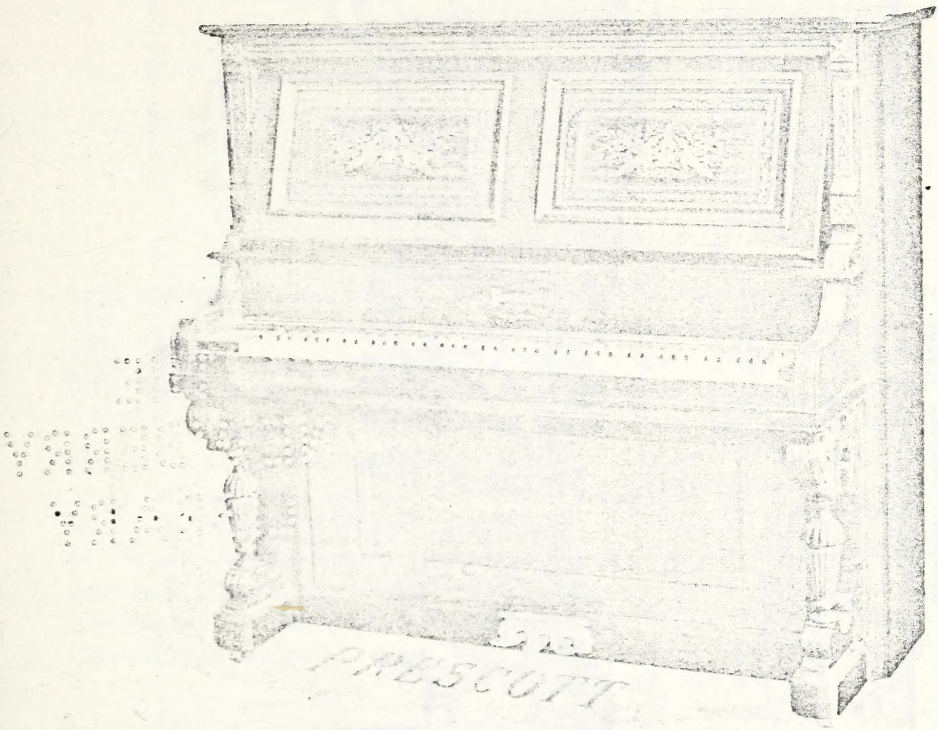
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BROADWAY, SKAGWAY, ALASKA.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVI. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 2.

SOME ALASKAN EXPERIENCES.

By Converse J. Smith.

IN a former article, which was published in the January GRANITE MONTHLY, mention was made of the glaciers and icebergs of Alaska, the great area of the territory, and a prediction was made that the whole world would yet be astonished when the resources were fully developed. Possibly other information regarding Alaska may interest your readers.

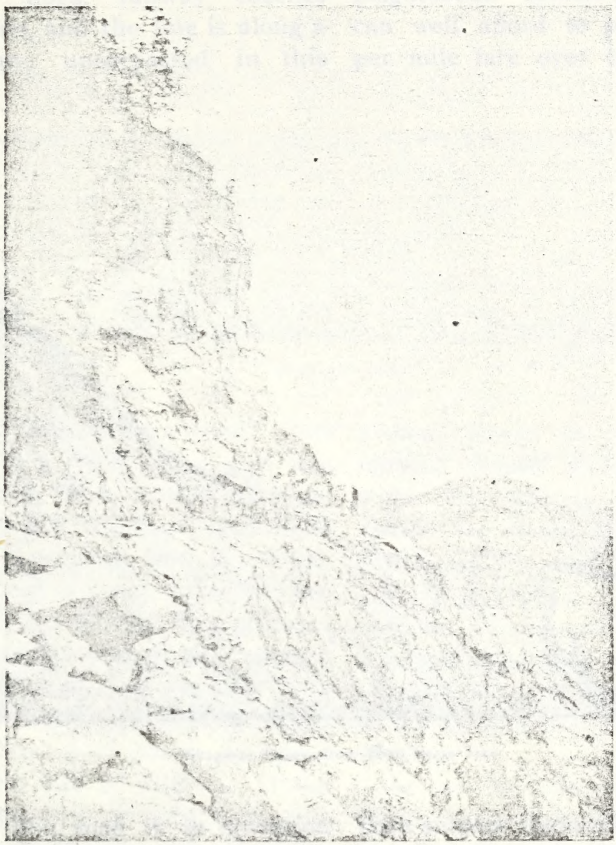
SKAGWAY

is a remarkable place when one stops to consider that early in 1897 there was but one house there. It is located at the headwaters of navigation, hence it is truthfully the gateway to the Klondike, and the Atlin gold fields. The present population is about 5,000 inhabitants, and when the rush is on there are 5,000 to 10,000 additional people there. There are sixteen hotels, two daily papers, issuing a Sunday edition, especially remarkable because of the 1,200 miles from a telegraph office and with a very irregular mail service. They have a large electric light plant, and water-works system, then they have a State street, a Broadway, Fifth avenue, and the residents claim the city is to be the San Francisco of Alaska, and that it will be the capital and the metropolis of the coming North Star state. It is the largest city in the territory, and yet, as is the case in other towns, there is no government other than a city council with no power of collecting taxes or enforcing its ordinances. There are no police, and but one United States marshal, yet this young city appears to be quiet and orderly. The city stands in a deep cañon with immense mountain ranges on either side, and during the short days of this month the sun is visible for only thirty minutes a day, first appearing over the mountain peaks at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and lights are needed an hour later; in summer months it is quite the reverse, hardly able to determine when one day ends and the next begins. It is claimed that during the summer men may often be

seen shingling their houses at midnight, and very good photographs are taken as late as ten o'clock in the evening.

The Indian hunters' path over the now famous White Pass developed into the dreaded Skagway pack trail where 3,000 horses were lost in four months, and it is estimated that more than double that number are now strewn along the trail, and yet to-day with this great number of horses lost a man is obliged to give five horses for one good dog that is available for use on a dog team.

From Seattle north the country is covered with wrecked transportation companies; all manner of abandoned vessels may be seen in all the harbors, and great fortunes have been lost on every hand. To relieve the crowded condition of the trail over White Pass from Skagway, and incidently to accumulate a fortune for the owners, a wagon road was made to the summit, a distance of twelve miles, which cost $80,000. The



Railroad Building on Tunnel Mountain.

WHITE PASS AND ARCTIC RAILROAD

which is being built from Skagway



to Fort Selkirk, some 300 miles, has killed this enterprise, forcing the company into receivers' hands. This railroad has, however, made a journey to the Yukon no longer dangerous but even delightful certain seasons of the year. It is now hours against days, locomotives against horses or dogs, railway coaches against tents, and the line is along a scenic route unsurpassed in this country. The road is in operation twenty miles, and trains are running regularly within four miles of the summit, and that point will be reached in January. For a considerable distance where the road-bed has been made, the mountain is nearly vertical, the engineers could not even run a line, and a beginning could only be made by lowering workmen from the heights above by the means of ropes, and three hundred tons of dynamite have been used in construction thus far. The view from the car windows down the main cañon to the town of Skagway and Ocean or Lynn canal, as it is known, and across to the vast mountains planed off by the glaciers on the opposite side of the valley, is simply magnificent. Miners and prospectors can well afford to pay thirty cents per mile fare over this line rather than subject themselves to the hardships of the trail, yet a considerable number, who have dog teams during the winter, will make their way to the summit over the ice of the Skagway river.



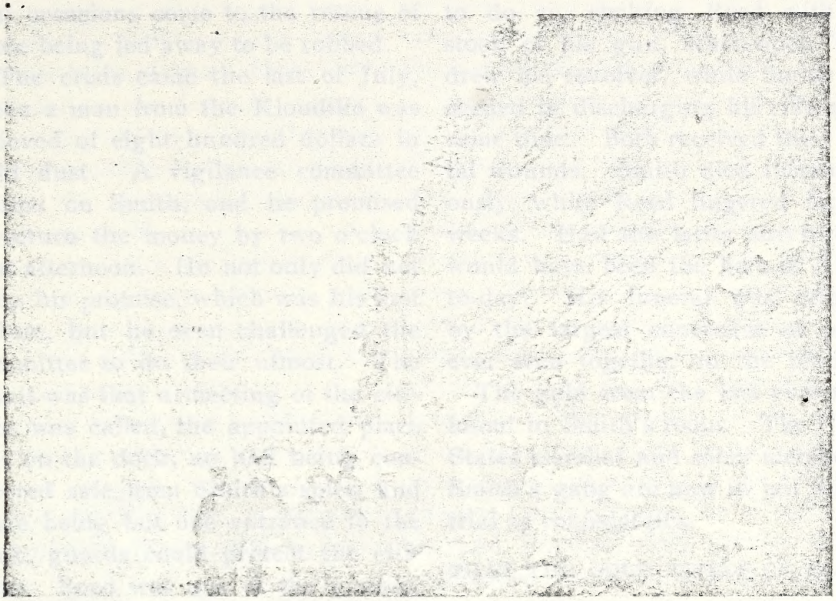
Skagway Valley, from Dead Horse Trail.

JEFF SMITH,

or "Soapy" Smith, as he is known everywhere in Alaska, is still on every tongue.

He came from Denver and his





Porcupine Point.

family connections were good. His first stop was at Wrangel, but was soon driven from there, and he moved on to Skagway, and soon absolutely owned, or run, the town. He organized a gang, of which the United States marshal was a member, and robbed men of their money and valuables as they were en route to the Klondike, as well as those returning with gold dust. The plan of operation was as follows: If the man was going to the gold fields, one of Smith's accomplices met him at the hotel, or on the street, inviting him to come over to the Board of Trade for a new and the latest map of the Yukon, which was difficult at that time to obtain; or, if the party was returning, he was told that Skagway citizens wished to build up the place, and would pay more for his gold than he could obtain elsewhere, and the victim was taken to a private room at Smith's liquor parlors, 317 Sixth avenue, where the robbery was effected. Smith never was present when the robbery was made, but he saw the victim immediately after, expressing his astonishment and regret, taking him to the United States marshal, who promised to assist in the recovery, and who would urge the loss be kept a profound secret, or the gang would be likely to murder him.

As late as July 4th of this year, Smith appointed himself marshal, and led the procession, and held such sway that he could step into the banks and call for one or two thousand dollars, which was always promptly furnished, and he would walk away, giving neither note nor collateral; he, however, invariably repaid the loan. There was but one man in the whole city that neither respected nor feared him, and that was a young civil engineer by the name of Reed, who had on sev-

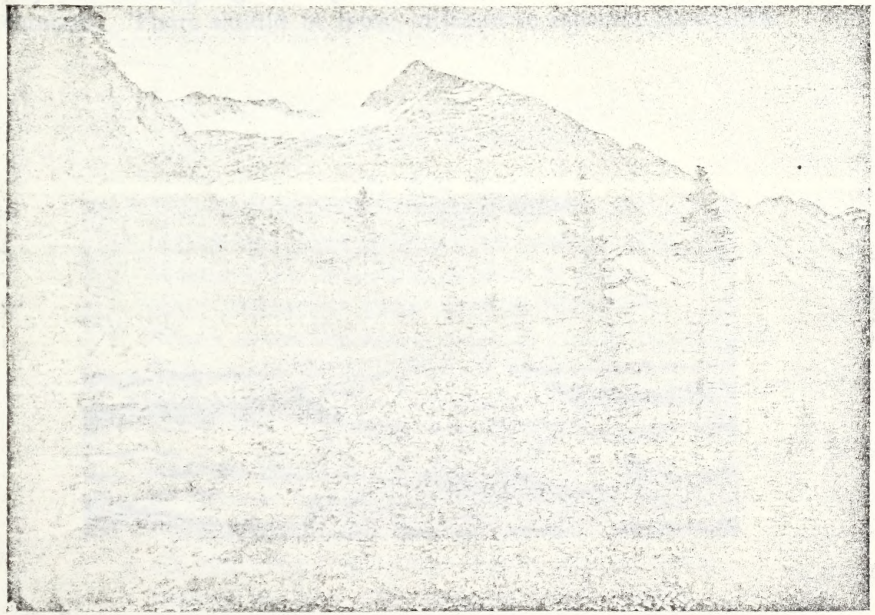
eral occasions come to the rescue of those being led away to be robbed.

The crisis came the last of July, when a man from the Klondike was relieved of eight hundred dollars in gold dust. A vigilance committee waited on Smith, and he promised to return the money by two o'clock that afternoon. He not only did not keep his promise, which was his first failure, but he even challenged the committee to do their utmost. The result was that a meeting of the citizens was called, the appointed place was on the dock, no hall being considered safe from Smith's spies, and there being but one entrance to the dock, guards could protect the citizens. Reed was one of the guards. The meeting was hardly organized when "Soapy" Smith was advised, and taking a Winchester rifle, he hastened to the dock, when Reed ordered him to halt. He declined to do so, striking Reed with the stock of his gun, whereupon Reed drew his revolver, while Smith succeeded in discharging his rifle at the same time. Both received their mortal wounds. Smith died instantaneously, while Reed lingered for two weeks. Had the latter survived, he would have been the hero of Alaska to-day. His funeral was attended by the largest concourse of people ever seen together in the territory.

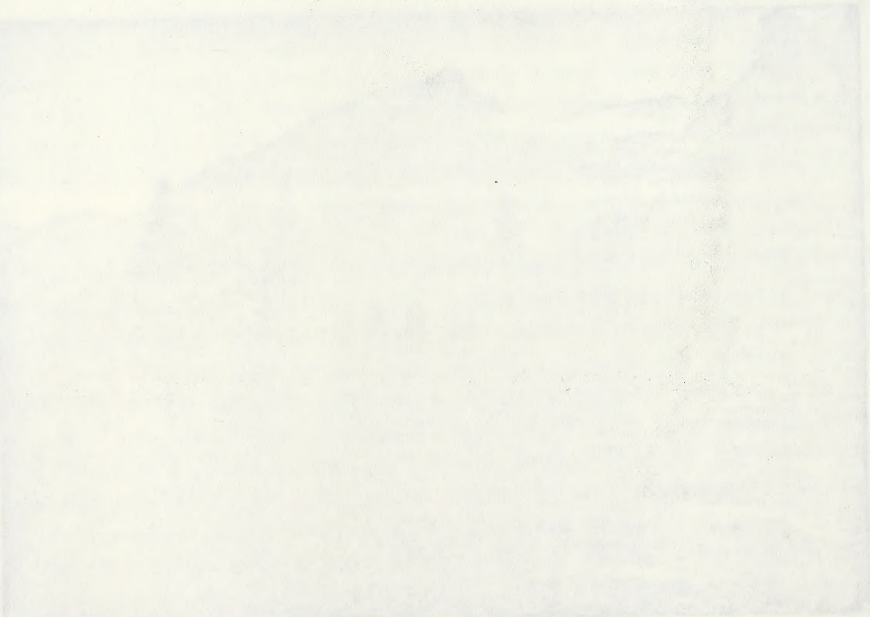
The gold from the last victim was found in Smith's room. The United States marshal and other members of Smith's gang are now in jail waiting trial as confederates.

THAT THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA produce quantities of gold dust cannot be questioned, but the public have little conception of the sufferings and of the failures.

All classes of people in the terri-



The Top of a Glacier.



tory are possessed of the gold fever, old and young, rich and poor; even the women have claims. Many millions of dollars are annually discovered, and many persons have become fabulously wealthy, but we are likely to forget the thousands that have been unsuccessful.

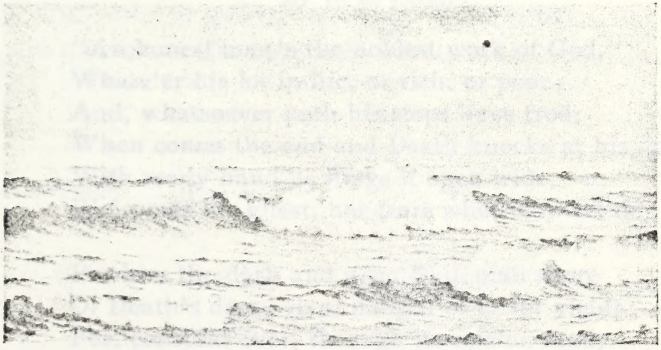
Conservative men do not hesitate to state that for every dollar in gold that has been brought out from Alaska, two dollars have been expended or lost by failure.

Only men with strong constitution, accustomed to hardships, and not over fifty years of age, should attempt mining in the Klondike, is the general opinion of all who have had experience.

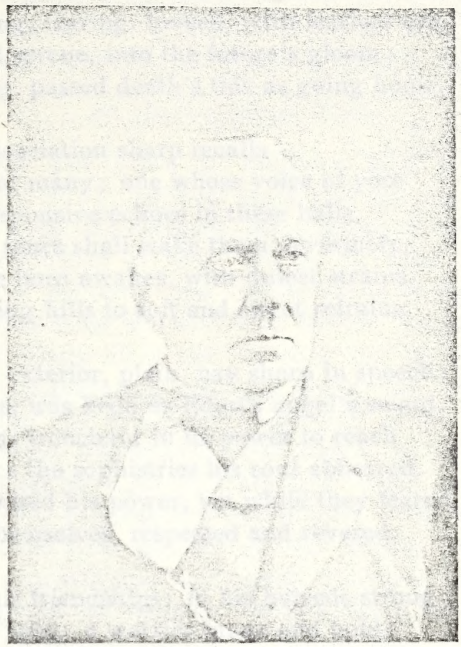
REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS

and congressional legislation is what Alaska needs to-day. The prohibition laws are a complete failure, and vast revenues are lost to the government by the smuggling of liquors from Canada. There should be laws for local government, or a better administration of the present laws by the United States government.

Two men were apprehended in the act of stealing during my stay in Skagway, but were set at liberty, the United States commissioner and United States marshal being in attendance at a session of the United States district court at Juneau and there being no local government. It would also seem as if property in Alaska should pay its proportion of taxation. The people of Juneau boast that their town is the richest according to population in the United States. They have the world-renowned Tredwell Gold Mining Co., capitalized at five million dollars and producing $60,000 of gold each month. Why make Concord and other sections support Juneau? To-day not a tax is levied in all Alaska, a territory so extensive one can hardly comprehend its vastness, and so rich in resources that it is difficult to estimate its wealth.







GILMAN MARSTON.

By E. E. Parker.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"
Whate'er his lot in life, or rich, or poor;
And, whatsoever path his steps have trod,
When comes the end and Death knocks at his door,
With ready hand he flings it open wide,
Welcomes his guest, nor fears what may betide.

For him the dark and grim Plutonian shore
Of Death's dread river naught of terror yields;
For, constant ever, through its solemn road,
He hears the strains from bright Elysian fields
Beyond its tide; and, hearing, trustful waits
The call which bids him pass its open gates.

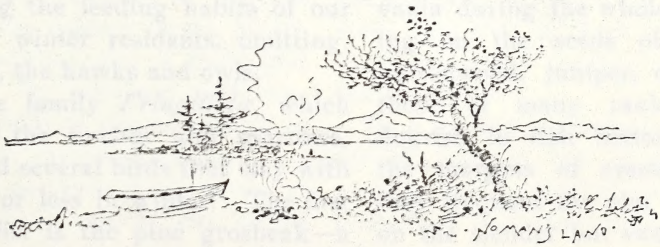
Full many an honest man with pride has trod
New Hampshire's rugged soil in days gone by,
Who loved his country and who feared his God;
And, loving, fearing, looked, with fearless eye
And mind serene, into the future's gloom;
And dying, passed death's tide as going home.

To-day association sharp recalls
One of that many; one whose voice of yore
Awoke responsive echoes in these halls,
Alas! its tones shall wake them nevermore,
As Alpine horn awakes, with dulcet strains,
The echoing hills to soft and sweet refrains.

Rough in exterior, plain, nay sharp in speech;
His tongue was keen as Eden's angel's sword,
And full as trenchant in its power to reach
And pierce the sophistries his soul abhorred.
Knaves feared his power, yet while they feared,
Despite themselves, respected and revered.

Firm in his friendships; in his hatreds strong;
A lawyer wise; a warrior brave and bold;
And statesman whose dislike of wrong,
In word or deed, his every act controlled.
Yet did his zeal constrain to wrong assault,
His honor quick inspired to mend his fault.

Such was the man: such his posthumus fame.
The curious stranger who, in coming years,
Shall view the boulder huge which bears his name,
Will pause in speechless wonder till he hears
What Gilman Marston was, then haste to say,
"An honest man's God's noblest work for aye."



OUR WINTER BIRDS IN THEIR FOOD RELATIONS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

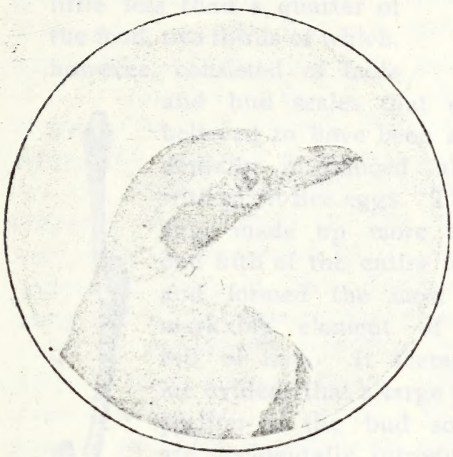
IT is only the birds of exceptional feeding habits that can endure the conditions of our northern winters. For a large part of the time from November until April, practically all of the summer sources of the food supply of birds is shut off, and the existence of the winter resident becomes a question of adaptation to a limited and special diet. So it happens that if you analyze the chief food sources of our winter birds you will find that each species or group of species depends upon some chief specialty in the way of food. Some search out the winter stages of insects in their hidden quarters; others depend upon the seeds of herbaceous plants, perhaps projecting above the snow; others find nutriment in the buds of trees; while the shrikes, hawks, and owls sustain themselves largely upon their fellow residents of the feathered world, as well as upon mice and related rodents.

In these pages I have brought together a summary of the scattered information that has been published regarding the feeding habits of our common winter residents, omitting, however, the hawks and owls.

In the family *Fringillidæ*, which includes the finches and sparrows, are found several birds that stay with us more or less in winter. The first on the list is the pine grosbeak—a northern form which ranges southward through the New England and other states in winter. Small flocks are to be seen occasionally; they spend much of their time in coniferous forests, feeding upon the buds of pine and spruce. They also eat the seeds and buds of white ash, basswood, alder, birch, apple, pear, and poplar, as well as the berries of the red cedar and the high bush cranberry. In winter they often subsist largely upon the pulp and seeds of frozen apples. Sometimes, though rarely, they have been known to injure fruit orchards by feeding upon the buds.

The purple finch is a handsome and somewhat familiar bird, found throughout nearly all the United States. It is migratory and usually goes in flocks, except during the breeding season. Unfortunately the feeding habits of this species are not all that could be desired. Years ago Wilson wrote of it: "This is a winter bird of passage, coming to us in large flocks from the north in September and October; great numbers remaining with us in Pennsylvania during the whole winter, feeding on the seeds of the poplar, buttonwood, juniper, cedar, and on those of many rank weeds that flourish in rich bottoms and along the margins of creeks. In April they frequent the elm trees, feeding on the slender but sweet covering of

the flowers; and as soon as the cherries put out their blossoms they feed almost exclusively upon the stamens of the flowers; afterwards the apple blossoms are attacked in the same manner; and their depredations on these continue until they disappear which is usually about the tenth or middle of May." Many later observers have seen the purple finches eating the tender portions of the buds and blossoms of apple, cherry, plum, and peach, but as a partial offset it is



Head of Great Northern Shrike.

also known to devour plant-lice and various caterpillars.

The snowbird or snow bunting is one of the most characteristic winter birds. It is a seed-eater, coming to us from the north with the winter snows.

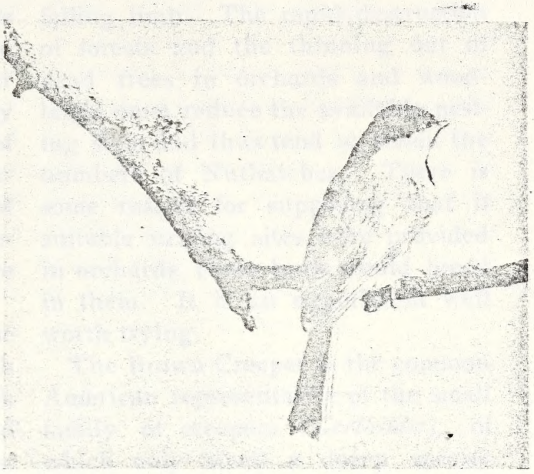
The junco or black snowbird is a common winter resident or migrant in most of the eastern states, breeding in the northern tier of states and in Canada. Its principal food consists of the seeds of weeds, though in summer many insects are eaten.

The great northern shrike is one of the most picturesque of our winter birds. "Appropriating to himself sufficient territory where no other bird may safely intrude, he becomes the terror of the neighborhood," writes Dr. Coues. "Woe to the unlucky finch or warbler that ventures to trespass on these hunting grounds. Like a veritable sentinel on guard, the shrike stands in wait upon his chosen spot, ready to pounce with unerring aim upon the first little bird that may dare to rustle in the nearest bush." Besides the small native birds that are thus destroyed, this shrike is known to attack the English sparrows, as well as shrews, mice, and many kinds of insects. This bird breeds in New England and northward, building a bulky nest in a tree or shrub, not far from the ground, in which it rears four to six young.

The titmice or chickadees which form the family *Paridæ* are represented in North America by nearly a score of species and varieties, the great majority of which, however, are rare or only locally distributed. The common chickadee or black-capped titmouse is much the most familiar species in the eastern states, remaining with us throughout the year. It takes a great variety of food, gleaning through the winter from the bark and twigs of many sorts of trees, and in summer devouring insects of many kinds. In a cankerworm infested orchard sixty-one per cent. of the food of two specimens consisted of these caterpillars, while injurious beetles constituted the remainder.

In a recent investigation of the winter food of the chickadee the present writer studied the stomach contents of forty-one specimens taken

during November, December, January, February, and March. The results as a whole show that more than half of the food of the chickadee during the winter months consists of insects, a very large proportion of these being taken in the form of eggs. About five per cent. of the stomach contents consisted of spiders or their eggs. Vegetation of various sorts made up a little less than a quarter of the food, two thirds of which, however, consisted of buds and bud scales that were believed to have been accidentally introduced along with plant-lice eggs. These eggs made up more than one fifth of the entire food, and formed the most remarkable element of the bill of fare. It seems to me evident that a large proportion of the bud scales are accidentally introduced into the stomachs of the birds, because most of the aphid eggs are taken from the crevices beside the buds of deciduous trees and shrubs; and so it must commonly happen that bud scales are pecked away and swallowed with the eggs.



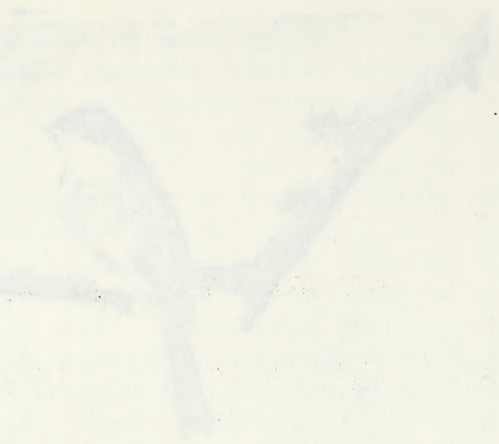
The Chickadee or Black-Capped Titmouse.



Eggs of Aphides about buds of birch.

This destruction of the myriad eggs of plant-lice that infest fruit, shade, and forest trees is probably the most important service which the chickadee renders during its winter residence. More than 450 eggs sometimes occur as the food of one bird in a single day. On the supposition that one hundred were eaten daily by each of a flock of ten chickadees, there would be destroyed 1,000 a day or 100,000 during the days of winter, a number which I believe to be far below the real condition, could we determine it precisely.

Insect eggs of many other kinds were found in the food of the chickadees. Many of these it was impossible to recognize, but there was no difficulty in identifying the eggs of the common American Tent Caterpillar and the Fall Cankerworm. There were also present the eggs and egg sacs of many spiders of kinds commonly occurring under loose bark. While spiders as a class are doubtless beneficial creatures, the destruction of some of them is not, in my opinion, to be considered as detrimental to the usefulness of the chickadee. The larvæ of several different kinds of moths were also found. One of the most abundant species was believed to be the common apple worm, the larva of



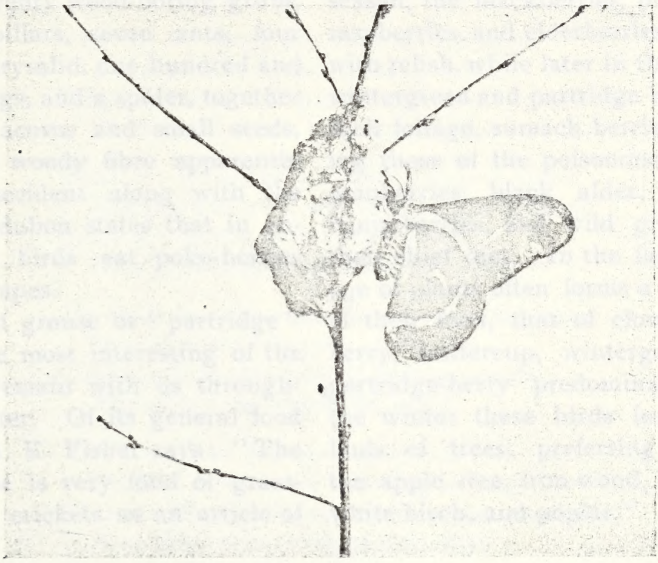
the codling moth. The bark beetles of the family *Scolytidæ*, which are destructive to forests all over our country, were also freely eaten by the chickadee, while the skins of sumac berries were eaten to a considerable extent. (A fuller record of the results will be found in Bulletin 54 of the New Hampshire College Experiment Station.)

The Nuthatches (*Sittidæ*) comprise a small family of creeping birds which inhabit woodlands chiefly, although they often visit trees in orchards and groves, or along the highway. Most of their food consists of insects gathered from the bark of trees, but part of it is composed of nuts of various kinds. They are compact, flattened birds, with plumage of modest colors and hard, barbed, and pointed tongues. Four species and one variety occur in the United States, the commonest form in New England being the White-breasted Nuthatch, which in the Middle and Western states is replaced by a variety with a more slender bill. This bird is frequently abundant in woodlands and moves actively about over trunks and branches in search of food. Professor King examined the stomach contents of twenty-five Wisconsin specimens, finding that fourteen of them had eaten beetles, including elaters and longicorns, while others contained ants, caterpillars, and beetle grubs, a spider and chrysalid, a few small fungi, some acorns, and a little corn. Four Illinois specimens had eaten beetles of various kinds, some of them being lady-beetles. The nest of this bird is built in a hole in a tree, the cavity being sometimes excavated by the Nuthatch, and sometimes by another bird or a falling limb. The rapid destruction of forests and the thinning out of dead trees in orchards and woodlands must reduce the available nesting sites and thus tend to lessen the numbers of Nuthatches. There is some reason for supposing that if suitable nesting sites were provided in orchards, these birds would breed in them. It is an experiment well worth trying.

The Brown Creeper is the common American representative of the small family of creepers (*Certhiidæ*), of which only about a dozen species are known in the entire world. In habits and outward appearance these birds are suggestive of woodpeckers. They have rigid tail-feathers and a slender, decurved bill, with toes fitted for running up the sides of trees. The American species is a small bird, restless and active; it may often be seen running up tree trunks in a spiral direction, or hanging head downwards after the manner of nuthatches. It nests in holes in trees, and in most of the Northern states may be found throughout the year. Very few precise determinations of its food have been recorded; three stomachs examined by King contained small beetles and other insects, and Nelson reports that he has seen several of these creepers on the sides of a house searching for spiders. It seems probable that they take a great variety of such insects as they can find on the bark of trees.

The most abundant of our winter woodpeckers are the Hairy and the Downy species. The Hairy Woodpecker is a particularly useful bird, searching persistently for the wood-boring grubs that live beneath the

bark of trees. These birds visit freely the kings of the forest as well as the fruit trees of the orchard and the shade and ornamental trees of the home grounds, the park, and the public highway. During their meanderings over the trunk and larger branches, they often startle moths and other nocturnal insects, which they devour whenever possible. A good idea of the general diet of this species may be obtained from Professor King's statement that of twenty-one specimens examined, "Eleven had eaten fifty-two wood-boring larvæ; five, thirteen geometric caterpillars; ten, one hundred and five ants; six, ten beetles; two, two cockroaches; two, nine oötheca of cockroaches; two, two moths; one, a small snail; one, green corn; one, a wild cherry; and one, red elderberries." In the presence of an unusual abundance of grasshoppers, these birds feed freely upon them. They also do good service in penetrating the cocoons of the Cecropia Emperor Moth, shown in the accompanying illustration, the larvæ of which devour the foliage of fruit and shade trees. A number of observers have reported that these birds push their beaks through the tough cocoon until the pupa inside is reached; the juices of the latter are extracted by the bird.



The Cecropia Moth and its Cocoon. (Reduced.)

Mr. F. E. L. Beal of the United States department of agriculture has made a special study of the food of the hairy and downy woodpeckers. His results show that from two thirds to three fourths of their food consists of insects. Wood-boring larvæ and ants are the most important elements of their food.

The downy woodpecker may well be considered a miniature edition of his hairy cousin. It is more common than the latter in orchards and is often called the "sapsucker," but

this is a misnomer, as that name is only properly applied to the yellow-bellied woodpecker. Although the downy species bores holes in the bark of trees it does not revisit them to suck the sap according to the habit of the last-named bird, and the holes seem, not usually, to injure the tree. Seventeen Wisconsin specimens examined to determine their food, had eaten forty insect larvæ, including twenty wood-boring grubs, three caterpillars, seven ants, four beetles, a chrysalid, one hundred and ten small bugs, and a spider, together with a few acorns and small seeds, and a little woody fibre apparently taken by accident along with the grubs. Audubon states that in autumn these birds eat poke-berries and wild grapes.

The ruffed grouse or "partridge" is one of the most interesting of the birds that remain with us throughout the winter. Of its general food habits Dr. A. K. Fisher says: "The ruffed grouse is very fond of grasshoppers and crickets as an article of diet, and when these insects are abundant it is rare to find a stomach or crop that does not contain their remains. One specimen, shot late in October, had the crop and stomach distended with the larvæ of *Edema albifrons*, a caterpillar which feeds extensively on the leaves of the oak. Beechnuts, chestnuts, and acorns, are also common articles of food. Among berries, early in the season, the blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, and elderberries are eaten with relish, while later in the year the wintergreen and partridge berry, with their foliage, sumach berries (including those of the poisonous species), cranberries, black alder, dogwood, nannyberries, and wild grapes form their chief diet. In the fall the foliage of plants often forms a large part of their food, that of clover, strawberry, buttercup, wintergreen, and partridge-berry predominating. In the winter these birds feed on the buds of trees, preferring those of the apple tree, iron-wood, black and white birch, and poplar."



A Family of Ruffed Grouse.

Photographed by F. B. Webster.



THE PHILIPPINES.

By Ida G. Adams.

Do we shrink from the duty before us
That the finger of God hath made plain?
Have we rescued these hordes from oppression
Just to place them in bondage again?

Can we not show this turbulent people,
Long ground under tyranny's heel,
That our stars and our stripes mean protection,
That some rulers have hearts that can feel?

Shall we leave them to prey on each other,
Till the weak are subdued by the strong?
Shall we tacitly give our approval
Of a government founded on wrong?

Or shall we with schools and with churches
Invade these fair isles of the sea,
And teach to this long-suffering people
The only true way to be free?

The blow that was struck by our Dewey,
On that memorable morning in May,
Was the blow that turned slaves into freemen
And blackness of night into day.

'T was a sign from the Ruler of Nations
That our destiny pointed that way,
That straight and unswerving before us
Our path of humanity lay.

So let us not shrink from a duty
So wondrously great and so plain,
Nor cower at "Imperialistic"!
That cry cannot lower our aim.

We will prove to a suffering people
That our flag only floats o'er the free,
That republican governments differ
From the mildest of all monarchy.

So let no emperor dare to oppose us;
No country containing a throne
Must ever claim these our dominions,
By right and by might all our own.



RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.



RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.,

BISHOP OF OHIO AND OF ILLINOIS.[1]

By Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, D. D.

PHILANDER CHASE was a man to be counted among the "makers of the United States." It is true that his work was done along special lines, and in the development of one idea. But it was done at a formative period in the history of what is now called the "middle West," and it was done at a time when every vigorous man's work told greatly in the general result and counted for as much in effecting the result as the corresponding work of a great corporation in these days of syndicates and corporate action.

It was, in a certain very true sense, the "day of small things," but it was more truly the day of the development of great things out of small. It was the heroic age of our history. The heroic age is the time when the character and genius of the leaders among men give frame and form to a future of larger things. I do not say greater things, for it seems to me that the quality rather than the quantity is the test of greatness.

The pioneer concentrates in himself functions, powers, and purposes of a wider scope than he is like to imagine, and his deeds have an influence more far-reaching than any estimates can determine. "It is the first step that costs," says the proverb, and however heavy the cost, the pioneer is the man who meets it.

The great bishop was, first of all things, a pioneer, and he came of a race of pioneers. These were the men, these energetic and resourceful pioneers, to whom New Hampshire, in common with the other states of the Union, and the country at large, is most profoundly indebted. And when the observer and student of human affairs finds, or fancies that he finds, characteristics which differentiate the citizens of the various states or sections of the country, these may generally be traced in a direct and ascertainable heredity from the strong and positive characters and qualities of ancestors who conquered and peopled the wilderness. Doubtless, human nature was strong in them, and they had the "defects of their" own "virtues," their own characteristic abatements as well as excellencies, their own personal equation of limitation as well as the value and force of their capabilities.

It is well to keep this in mind because in the popular apotheosis of heroes it is sometimes lost to sight, and when a too expanded idealization comes to be punctured by the prosaic

[1] Read before the N. H. Historical Society.



facts the collapse is fatal to the fame which they deserve. Men are too fond of pulling down the monuments of heroes, and a mere outbreak of undisciplined and unrestrained feeling may destroy memorials which are worthy to remain, and which do, indeed, punctuate the history of our race.

The men who make epochs to date from, and eras which shape destinies are brought out by circumstances and developed by conditions, and those are fortunate whose achievements find appreciation in their own lifetime. And even then they are not always understood. Perhaps they could not interpret themselves.

The men who penetrated the northern wilderness of New England were, we are told, men of iron mould, of heroic virtues, and of stern and striking qualities. If they were, I don't think they knew it, and the attentive student will find them very much like other folk, but the men of mark and power are more easily recognized and counted among a sparse population, in the midst of strenuous circumstances.

In 1640 Aquila Chase came from Cornwall and settled at Hampton, N. H. I do not find that he was either a "Pilgrim" or a "Puritan." He came to better his condition. In this same year the first civil organization was formed at Portsmouth.

Of that community there is an anecdote to the effect that once upon a time a preacher, in scolding mood, said to his congregation, "You have forsaken the pious habits of your forefathers who left ease and comfort, which they possessed in their native land, and came to this howling wilnerness to enjoy, without molestation, the exercise of their pure principles of religion;" whereupon one of his hearers interrupted him with the remark, "Sir, you entirely mistake the matter; our ancestors did not come here on account of their religion, but to fish and trade." Hampton, where this retort was made, is not far from the "Christian Shore."

Aquila Chase, on account of his skill in navigation, was invited to settle in Newbury, Mass., and inducements being offered in the shape of sundry lots of land, he removed thither, and there he was gathered to his fathers in 1670. He had eleven children, and of these the subject of this sketch remarks in his "Reminiscences," as he names them one after another, "they had many children." A sturdy and numerous race.

The fifth in direct descent was Dudley Chase, who married Alice Corbett of Sutton, Mass., in 1753, and these were the parents of Philander.

This Dudley Chase was the leader of a family party who obtained the grant of a township of land on the Connecticut river and named it Cornish, in honor of their ancestry. Whither Dudley removed with his wife and seven children about 1763, and took possession of his land in the unbroken forest. There were then no settlements north of "Fort Number Four," now Charlestown, on the river, and the wife and children were left at the fort. But Alice Chase was not of a sort to abide such an arrangement as that, and seizing the first opportunity she made her way up the river with the children, in a canoe, and surprised her husband by appearing to him before any shelter

had been built. The little company of woodsmen soon had a bark wigwam put up for temporary shelter, and then followed the building of a cabin, where they dwelt, the first family to be established north of Fort Number Four.

To this resolute pair were born fourteen children, nine boys and five girls. It is an astonishing fact that five of the boys received a college education.

Of these remarkable brothers Salmon was a barrister in Portland, Me., of whom, says my authority, the late Judge Dawes of Boston was heard to say that he never saw him enter the court but with feelings of respect.

Ithamar was for many years a member of the council of the state of New Hampshire. Baruch was solicitor for Hillsborough county, and president of the Merrimack County bank. Dudley was a member and speaker of the Vermont legislature, afterwards chief justice of that state and United States senator. Philander, the youngest of the family, was born in 1775. He had set his heart upon being a farmer and cultivating the paternal acres. But his father had different ideas about his future and wished him to become a minister of the gospel. He was severely cut with an axe on one occasion, and hardly had the wound healed when his leg was broken. His pious father improved the occasion to convince him that Providence did not favor his plan, and was evidently calling him to the sacred ministry. In strict logic one might call this a *non sequitur*, but upon his recovery Philander commenced his studies, and in a year's time was prepared for college.

In 1791 he became a member of Dartmouth college. He was graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1795. In 1796, the year after his graduation, he married Mary Fay at Bethel, Vt. That early marriage, in the midst of his early struggles, and in the independence of poverty, was characteristic of a hardihood which seems again and again to take the form of rashness.

During his student days his attention had been called to the Episcopal church, and with just one crown in his pocket he found his way to Albany, seeking the counsel of the clergyman of that faith. He was directed to the residence of the "English Dominie" and found the rector of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Ellison, to whom he made known his errand. "I have come from New Hampshire," said the youth, "the place of my nativity, and being very desirous of becoming a candidate for Holy Orders I will be much obliged for your advice." "God bless you, come in," said Mr. Ellison.

Bishop Chase was wont to say that that greeting was the crisis of his life. If it had been less cordial his face would have been turned another way.

The following week the trustees of the City school in Albany appointed him upon the staff of teachers, at a salary of four hundred dollars a year, and Philander Chase had fairly begun his battle for a place in the world.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Provoost of New York in 1798. There were at the time but four clergymen of the Episcopal church in New York state north of the Highlands.

On one of his missionary journeys he was entertained by Shenandoah, the chief of the Mohawks, and describes with quaint enthusiasm the "Queen" by whom he means Shenandoah's squaw. "The queen, the queen mother, and the princess, in a little, but neatly kept, home, sitting around a fire on a clean-swept hearth, the smoke issuing through an aperture in the roof, without a chimney. All around were stored bags of grain, while pieces of meat, hung up for drying, were pendent from every peg and pin and pole." This was in the valley of the Mohawk at the end of the last century.

The pioneer missionary found Utica a small hamlet with stumps of the forest trees standing "thick and sturdy" in the prospective streets. At Syracuse, in the midst of a dreary salt marsh, the only evidences of occupation were two or three unsightly cabins for boiling salt.

He was ordained priest on the 10th of November, 1799, and settled as a pastor at Poughkeepsie. Here he had charge of the parishes of Poughkeepsie and Fishkill, but for want of adequate salary had to eke out the support of his family by serving as principal of the Poughkeepsie academy. But his wife's health failed, and partly on that account, partly to escape from crushing burdens, he went to New Orleans to organize a church in the then newly-ceded territory of Louisiana. He arrived November 13, 1805, after a tedious voyage of a month. He was soon at work with church and school, and was successful and prosperous.

An episode of his life in Louisiana is interesting because it was characteristic. He accompanied an exploring expedition into the interior, directed by a man who proved to be ignorant of the country and very obstinate besides. They were soon lost in the woods and cane-brakes, and their situation was extremely perilous. The guide refused to be convinced by the compass and by Mr. Chase's topographical deductions, until the good and stalwart missionary took off his coat and proposed to convince him by force. As he expresses it in his "Reminiscences," "Happily no blows were necessary, though an expectation of immediate chastisement only brought him to reason." After many and various adventures the party found its way to safety.

When the really pioneer work in Louisiana was done, Mr. Chase's work was done in that region. His vocation was so distinctly a call to the front line, that whether he was conscious of the cause or not the feeling of duty lost its power with the abatement of the emergency. And with the disappearance of the pioneer features of the work and the coming of prosperity and establishment, his mind was set free from the fascination of stress, and his heart turned again to his old home and his distant family. He began to feel the necessity of educating his children, who were left in New England, so he bade farewell to New Orleans.

His ideas on the subject of education are expressed in a paragraph of his valedictory address to the school which he had founded, in these words, "Remember the sum and substance of your instructions that religion is the chief thing; that to this the acquisition of every branch of science should aim, and that with-

out this the wisest man in the eye of his Maker is but a fool."

There are striking features of his sojourn in New Orleans which exhibit the genius and thrift of this remarkable man. He had, according to all the evidence, laid, solid and deep, the foundations, not only of the Episcopal church, but of any religion at all, not papal, in the newly-acquired territory, in which he was the first Protestant missionary. In addition to this he had securely founded educational institutions. And what was more remarkable he had not only made this educational work pay his way, but had besides secured from it a sufficient capital to enable him to carry on his subsequent, self-denying labors of the same kind as he expressed it, "In seeking the sheep of His flock in the Wilderness."

He returned to the north and rejoined his family in Vermont in 1811. In the fall of that year he was settled as rector of Christ church, Hartford, Conn., where he remained until 1817. This part of his robust and eventful career seems to me to resemble that central point in a cyclone where calm is said to reign. Of these years one has said that they form "the most peaceful part in the history of his life."

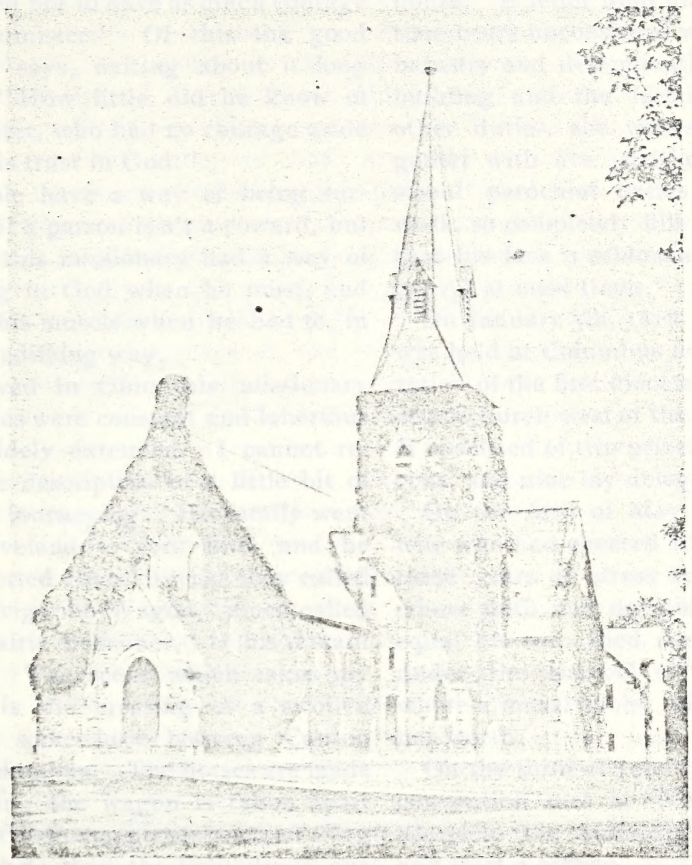
The bishop himself says of that halcyon period, "It is to my remembrance as a dream of more than terrestrial delight. Of its sweets I tasted for a while and thought myself happy, but God, who would train His servants more by the reality of suffering than by ideal and transitory bliss, saw fit to direct my thoughts to other and more perilous duties." It is sufficient to say of these days of refreshment to his spirit that they were not days of idleness, but "fruitful in every good work."

His departure from Hartford closes a distinct period in his life. He now enters upon an entirely new scene in which the great work was accomplished, for which all that went before would seem to have been a preparation.

I do not find any intimation of circumstances or of counsels which started Mr. Chase upon his striking career as a missionary to what was then the "far West." Evidently he had made up his own mind about it and entered upon his undertaking. I quote, ". . . under the patronage of no missionary society or other associated body of men, for then there was no such in being, but I was going, depending on my own limited means under Providence." Certainly he did not go on account of any lack of fidelity and attachment on the part of the church people of Hartford, who were profoundly grieved at his departure.

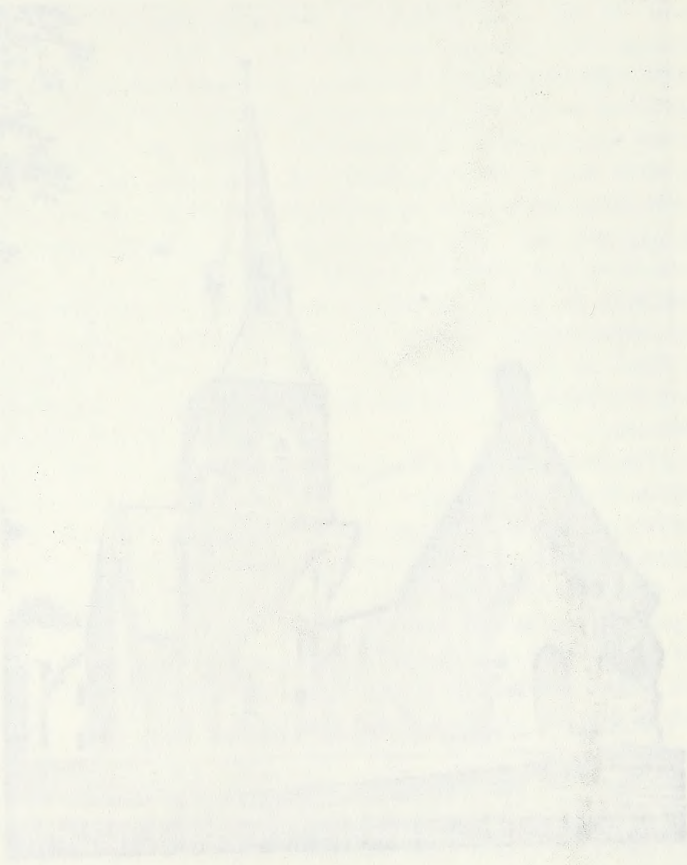
It would be interesting to dwell upon the story of the long and difficult journey, full of peril and privation. But two or three incidents must suffice as illustrating the hindrances and the man and his methods. At Buffalo, then a frontier village, there was small hope of getting on. "There was no coach or other means of conveyance on the lake shore," and it might be a month before the ice in the lake would give way. There was some travel on the ice, but it was growing very dangerous. But ventures of faith were familiar to the mind and practice of this resolute pioneer. Seeing a man standing on a sled with his horses' heads towards

the lake, and ascertaining that he was going over the ice twelve miles westward, he engaged passage, loaded his luggage and set out. There was in this a mixture of the man of determination and the artless faith and unconscious audacity which have a great part in making up the portraiture of Philander Chase. At the end of the twelve miles he found a teamster willing to drive him and a companion traveler twenty-five miles further, to Catteraugus creek. That was easy; but the creek was running at full flood and overflowing the ice, and they could not ford the stream. The only hope of shelter was on the further side. At first the driver refused to go any further, and demanded his pay. But our missionary had no notion either of going back or of being left in the wilderness. So he promised an addition to the contract price, and actually persuaded this man to drive out onto the lake beyond the ice softened by the water of the creek, and return on the further side.



Church of the Holy Spirit, from the Northwest.

After a night at the tavern, they got another lift of a few miles; and



so this journey was made, one so full of picturesque peril that when Mr. Chase decided to leave the ice and try his fortune on shore, his companion confessed that his "heart had been in his mouth all the way." Mr. Chase asked why he had not objected, and his reply was that "He was ashamed not to have as much courage as a minister." Of this the good Bishop says, writing about it long after, "How little did he know of the writer, who had no courage aside from his trust in God."

People have a way of being surprised if a parson is n't a coward, but really, this missionary had a way of trusting in God when he must, and using his muscle when he had to, in a very edifying way.

Arrived in Ohio, his missionary activities were constant and laborious and widely extended. I cannot resist the description of a little bit of sample journeying. His family went to Cleveland to join him, and he transported them in what they called a "Navigation Wagon," since called a "Prairie Schooner," to his distant abode. The scene which takes my fancy is the crossing of a swollen stream somewhere between Canton and Columbus. The horses are made to swim; the wagon is taken apart and carried over piece-meal, on a log canoe, and then the individuals, one at a time, in this primitive craft, which he not inaptly likens to a "pig's trough." The wagon is put together on the further side and the journey continued. Clearly, this indefatigable evangelist was not in the habit of stopping for trifles.

He was soon settled at Worthington, Franklin county, nine miles north of Columbus, a frontier village, with a curious mixture of the wildness and civilization about it which it retained for many years. There were log cabins and brick houses, and an "Academy" built of brick, waiting for master and scholars. Of this Mr. Chase was made principal. He bought a small farm and built a house. A letter from his wife at this time bears unconscious witness to his industry and determination. Of this building and the farming and the other duties, she writes, "This together with five parishes and occasional parochial duties during the week, so completely fills up his time that his face is seldom seen at home except at meal times."

On January 5th, 1818, a convention was held at Columbus for the organization of the first diocese of the Episcopal church west of the Alleghanies. It consisted of two priests, a few deacons, and nine lay delegates.

On the fifth of May, the faithful wife who had cheered him during all these years of stress and endeavor, whose faith and devotion seemed to equal his own, died, and was buried under the chancel of the church, where a mural tablet still testifies to her worth.

On the third of June the adjourned convention met at Worthington to complete the diocesan organization and elect a bishop.

The choice fell upon Philander Chase. Going to Philadelphia for consecration, he found objections raised which seemed to reflect upon his moral character. He sought investigation and was told that there was no proper tribunal. He insisted that if there was anything which could be a sufficient objection to his consecration as bishop, it was suffi-

cient to bar him from the ministry altogether, and demanded a meeting of the General Convention. A board of investigation was at length secured, and of its result the venerable Bishop White remarked that, "The gentlemen who had opposed the consecration of the bishop-elect of Ohio would do well to consider if on a similar trial their own lives would bear like investigation." The bishop, having received consecration returned, as he went, on horseback the whole way.

The labors of the bishop as chief of a diocese which his own endeavors were building, as missionary, as parish priest, as farmer and builder, were many and great, and as picturesque as they were formidable.

But the slender offerings of the pioneer churchmen living in that then remote land of almost unbroken forest, and the fruit of his own farm labors were insufficient for the support of his household, and he was obliged to accept the post of president of a college at Cincinnati. Meantime he had married again. His wife was Sophia May Ingraham. Her father was of Boston, and her mother one of the Greenleaf family of Quincy, Massachusetts.

The difficulty of providing properly equipped priests for the work of the church in Ohio suggested to his mind the enterprise of founding a theological school with attendant preparatory and academic departments. And to this he addressed himself with the high resolution which characterized all his proceedings. The history of Bishop Chase for the rest of the time of his sojourn in Ohio is largely the history of Kenyon college. It is so full of romance, of fiery energy, of difficulties which seemed insuperable, overcome by industry, patience, self-sacrifice and faith, that there is a fascination about it all, tempting one to exceed the reasonable limits of such a paper as this. There is in this heroic and saintly pioneer bishop a certain intense human quality of a very masterful sort. In the midst of his abounding self-sacrifice, his unfaltering faith in God and devotion to His service in which he dared great things, and achieved great things, there is a very human pride of opinion, and an unmistakably bellicose spirit. These were, so to say, what have been called in regard to other great men, as I quoted at the beginning, "the vices of his virtues."

"What a wonderful man," says an admiring writer, "was that same Bishop Chase! embracing in that immense 'corporosity' two separate and distinct individualities: that of the full grown man, stern, imperious, invincible, and that of a child, mild, amiable, condescending, and tractable. And you never could tell, at any particular time, which character was about to appear."

Another writes of him in these words: "Whether he were in the log cabin of Ohio, where the whole family slept, ate, cooked, received guests and lodged them in the same apartment, or in the magnificent halls of Lord Kenyon, surrounded with the refinement of the Old World, Bishop Chase was equally at home, and capable of winning golden opinions. Add to this an energy that never flagged, a will that never succumbed, and a physical system that never tired, and we have such a character as is seldom produced, but which was precisely adapted to the great work which he accomplished.

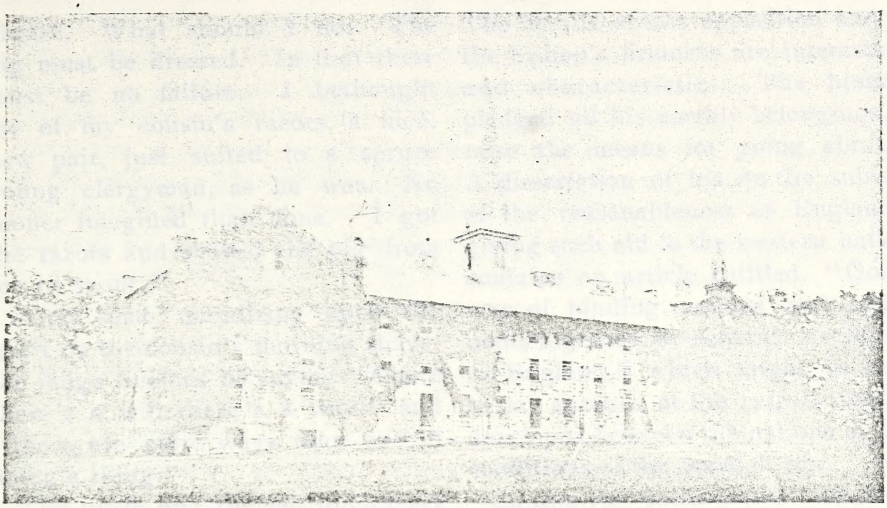
Bishop Chase was equally remarkable for industry and endurance. Daylight seldom found him in bed, and he seemed as fond of working or traveling in the rain as though water were his native element. He would preach at Perry [fifteen miles from Gambier] and as soon as daylight peeped in the east on Monday morning, take his bridle himself, go to the field, catch 'Cincinnatus,' and be off to set his head men at work in Gambier. Bishop Chase began a work for the Church in Ohio, and in truth for the whole West, such as no other man then living could have attempted, or probably could have accomplished." A lawyer of Ohio was wont to say that Bishop Chase was an "almighty" man.

That which Philander Chase achieved against seemingly overwhelming odds, would probably not have been imagined, undertaken, or persevered in, but for just that robust quality, that virile intensity which made him a leader when there were men to be led, and an *Athanasius Contra mundum* when that was what his occasions required. A reverend and revered friend in Ohio writing to me concerning the Bishop says: "I have thought of writing a life of Bishop Chase myself, but have abandoned the project. He was not a perfect man, and to shew him as he was would wound the feelings of his surviving relatives. He was a man in whom the self-centre was very strong. He was impatient of contradiction and was not able to appreciate the position of those who differed with him. A true, living, and readable history of the man could not pass over these features of his character."

My distinguished friend is undoubtedly right in that last sentence. But I do not think that a candid biography, written by a man with a sympathetic heart and discriminating mind, who could enter into the conditions and problems which confronted this eager and insistent warrior, need take the form of an indictment.

As in the case of Mr. Gladstone, one might differ *toto cælo* with this strenuous pioneer, the indefatigable bishop, the man both of ideas and action, and yet credit him with purity of purpose, personal integrity, and a certain ascertainable element of genuine humility shining through even his belligerency. He was going to found a diocese, and he did it; today it is two. He was going to found a college, and he did it, a college which graduated Edwin M. Stanton, Henry Winter Davis, Judge David Davis, Stanley Matthews, Rutherford B. Hayes, General LeDuc, the Bishop of Arizona, and the Bishop of Oklahoma, and gave a large measure of his training to Salmon P. Chase.

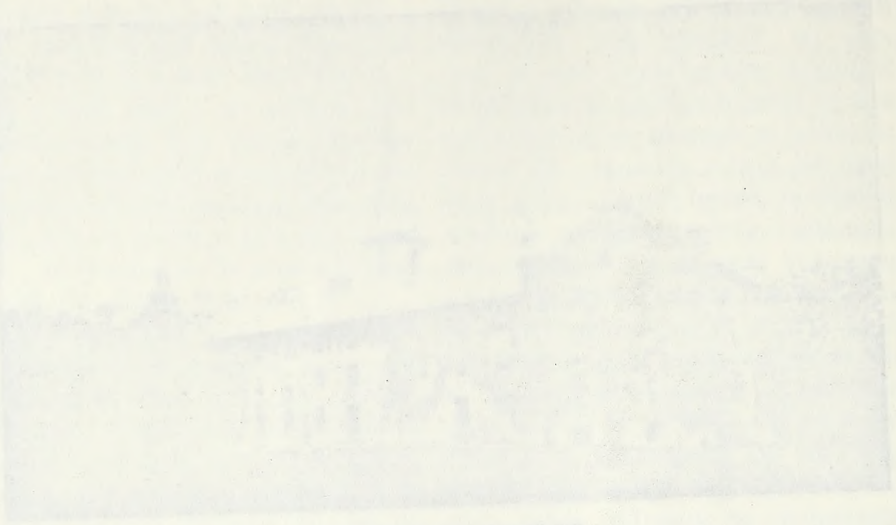
There must have been a strain of this same strenuous quality running through that remarkable family; a quality illustrated in the character of Judge Chase, the great financial minister, who issued a currency in the dark days of the Civil War, which afterwards, as Chief Justice, he had the nerve and honesty to pronounce unconstitutional. A brace of anecdotes will illustrate this. One is told by himself, speaking of his mates in his uncle's school at Worthington: "Every now and then they called me 'Yankee' in tones not altogether respectful. At length I could n't bear it any longer, and said to Tom James, 'Tom, if you call me a Yan-



Old Kenyon, from the Northeast.

kee, again, I'll kick you.' 'Well,' said he, 'You're a Yankee.' As good as my word, I kicked him, and made the kick just as severe and just as disagreeable as I could. He was older than I, and I expected a fight. But instead of attacking he went after the Bishop and complained. I was at once summoned into his presence. 'Salmon,' said the Bishop very gravely, 'Tom James says you have been kicking him. Is it true?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What did you kick him for?' 'Because he called me a Yankee.' 'Well,' said the Bishop, 'are you not a Yankee? Your father was, and I am, and we were never ashamed of the name.' 'Yes sir,' said I, 'I don't just mind being called a Yankee, but I won't be called a Yankee so,' with a pretty decided emphasis on the last word. The Bishop could not help smiling, and dismissed me with a reprimand which I did not mind much. I was not called a Yankee *so* after that, and had no occasion to kick Tom James again." So much for the militant quality.

The other anecdote illustrates the resolution and ingenuity which overcame unexpected difficulties. This anecdote I have heard related by my late venerable father-in-law, who was not far from Judge Chase's age, and lived in Worthington, and probably attended the school. But I give it in the Judge's own words in a letter. "The Bishop and most of the elder members went away one morning,—he having ordered me to kill and dress a pig while they were gone . . . I had no great trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young porker. And I had the tub of hot water all ready for plunging him in preparatory to taking off his bristles. Unfortunately, however, the water was too hot, or otherwise in wrong condition, or perhaps when I soused the pig into it I kept him in too long. At any rate, when I undertook to take off the bristles, expecting they would almost come off of themselves, to my dismay I could not start one of them. The bristles were *set*, in pig-killing



phrase. What should I do. The pig must be dressed. In that there must be no failure. I bethought me of my cousin's razors, a nice, new pair, just suited to a spruce young clergyman, as he was. No sooner imagined than done. I got the razors and shaved the pig from toe to snout."

After some moralizing upon the effect on the cousin's morning shave, the judge finishes by saying "where there's a will there's a way," and "there are more ways than one of doing a thing."

The uncle and the lad did n't get on together. The bishop thought the future chief justice contumacious, and he in turn thought the bishop tyrannical, and so it came about that Salmon P. Chase graduated at Dartmouth instead of Kenyon.

The bishop had set his heart on having an institution of learning in his new diocese to provide him with a native ministry, "to the manner born," "sons of the soil," and set about it. His first difficulty was the vigorous opposition of the bishop of New York, Dr. Hobart, who objected to a western seminary on the ground of a possible division of the church in the United States. The "imperial policy" had not then been imagined. And perhaps there was something of *odium theologicum* and party feeling in the opposition. This opposition followed him to the end, and many trials came of it.

The next difficulty was financial. He determined to go to England to solicit funds, and this measure was contrary to the wishes of Eastern men who found something particularly obnoxious in the idea of money from England being sent to the West. The details of this opposition and of the bishop's firmness are interesting and characteristic. The bishop pledged all his earthly belongings to raise the means for going abroad. A dissertation of his on the subject of the reasonableness of England's giving such aid to the western nation contains an article entitled, "God's way of binding nations and continents together, or America necessary to England," which might be read to-day apropos of the *entente cordiale* developed between the nations by the conditions of the Spanish war.

In this visit to England "the great apostle of the wilderness," who coped successfully with the rough and stern conditions of the border, displayed to singular advantage his marvelous versatility. He was immediately a social success, and was a welcome guest among that most exclusive aristocracy.

In spite of curious and what seems in some phases of it, vindictive opposition and abuse as unmeasured as unmerited, he succeeded in gathering thirty thousand dollars in England. And he secured the patronage and friendship of Lord Kenyon, Admiral Lord Gambier, Lady Harcourt, Lord Bexley, and Lady Ross, all of whose names appear in the names of the place, the college, its halls, and parks.

With this not overwhelming sum of money he returned. But his difficulties were not over. The matter of a location for the institution gave him no little perplexity. He visited Washington in hope of securing from the congress a grant of land. In this he was not successful, notwithstanding the powerful advocacy of Henry Clay. A bill did, indeed,

pass the senate, bestowing twenty-three thousand and forty acres of land to be located in Ohio in tracts not less than a quarter section in a place, and to be sold for the benefit of the college within fifteen years of the time of granting. The bill was killed in the house. A point against it was some dubitation as to the constitutionality of the proceeding, a question which had been already closed in the senate. The most determined opposition, however, arose from the jealousy of the numerous colleges projected in Ohio, whose friends demanded that like appropriations for them should be included in the bill. It strikes the philosophical onlooker that if these rivals wished to defeat such a measure as a matter of general policy for the nation and to make it impossible for any corporation except railroads to secure any such benefaction, their tactics were well chosen; but if they really desired like endowment they defeated themselves by ruining what might have been a very valuable precedent.

The bishop returned from Washington disappointed and perhaps as nearly despondent as he ever allowed himself to be, but still strong in the faith expressed in his chosen motto, "Jehovah Jireh"—"The Lord will provide." He felt that defeat had come largely through the unwillingness of members to give attention to anything other than the noisy turbulence of party strife then prevalent.

On his way home the stage-coach was overturned in the darkness and fell over an embankment. The bishop's elbow was put out of joint and two ribs were fractured.

That he had a very human feeling in his disappointment and distress appears from a letter to his brother, then a member of the United States senate. A passage in that letter runs as follows: "I could not sleep. How long the night was! How much I thought of you and of my good friends in the great congress of the United States. Oh! that they would cease their strife and think on things that make for peace. If God should break their ribs and dislocate their joints, as he has mine, perhaps they would think and speak more to the purpose than they have done of late, and this you may in welcome tell them from me."

I think it is Plato who describes the progress of history as a spiral in which the world comes around to the same place only a little further along.

The bishop's idea of a location was not only in the country but positively in the wilderness, and this with a double motive. He would have the institution possessed of a large tract of territory which, in time, would so greatly increase in value as to constitute a large and sure endowment. As he put it, in the quaint diction of his time, "Should the seminary, by gift or otherwise, be certain of being the possessor of some thousands of acres of the surrounding country, how surely and how innocently, yea, how justly, might it share in the gains of which it would thus be the parent."

The other purpose is expressed thus, "Put your seminary on your own domain; be owners of the soil on which you dwell, and let the tenure of every lease and deed depend on the expressed condition that nothing detrimental to the mor-

als and studies of youth be allowed on the premises." Everybody else thought it ought to be near a town, and every considerable town in Ohio had some sort of an offer to make. But the bishop in the midst of what for most men would be overwhelming duties in his vast missionary diocese, succeeded in overcoming all opposition and establishing his college upon a domain of eight thousand acres, for which he paid about eighteen thousand dollars.



The Kokosing, from the Southeast. Near the site of Kenyon College.

The magnificence of this seemed to silence opposition for the time, and he went valorously into the wilderness to lay foundations.

Knox county was then most truly in primitive wildness. "Two crotched sticks were driven into the ground and on them a transverse pole was placed. Against this pole boards were inclined, one end resting on the ground on each side. The ends of this shelter were but slightly closed by some clapboards rived on the spot from a fallen oak tree. This was the first habitation on Gambier Hill, and



it stood very nearly on the site where now rises the noble edifice of Kenyon college." This was the "Episcopal palace."

He had to build his own mill-dam and his own flouring and sawmills, and work his own quarries, besides stocking and conducting a "general store." And it is a notable thing that in 1827, contrary to the counsel of everybody interested, at a time when nobody imagined it possible to raise a barn without whisky, the bishop met the united demand of his workmen for spirits with denial, and at the risk of mutiny and strike and consequent ruin, allowed no liquor on the premises. It was a stand characteristically bold and also characteristically ahead of his time.

It would take too long to tell how the bishop built his own dam, and how when a freshet dug his mill race for him instead of carrying away his dam he found new emphasis for his motto, "Jehovah Jireh"—"The Lord will provide"; how he toiled on through the midst of privations, sacrifices, and oppositions which would have broken the heart of the average man, even among pioneers, and how, in the wilderness he built a college edifice of stone with walls four feet thick, which loses nothing in dignity and impressiveness as later years have gathered modern buildings round it.

The bishop, at this time, had no salary from the diocese and paid his own traveling expenses. The institution had no credit. "All its corporate powers could not borrow a shilling without his personal responsibility." Never exceeding his personal ability he made all his obligations, and entered into all his contracts in his own name." "The school went on at Worthington in his own house and farmhouse and other buildings erected at his own expense on his farm," long afterwards continuing to be called Cottage farm, on account of these buildings, mostly of logs, in which the students lived.

He "appointed his own teachers and paid them from his own funds and such as he collected from the students themselves. His wife was his secretary, his housekeeper, his adviser and treasurer." Most of this last paragraph is in his own language, and, he continues, "Such a commencement of a great institution of religion and learning on so economical a plan was never elsewhere witnessed."

The board of trustees, in 1825, when the circumstances were as described above, passed a resolution empowering and authorizing him to do these necessary things; upon which action he somewhat bitterly commented,—"thus was the writer invested with power to do that which he had already done, and to carry on an institution to which neither the convention nor the trustees had personally or officially contributed a dollar. . . . The bishop saw all this and the guarded care by which even this power was extended to him. But these circumstances did not disturb his peace; he went steadily on as if the world were at his command and the gold and silver thereof were all at his disposal."

It may be true, in a certain profound sense that these things did not disturb his peace, but,

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."
—*Tennyson, The Idyls, Merlin and Vivien.*



Bexley Hall, from the South.

The feeling on the part of the trustees that the bishop presumed upon both his services and his official authority and, on his part, that the trustees and the diocesan convention encroached upon his prerogative and his acquired right, grew with the growth of the institution until their mutual attitude became positively hostile.

To provide students for the contemplated theological seminary it was necessary to have, as a feeder, a preparatory collegiate department. The two schools, the theological seminary and the academy of arts, soon grew into such proportions, and developed such individual interests that contention arose between the representatives of two distinct and yet cognate ideas. It is a philosophical maxim that people must have something in common before they can cordially hate each other, and that was demonstrated in the case of these common interests held by men having a common wish and purpose but differing in many details and some essentials. To him the whole group of schools was one theological institution, and as such, by virtue of his office and of his efforts and sacrifices, he felt himself to be the head, and possibly his idea of headship carried more of authority than appeared to the view of others, and possibly this strenuous man having the feeling that authority is a trust, manifested it, *more suo* somewhat resolutely.

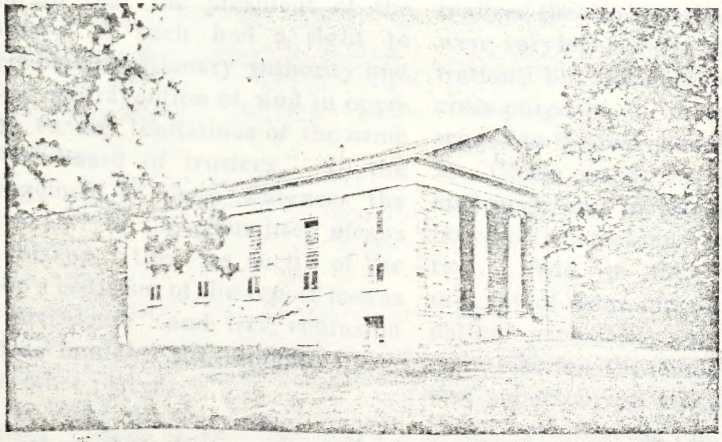
Matters of finance, matters of administration, the theory of authority, matters diocesan, matters academical, became involved in a wondrous tangle, and the actors in the drama appear moved by a mixture of very human feeling and sense of religious

duty. The documents bearing upon the subject exhibit, even in their carefully drawn and diplomatic expressions, a certain intensity of feeling, and the more private entries and communications in diaries and letters are in some cases decidedly less guarded.

In September, 1831, the bishop sent to the diocesan convention his resignation as bishop of Ohio and president of Kenyon college, from which I make extract as follows: "We must live in peace or we cannot be Christians; and to secure peace, especially that of God's church great sacrifices must sometimes be made. Influenced by, these principles, I am willing, in order to secure the peace of *God's church*, and that of our beloved seminary, in addition to the sacrifices which by the grace of God have been already made, to resign; and I do hereby resign the episcopate of this diocese and with it what I consider constitutionally identified (with it), the presidency of the theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of Ohio."

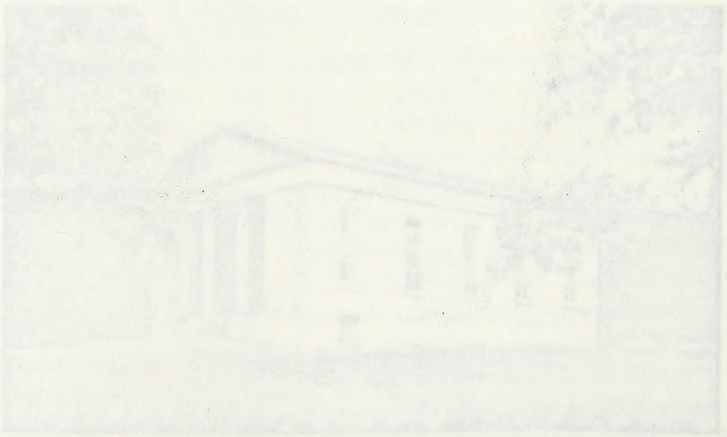
The impression as to the bishop's attitude which prevailed at the time appears from the report of a committee of the convention to which the resignation was referred. After stating *in extenso* the occasions of difference as discussed by them in a visit paid to the bishop with a view to induce him to withdraw his resignation they say, "That to all these inducements and reasons the Right Reverend P. Chase gave but one answer, that it was a matter of conscience and principle with him to assert his Episcopal authority in his character of president; and that he ought not and would not yield the position that he, as such, had the right to assert and exercise his discretionary authority and will in the contravention of, and in opposition to, any limitation of the same by the board of trustees. Your committee, therefore, with pain announce to their constituent body that they believe the matter of dispute being considered by both sides a matter of conscience and fundamental principle, is irreconcilable; and therefore recommend the adoption, etc."

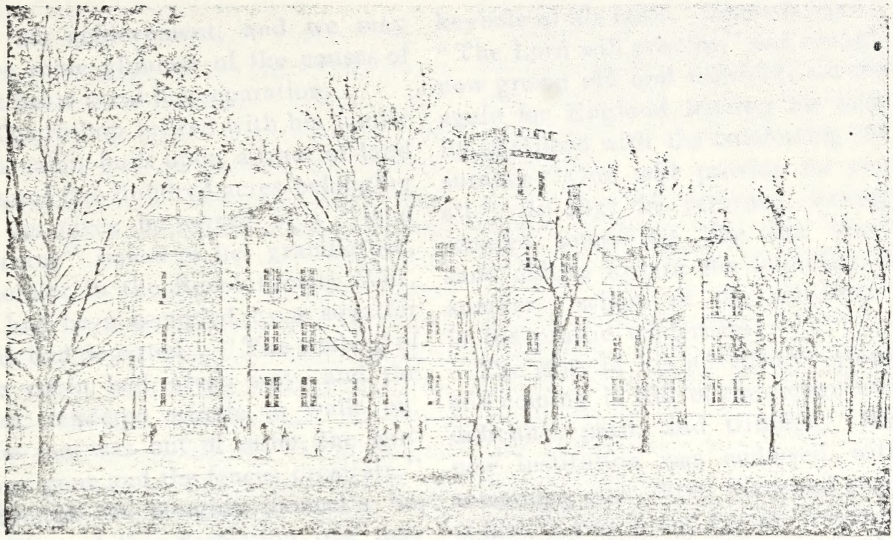
The resolution declared the Episcopate of Ohio vacant. This summary proceeding would not be possible on either side under existing laws, but it sufficed then, and the resignation was effected.



Rosse Hall, from the Southeast.

This report was not submitted to the bishop and



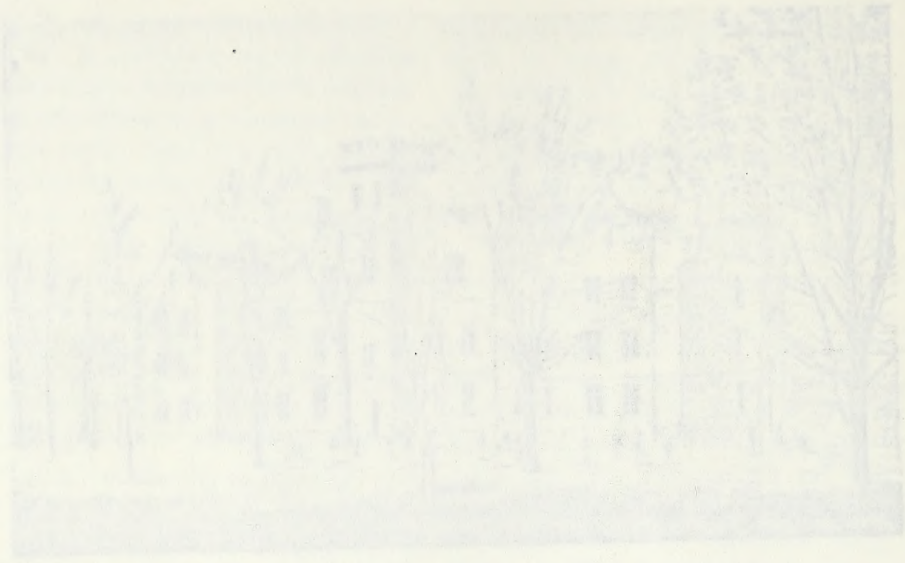


Ascension Hall.

reached his eye only upon the publication of the journal. Whereupon he published a general denial of the allegations of the report, pronouncing it "false in fact, and evidently malignant in design as well as subversive of the laws of justice." He declared that he "never did say or maintain that the will of one individual should be the rule of conduct for all others connected with the college," that he "never did say or maintain that the president of the seminary as such had a right to assert his discretionary authority and will in contravention of, and in opposition to, any limitations of the same by the board of trustees." In the arrangement of these sentences the "as such" of the committee means "as bishop," the "as such" of the bishop's criticism of the report means "as president;" and like confusion of ideas muddles the unhappy quarrel in other places.

It is clear to every one, except each other, that these were earnest and true men, feeling profoundly the responsibilities which rose before them.

The seminary and college with their unusual but altogether necessary equipment of farms, mills, stores, and other accessions of a civilized community, loomed into greater bulk and significance, and the bishop and trustees were constantly looking at things from very dissimilar points of view. There were some, perhaps, unrealized theological differences; there were varying notions about administration; but principally they were at cross-purposes in their counsels in regard to the two characters in which Dr. Chase stood, as related to the enterprise and to the diocese, to the board of trustees and to the convention. Add to this the singular urgency of temperament in the dominating personality of this mighty man, who felt that under God, for he was superlatively religious, he had called both diocese and college into existence and had not yet rounded



out his achievement, and we may have some glimmer of the causes of this heart-breaking separation.

The bishop retired with his family to a cabin built upon a tract of land of some two hundred acres belonging to his niece by virtue of a "land warrant" issued to her grandfather, a soldier in the Revolutionary War. It had been occupied by a squatter who had departed. "The timbers of the cabin had given way, and the floor rendered unsafe to walk on. The roof was out of order, the windows gone and the fences prostrate." Through the doughty pioneer's bewailing of this desolation one may positively feel the quickening of the pulse of his enthusiasm over having something to conquer. The floor is relaid with puncheons, the chimney rebuilt with new sticks and clay, the hearth made over with rough stones, a fire is built, and the bishop makes himself at home. Going to the next town to make necessary purchases he was asked where he lived. "I live at the end of the road," said he, "in the valley of peace."

But this restless soul was not yet at peace. In 1832 he moved to Michigan where he had discovered what he calls the "Land of Gilead." The story of his pioneering there reads like a chapter from the "Swiss Family Robinson."

From this bucolic retirement he was suddenly invited to assume the episcopate of the diocese of Illinois. This appointment had the kind of attraction which he always found irresistible. There was no salary, no dwelling, no parish, no school. The clergy of the diocese consisted of the bishop, four presbyters, and two deacons. He struck again the keynote of his faith, "Jehovah Jireh," "The Lord will provide," and though now grown old and unwieldy set out again for England, leaving his family at Gilead with the comforting assurance "God will provide for you all." In 1837 he returned, having secured something like ten thousand dollars toward the founding of another "school of the prophets" in the prairie wilderness.

The story of his adventures going and coming is full of the romance of difficulty, peril, and triumph. His new institution was endowed with something over three thousand acres of land in Peoria and Lasalle counties. In reply to the question why he named it "Jubilee" college, he replies, "In September, 1831, I left those dear places by me named 'Gambier Hill' and 'Kenyon College,'—in 1838 precisely in the same month and the same day of the month, to blow the trumpet in Zion for joy that another school of the prophets, more than five hundred miles still further towards the setting sun, is founded to the glory of the great Redeemer."

He found that the charters of institutions of learning in Illinois had a clause forbidding the inculcation of the creed of any sect or denomination whatever. So he proceeded to get on without a charter, and to secure his college property by deeds of trust. A charter to his mind was procured, however, in 1847. He had succeeded in the design nearest his heart. He had also succeeded in burying his college so deep in the wilderness that it has never emerged, and the real seminary of the diocese of Chicago, a thriving and well-equipped modern institution, is built in the heart of

that city, which gave no sign of its coming greatness in 1832.

Bishop Philander Chase was a mighty man, a devout Christian, a picturesque character; original, self-willed, of iron determination, his extraordinary genius, enterprise, courage, and industry, lost power through his inability to combine with other men. Where the combination was already effected by constitutions and laws, his powers had their full effect. The diocese of Ohio, founded by him when there were two priests, has become two dioceses, populous, powerful, and wealthy. The diocese of Illinois, of which he was also the founder, has become three. The impulse of his genius and energy, directed through constitutional lines already laid down for him, has been a power in organizing the inflowing multitudes.

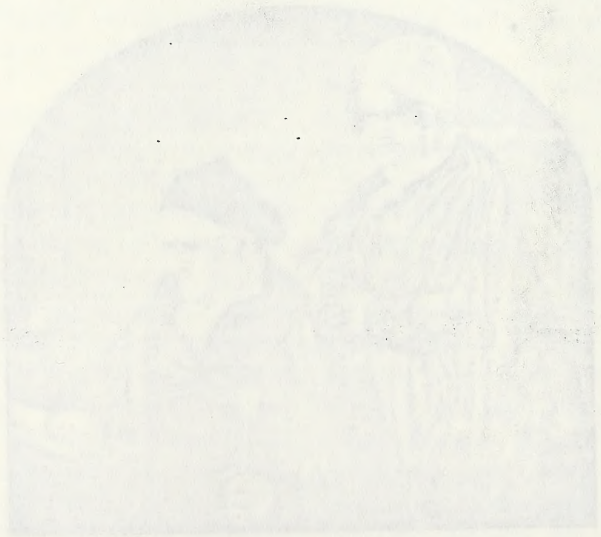
Kenyon college, rescued from its remoteness by the growth of the state and the increase of populations and civilized appliances, is secure in the prospect of a great future. Jubilee college is still in swaddling clothes.

I have but touched upon the fascinating subject of his journeys, sufferings, sacrifices, and successes in behalf of this college, this child of his old age.

In any other vocation in life, as soldier or statesman, Philander Chase would have achieved the kind of distinction which makes the names of men of genius household words. As missionary, pioneer, builder of foundations, his name is in a measure shadowed by the superstructure, as the foundations which sustain the monuments of the world are buried out of sight beneath the ground. But the greatness of the man and the majesty of his character remain, in spite of his humanness, and, perhaps, in some respects, because of it. And he is assuredly entitled to a place of honor among the "Builders of the Republic," as well as upon the diptychs whereon are emblazoned the names of apostles and apostolic men.



Bishop and Mrs. Chase.



THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

By Laura D. Nichols.

THE six o'clock afternoon stage came creaking and rattling up the hill to the Granite Ledge House, and was heard from afar by the young people playing tennis on the lawn, the matrons reading and embroidering on the piazza, and the maids peeping through the dining-room blinds.

"New boarders coming?"

"Yes; two."

"Both ladies?"

"Of course!"

And before the travelers alighted, they had been as distinctly classified as any specimens in a museum.

The elderly woman in black, with the long face and tired eyes, was "no good" to the tennis set, and one of the waitresses expressed the opinion of all when she whispered,

"That one will fault the food an' want her room swep' up every day."

Even little Myrtie Jackson who had just sold a pailful of wild raspberries at the kitchen door, and had waited to see the arrivals, did not look twice at her, but gazed rapturously at the pretty girl in gray, dexterously collecting wraps and bundles.

A very different verdict had been passed upon her by the onlookers.

"Charming!" "Who is she?" and quickly came the answer, for a young matron, descending the stairs, sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Sophy Rosebrook! What a delightful surprise!"

There was a rush, a hug, a cooing, and then the elder lady was presented,—"My aunt, Mrs. Paul."

Supper was over and almost everyone came out again to enjoy the delicious evening coolness. Mrs. Ware and Miss Rosebrook were among them. Mrs. Paul had gone to her room.

"If you are not too tired, Sophy, I want to show you the sunset view from my favorite hill."

"Do; I am tired only of the train and so many people."

"Come this way then, through the barn, and we shall have the pasture to ourselves. To tell the truth I am afraid of the cows, but now they are safely shut in the yard, and the people have gone down to the lake."

She led the way up a steep hillside of well-cropped turf, sprinkled with granite boulders and small spruce trees, till they reached the bare ledge of the top. There they sat down to enjoy the wide mountain view.

"Cows or no cows, I shall come here every day!" cried Sophy.

A crunching of the gray moss behind her made Mrs. Ware jump in fear of a belated heifer, but it was only the little berry-girl, and the lady sighed with relief. "Oh, is it you, Myrtie? This is my friend, Miss Rosebrook;" and as the child came bashfully forward to take the offered hand, she added,

"If you and Mrs. Paul want your

washing well done, Myrtie's aunt will be glad to take it."

"That will be very nice," said Sophy, holding the plump, berry-stained hand; "and do you help her, Myrtie?"

"No 'm; I only get the clo'es and take 'em home; I 'm pickin' berries most of the time. I sold twenty cents worth this afternoon, an' I guess I can pick two more quarts 'fore dark if I 'm spry."

"Then I must not keep you, but be sure and come for a bag to-morrow."

"Earning money for a new dress I suppose?" she added, as the child left them.

"No," said Mrs. Ware, "she wants enough to go to Boston next winter, when her mother's eyes are to be operated upon, there, for cataract. They are nice hard-working people, but Mr. Jackson is feeble and his wife almost blind. The aunt and Myrtie are well and enterprising and hope to board near the hospital as long as Mrs. Jackson is there. You and your aunt will be a help to them. What a sad face Mrs. Paul has! Is it from ill health or sorrow?"

"Both," said Sophy, sighing. "She lost an only daughter and then her husband, and her health in caring for them, but I really think it was something longer ago than all that, which wears upon her most."

"And what was that, if I may ask?"

"Oh, yes, it is no secret. She had a handsome, reckless brother, the pride and torment of the family all his boyhood. He finally ran away and went to sea. Several years after they read in a newspaper that he had died on board a merchant vessel just returned from Rio. Aunty went to see the captain and learned that uncle Harry had made two voyages with him, but had been on a lumber schooner before that. In the delirium of his last sickness he had talked of his wife and child, but no questioning could make him say who or where they were, 'it was only 'Poor little Cape Cod girl! Poor little baby! Better off without me!' He left no papers or valuables, and had evidently been the same reckless but lovable boy to the end."

"What a sad story! I suppose she advertised?"

"Oh, yes, but in vain, and I think she has boarded in almost every town on the Cape, hoping to find some trace. You see, she came into some property, half of which would have been her brother's, and she wants it to go to his widow. This summer her doctor forbade her going to the seashore, and I only hope she will be contented here. Her greatest comfort is in helping poor people. I will tell her about these Jacksons. Then she has her collections. I shall forever bless the doctor who advised me to get her interested in collecting something, no matter what."

"I 've seen the good of that, myself," said Mrs. Ware. "My husband will forget his business worry for hours, in a new moth. What is your aunt's fad?"

"Oh, she began with stamps, and then it was photographs of celebrities. I wish you could see her albums! Just now it is old daguerreotypes."

"Daguerreotypes?"

"Yes, the older the better. She wants to get a few of each year, from somewhere in the forties,—down.

She gave five dollars the other day for one that looked like Sally Brass, just because it was the first she was sure was taken in 1849. Look! There is the first star. I must go and help aunty unpack."

Leaving the ledge, they came again upon Myrtie, and noticed, but soon forgot, how wild and wistful her eyes looked. The child had overheard their last words and as she scurried homeward through darkening fields, was repeating "Five dollars for an old daguerreotype! Oh, I wonder, I wonder!"

Reaching home, she eagerly told her mother and aunt about the pretty young lady and the new washing, but not a word of what had most excited her. When she was alone, undressing for bed, she confided it to her favorite cat who scrambled up the cherry tree at her call.

"Oh, Kitty Gray! What *do* you think? You know we were wishing we could meet a fairy with a magic ring or something,—and somebody *has* come, pretty enough to be the queen of the fairies, and, perhaps, Kitty, perhaps she'll touch something old and black, and turn it into gold! And then I'll go to Boston, and buy you the beautifulest collar——," but here Kitty's interest failed; she made a sudden spring out of the window, and was half way up the well-sweep before a new thought struck her mistress.

"I mean to slip down now, an' see if there's a year on any of 'em. Aunty has set down to read the paper to the others by this time;" and the little white-gowned figure tiptoed down the squeaky front stairs into the best room. Softly she rolled up one of the green paper shades, letting in a path of moonlight straight to the mantel-shelf.

In the middle, Aunt Harmony's red morocco work-box with a gilt rose on top held in place a fan-shaped branch of purple coral. On each side stood a half-opened daguerreotype; then a pink conch shell; then more daguerreotypes, then china vases, one on each side, and at each end of the shelf, completing the solemn row, a tall, brass candlestick. This symmetrical arrangement was never changed, and seemed to all the family as permanent and as admirable as the colors in the rainbow.

Trembling with guilty excitement, Myrtie carried the two middle portraits to the window.

"This is my gram'pa," she said; studying a mild-faced old man, his hands clasped on his cane head. "He brought home the coral and the shells. I must n't sell him, but"—taking up a stony-eyed woman who grasped her knitting as grimly as Jael her hammer,—"this is his second wife, an' she 's no relation to me, an' I don't believe mother liked her, either. If I only knew what year she was taken!" Sighing, she left the stern dame on the window ledge, restored gran'sir to the shelf, and brought back the remaining pictures.

The first was of a youth and maiden, side by side; he, saucily defiant,—she clutching his arm in an agony of bashful pride.

"How pretty mother was!" whispered Myrtie, "but this is the sweetest;" fondly kissing the likeness of a child whose radiant beauty even the unskilled artist had not been able to caricature.

"Nobody shall have you, my darling-dear, but I'll show that sweet

Miss Sophy what a lovely little sister I had!" She laid the red case beside the black one on the window, and hurried to replace the loving couple beside the conch shells.

But the moon went behind a cloud as she stood on tiptoe; she hit one of the candlesticks and down it fell, a sharp corner striking her bare foot with cruel force before it clattered on the hearth-stone.

A cry of pain added to the noise, and in ran Aunt Harmony, poker in hand, prepared to brain at least a rat.

"Land o' Canaan!" she cried. "Are you walkin' in your sleep, Myrtie Jackson?"

She gathered the sobbing child in her arms, and carried her into the lighted kitchen.

Half an hour later, her foot bathed and bandaged, her story all told, Myrtie cuddled happily into bed with her sympathizing aunt beside her. "Now you go right to sleep, child, an' tomorrer you can go for the washin', and take your step-gran'-marm's picture along. It belongs to me, and I don't set much by it, an' if that city woman's crazy 'nough to give five or three or even *one* dollar for it, it 'll be more satisfaction than ever—but there, she's dead an' gone, an' she was n't a bad woman after all, but somehow when she said 'Haw,' I always wanted to Gee." But Myrtie was asleep.

The next afternoon a timid knock announced Myrtie at Mrs. Paul's door, in her best brick-pink calico.

It was a propitious moment. Mrs. Ware had come in for a friendly chat, —Miss Sophy was there, too, and Mrs. Paul had been induced to display her collection. The bed was quite covered with black cases, and green; red morocco and flowered papier maché; men, women, and children frowning, staring, or simpering, in garments of long ago.

"Why here is somebody else to see our show!" said pretty Sophy. The child shook hands with them all with stiff politeness, then, half breathless with the excitement of her errand, she began, "I heard what you were sayin' las' night, an' my aunt gave me an old picture to do what I pleased with,—an' here 't is!"

"Why how nice of you!" biting her lip as she opened the case. "See, Aunty! It is quite unlike any that you have."

"Do you know when it was taken?" asked Mrs. Paul in a business-like tone, nothing dismayed by the grim face.

"Yes 'm. Aunty said I could tell you we was certain sure it was 1847, 'cause she died of a stroke three months after, 'count of her son bein' killed in the Mexico War."

"Oh, poor woman!" said Mrs. Ware.

"I have none of that date," said Mrs. Paul, complacently. "I will gladly give you five dollars, my child, especially as my niece has told me why you wish to earn money."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" stammered Myrtie, and as Mrs. Paul went to the bureau for her purse, Sophy stooped and kissed the happy little face.

The child eagerly returned the caress, and drawing her friend aside, pulled a red case from her pocket, adding, "I brought another just to show you. I would n't sell it for anything, but I wanted you to see what a dear little sister I had, only she died before I was born. She had a

lovely name, too," she continued, as Miss Rosebrook exclaimed at the child's beauty.

"Prettier than yours?"

"Oh, yes'm, and longer. It was Camilla Alderbie."

"What are you saying!" cried a trembling voice, and Mrs. Paul darted towards them, snatched the picture, and was gazing at it with eyes so wild and face so pale that all stood silent and frightened.

"Oh, tell me quickly!" she cried, sinking into a chair. "Whose child is this, and who gave her my name?"

"It is my little sister who died," said Myrtie, encouraged by Sophy's arm around her. "Her father named her, but he was n't my father; he was mother's first husband when she lived in Nantucket."

"Oh, my brother! At last, at last! Thank God!" and still clasping the picture, she burst into such wild weeping that Mrs. Ware hurried Myrtie from the room, leaving Sophy to care for her aunt.

"Why does she cry so? And is n't she going to give me back my picture?" asked the bewildered child, half crying to herself.

Before Mrs. Ware decided how much she ought to explain, they reached a window and saw Aunt Harmony driving up to the door. "She 's come for me an' the washin'. She said she would," cried Myrtie, running down-stairs.

Then Mrs. Ware had an inspiration. In five minutes the child was in the wagon holding the horse (though nothing less than a wasp in his ear would have induced him to start unbidden), and Miss Harmony, ostensibly to get the clothes, was led up to Mrs. Paul's room. There the mystery of nearly thirty years was explained.

Harold Anderson, recorded in the lumber schooner's books as *Henry Anson* (by a natural mistake which it suited him not to correct, as it also suited him on the South American voyage to resume his real name), had first met the young Nantucket girl at a picnic "on the main," as Miss Harmony called Cape Cod.

"They took a fancy to each other right off, and no wonder, for she was as pretty as a pink, and he—well, *you* know what winnin' ways *he* had?"

"Yes, yes!" and the soft, invalid hand and the work-hardened one grasped each other sympathetically.

"Perhaps nothin' would have come of it, though, if he had n't quarreled with his captain and knocked him down, and so had to sly over to Nantucket, an' hide awhile. He hung round on the island all winter; was everybody's friend, and by spring he an' Phœbe were married, and he seemed contented to settle down an' fish an' farm for life, with father.

"But the roving fit came back by another spring, an' away he went, 'just for the summer,' he told her, an' she had the baby to take up her mind, and never mistrusted."

"And he had named it for me?" interrupted Mrs. Paul.

"Yes 'm. He said 't was his only sister's name, an' he wrote it down himself the day she was christened in meetin'."

"Then he must have forgiven me," said the listener, with the happiest smile Sophy had ever seen on her face.

"He went away from home angry because I would lend him no more

money,—but surely he loved me when he named his child."

"I'm sure he did, marm. With all his rovin' an' recklessness, he never could keep up a quarrel."

"But when did you hear from him?"

"*Never again.* My poor sister watched an' waited, and wondered for ten years, an' then her child died, an' she took a horror of the shore, an' agreed to marry her cousin, Silas Jackson, who'd set store by her all his life, an' come up here to live. Some think 'twas cryin' hurt her eyes, but I dunno about that; but I *do* know that if you feel as if you could call, it will be a comfort to her to see one of his folks."

"I will come to-morrow," was the fervent answer, and she did, and the two middle-aged women wept together over the old daguerreotype of the selfish rover who had shadowed both their lives.

* * * * * *

So Myrtie went to Boston, and a happy winter she had with her Aunt Camilla.

The following summer, she and her mother, no longer blind, and Mrs. Paul, no longer sad, came back to Jackson Farm.

"FINNIGAN'S CHATEAU."

By Belle C. Greene.

IN traveling over the main roads of our New England towns, we occasionally come across quaint and curious old houses which we are told were built for inns or taverns before the railroads came; and we know that in those days, the now almost deserted highways presented an altogether different appearance.

Heavy teams of merchandise, going to and coming from the city, were constantly passing, the gaily painted stage-coach rattled along at least once or twice a week, and these with the private equipages of the rich, the more humble carriages of the poor, and foot passengers as well, were all accustomed to put up at the taverns, and find "refreshment for man and beast."

And what rare fascination there must have been about these places! The great door, flung hospitably wide, the jovial landlord bustling out bareheaded to greet his guests, the spacious hall with its nicely sanded floor, the bar-room, where in winter a rousing fire always burned in the broad, open fire-place, and where the red-hot pokers gleamed in a row among the coals, ready to heat the flip at a moment's notice.

Over the fire-place, within easy reach, hung the leather slippers, rudely made, but comfortable, and free to the tired feet of traveler or teamster, and the great arm-chairs scattered about the room invited to rest or a possible nap before the fire.

In the dining-room beyond, one could see the long tables neatly laid



for dinner, while appetizing odors came in from the great haunches of beef, mutton, or venison roasting before the kitchen fire.

On the kitchen door, a placard might often be found, bearing a warning somewhat to this intent: "*Clear out of this kitchen! No loafers allowed here!*" which naturally gave one to understand that the cook or kitchen maids, perhaps both, were uncommonly attractive.

* * * * * *

Hidden away among the green hills of northern Vermont, is an obscure little town, which we will call Brookvale. It consists for the most part of a strip of fertile meadow land, watered by numerous trout brooks, and shut in on both sides by hills, some of which are densely wooded, while others are cultivated to their tops, or left as pasturage for the flocks. The mountains are beyond, and the summits of the highest are covered with snow the year around.

Just the other side of these mountains, great cities have grown up, but no traces of their activity and advancement have as yet reached this spot. No whistle of locomotive, no sound of machinery or rush of business here, and the people seem still content to work out their peaceful lives in humble, primitive ways.

To-day the stage-coach lumbers along through the valley just as it did, say ninety or a hundred years ago, and its one tavern serves practically the same purposes it did then. A very odd looking structure is this tavern, bearing a very odd name, and both never fail to excite the curiosity of strangers passing that way.

From a tall post in front, swings a sign-board on which we read in staring blue letters,

"FINNIGAN'S CHATEAU."

The main body of the house is three stories high, and it is surmounted by a square, ugly-looking cupola, so large as to be out of all proportion to the rest of the house.

The upper windows are curiously peaked and gabled, and are placed at irregular intervals. In their midst, is a great outer door, ornamented with elaborate carving overhead; but there are no stairs leading from it to the ground,—in fact, there is no appearance of utility about it.

The front door is broad but low, so low that a tall man must stoop to enter, and here again we have more carving. Over the top in a row, are shield-shaped objects, designed, no doubt, to represent a coat of arms of some sort, and the two large pillars of the porch are surmounted by grotesque figures, one of a cock, the other of a lion, rampant.

Extending from the main body of the house east and west, are wings evidently added as an afterthought of the builder, and utilized by the present owner as post-office and wood-shed.

We are told, and we can readily believe, that the exterior remains to the present day, unaltered; but inside we find changes. There is no nicely sanded floor; stoves have superseded the great fire-places; the red-hot pokers, the flip, and the comfortable slippers wait only in the imagination of the tired traveller; but there is no lack of good cheer and comfort still, and mine host is as heartily hospitable and friendly as of yore. He is commu-

nicative also, and in answer to inquiries about the place will give in substance the following history of his house and of its name, "Finnigan's Chateau:"

Not far from the year 1790, Larry Finnigan, an Irish emigrant, came and settled with his family in Brookvale. The family consisted of himself, a man, say forty years of age, Kathleen, his wife, Kitty, a grown-up daughter of sixteen or seventeen, and Tooly, the baby boy.

When they first came they were looked upon with suspicion and general disfavor by the inhabitants of Brookvale, many of whom had never before seen an Irishman or foreigner of any sort, but took for granted that they were all little better than heathen or barbarians.

In a short time, however, this feeling changed, radically, and the newcomers became very popular. Their hearty friendliness, their rollicking ways, their wit, and above all, the beauty and goodness of the two women, won the hearts of the simple country folk, almost before they were aware.

The Finnigans were very poor. Their shanty, rudely constructed of logs and boards, was set down in a miserable tract of land where almost nothing would grow, and where the hot suns of summer and the cold storms of winter beat mercilessly upon it. It was small and low, and hardly large enough to accommodate their only possession of any value, an old loom, upon which Larry and his wife worked (when they were so fortunate as to get work to do), weaving the homespun cloth then in universal use.

Almost everybody in town kept sheep, and did their own carding and spinning, but few people owned looms, and those who did not were obliged to hire their weaving done. Upon the patronage of such, the Finnigans depended largely for their meager support, and, in the fall of the year especially, Larry's lusty voice might be heard afar throughout the little settlement, bawling some Irish ditty, as he worked cheerfully at his loom.

The Brookvale farmers were not rich, and money was a scarce commodity among them the year around. It was only by the toilsome transportation of such produce as they could spare, fifteen miles over the mountain to the nearest market, that they got what little they had; very little money they brought back as a general thing, the frugal supplies of groceries and household necessities being taken in exchange for nearly the full value of their produce.

Thus poor Larry found his earnings scanty, and the pay very slow and uncertain. But no one ever heard a word of complaint from him or from any member of his family. They were always cheerful if not actually hilarious. They had good health and contented minds, and if they had but "a bite and a sup" they were ready to share it with another any time.

Kathleen and her pretty daughter tripping lightly across the fields of a Sunday morning to the little schoolhouse where "meeting" was wont to be held, tucked a buttercup or two in the bosoms of their gowns, and cared not that they were shabby. Larry, loitering carelessly behind with Looly clinging to one of his big fingers, smoked his pipe and looked about

over the fresh, green fields with a feeling of peace and satisfaction that a king might have envied.

* * * * * *

After the Finnigans had lived several years in Brookvale, the stage, that passed through the town only at irregular intervals, stopped at his door one morning and delivered to Larry an imposing looking document, the address of which was "*Mister Lawrence Finnigan, Brookvale, Vermont.*"

It was seldom Larry had a letter, and he turned this one over and over in his hands, staring blankly at it, and finally took it in to Kitty to read (she being the only one in the family that could "read writin'").

The letter informed him that by the death of a distant relative in Kilkenny, County Cork, Ireland, he had fallen heir to the sum of four thousand pounds or about twenty thousand dollars, and it further instructed him how to gain immediate possession of the same.

It is said that when Larry fairly comprehended the good news he was half crazed with excitement. The first thing he did was to seize an axe and aim a mighty blow at the old loom, splintering and nearly demolishing one of its great beams; but his wife sprang forward in time to save it from utter destruction.

"Spare it, spare it!" she cried, "it has been our best friend!"

"But we'll nade it no more foriver, now," shouted Larry. "No more weavin' for you and me, no more work for us! Do ye moind, Kathleen!"

Kathleen looked at her husband with a troubled expression in her beautiful eyes.

"No, no," she said, "I suppose it's rich folks we're goin' to be now—though I cannot rightly sinse it. But what'll we iver be doin' with so much money, at all, I wonder? How will ye iver spind it, Larry, dear?"

"Don't ax me, alanna! that is, not jist at this prisint," laughed Larry, now quite himself again. "To be poor is aisy enough," he added quaintly, "but to be rich!—ah, well! I doubt me not we'll learn that too in toime!"

The news of the good luck of the Finnigans spread quickly through the town and caused a great commotion. On the afternoon of the day following, the family held quite a reception in the little dooryard surrounding the shanty. The men leaned against the log railing that served as fence, whittling, smoking, and talking; the women, fewer in number, crowded round Kathleen and Kitty, filling the doorsteps and one window.

Squire "Fostick" (Fosdick) honored with the title because of his supposed knowledge of law, and his "gineral book larnin'," naturally took the lead, and stepping forward with ponderous dignity, solemnly tendered to Larry his own personal services; and Larry as solemnly thanked him.

"And now, Larry," began the squire, but Larry stopped him.

"*Misther Finnigan,* as ye plaise," he corrected, straightening himself with an air of comical importance.

The squire begged pardon, and went on to ask if Larry had any plans as to the employment or investment of his large fortune.

"Me frinds," answered Larry grandly, in reply, "av course a fortune like the one that has come to

over the lush, green fields with a feeling of peace and satisfaction that a king might have envied.

* * * * *

After the Finnigans had lived several years in Brooklyn, the stage that passed through the town only at irregular intervals, stopped at his door one morning and delivered to Larry an imposing looking document, the address of which was "Mr. Larry Finnigan, Brooklyn, N.Y."

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"But we'll made it no more forever, now," shouted Larry. "No more weavin' for you and me, no more work for us! Do ye mind, Kathleen!"

Kathleen looked at her husband with a troubled expression in her beautiful eyes.

the Finnigan family is not to be dishpersed of in a minute, but I have made up me moind to do with a part of it, what in fact has been the dhrame of me loife—that is, to build me a shattow." "Shattow" he kindly explained, as they looked blankly into each others' faces, "is the Frinch for a grand house, ye know. Yes, I have made up me moind to build a *shattow house* as shall be an honor and a pride to the town as has adopted the Finnigans!"

At this point he was interrupted by loud cheers from the younger men.

Waving his hand to enjoin silence he continued:

"I've seen 'em in the ould counthry—thim shattows—with a cupilow on top, and as full o' dures and windies as they could stick, an' kivered with trimmin's and images iverywheres. Me frinds, that's the kind of a house we're goin' to have in Brookvale, — a shattow—*Finnigan's shattow*, as ye plaise!"

Larry's first step towards building the chateau was to engage Squire Fosdick as adviser and general agent. Then he bought a tract of woodland, and as was the custom in Brookvale set to work felling trees and digging trenches down the steep side hills through which to slide them to the plains below. There they were hitched to great ox teams and hauled to the nearest sawmills to be converted into timber and boards.

It was slow work building a house in a place so remote from supplies, but money could accomplish wonders even in those days.

A celebrated builder came from over the mountain to do the work, but greatly to his dismay he found that Larry had very decided ideas of his own, and insisted on carrying them all out.

The result was the curious house which we have described as the old tavern. But whatever its faults of architecture may be, it must at least have been strongly and honestly built to withstand the wear and tear of a century and be in such good condition as we find it to-day.

It is said that all the neighboring towns were invited to "the raising" of the chateau, and that several barrels of New England rum were furnished, and a whole ox was roasted, for the entertainment.

When the house was finished, Larry proceeded to fit it up in what he considered "iligant style;" but his ideas of furnishing were as peculiar as they had been in the matter of building, and when it was at last ready for occupancy, the city builder was heard to remark that "Larry Finnigan had no more taste than a *teakettle*, and was about as fit to occupy a grand house as a pig was to live in a parlor."

But though Larry's taste may have been questionable, no doubt there was plenty of fine furniture in Finnigan's "chateau," and his tall old clock, rich in carving and with a revolving moon on top, is still treasured by a descendant of Squire Fosdick. Also a spinnet, said to have been Kitty Finnigan's, is preserved in a museum "over the mountain."

And now comes the pathetic part of the story. We are told that the Finnigans were not happy in their new home; that they did not take kindly to the grand house nor to the ways of rich people.

The chateau stood not far away from the old shanty, which they

intended to pull down but always delayed doing, and it was not long before Larry began to spend more time in the shanty than in the chateau. He had a few tools there, and made excuse of some sort of tinkering to go over almost every morning, and the rest of the family were sure to follow soon.

The little place was loved and cherished by them as it had never been before. With great care and painstaking a few scarlet-runners and morning-glories were coaxed to grow and scramble up the rough sides of the shanty; also, one at a time, such articles of furniture and ornament as could be best accommodated within its narrow limits, were transferred from the chateau, until finally, as Larry expressed it, they really lived "betwixt and betune" the two houses.

But with all his efforts to kill the time as a rich man should, it appeared to hang heavily on Larry's hands, and at last, as if for very lack of other occupation, he took to drinking and carousing. It is said that many a drunken orgie, with a crowd of boon companions, noisy fellows like himself, was held in the great dining-room of the chateau, and many a night the family would creep out to the little shanty, there to stay till morning should end it.

In his sober hours, even at his best, Larry was not the man he once was. He grew surly and irritable, and was often heard to loudly curse the day that brought him the Finnigan fortune and Finnigan's chateau. The troubled look seemed to have come into Kathleen's sweet eyes to stay; and as for Kitty, we can imagine her, seated at the spinnet, perhaps, in the twilight, touching the keys timidly (since it is not likely that she ever learned properly to play), and feeling sad and fearful and different altogether from the light-hearted Kitty of old. . . . But when things seemed to be at the worst with the family, Providence gave an unexpected turn to their affairs. A stranger, another Lawrence Finnigan, suddenly appeared in Brookvale claiming to be the rightful heir to the fortune appropriated by Larry, and he readily proved himself to be such.

Larry bore the loss of the money with a calmness and equanimity that astonished everybody; also, his wife and daughter were far from being overcome at the prospect of their altered circumstances.

They moved back into the shanty, which the bounty of the new heir enabled them to enlarge and improve, so that it was quite comfortable. The old loom was repaired, and Larry, sober and industrious as of old, was heard again singing at his work.

The chateau was sold to a man who converted it into a tavern, and swung out the sign bearing the name by which the house was then known to all the country round about, and by which it has been known for a hundred years, even to the present day.

NEW HAMPSHIRE INDUSTRIES.

FIRST PAPER.

OUR ONLY PIANO FACTORY.

By Henry B. Colby.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The GRANITE MONTHLY has in preparation a number of papers upon the more prominent industries of the state, and while it is not planned that any story shall be an advertisement of any particular firm engaged in the business treated therein, it was deemed advisable, in connection with the MONTHLY'S very liberal offer of a piano for the longest list of new subscribers, to make the first paper of the series a direct advertisement, and give such publicity as we can to the very complete equipment for the manufacture of high class pianos possessed by Our Only Piano Factory.



One Side of the Regulating-Room.

IN the early years of the present century there lived in the town of Deerfield, a young man named Abraham Prescott. He was born there in 1790, and lived, a farmer's boy, in his native town during his early life. While but a lad he played around the cabinet shop of his uncle, and as he grew older developed a taste for music; he saved his small money,



and presently was able to buy a fiddle, upon which he played such music as was available in the country village. In one of his old music books there was a crude wood cut of a man playing upon a bass viol. Now our youngster had never seen nor heard such an instrument, and, as he became more proficient in fiddling, he began to wonder what sort of tones would be given out by so tremendous a fiddle as that bass viol appeared to be. The more he wondered, the more the wonder grew, until he could stand it no longer. He resolved that he would make a viol himself—he could do it—he had been using his uncle's tools to good advantage, as he grew up, making many things for household use or ornament.



This one was made in 1826

So, one day, he retired to the seclusion of his father's attic, took his old fiddle apart to find out how it was made, and set out to fashion for himself a larger one like that in the picture. He worked in secret, fearing ridicule, and made but slow progress, for his tools were few and ill-adapted to the purpose, and he was obliged to hunt for the proper, well-seasoned wood for the front and back of the instrument. But after many trials and delays it was finally glued up and ready for a trial. How his heart swelled with pride and delight as he first drew a bow across the strings, and filled the dusty attic with the heavy vibrating bass, which he then heard for the first time.

Naturally this viol created a sensation in the village, and was quickly purchased by one of the young musicians of the town, who played it in church for many years afterward.

Of course young Prescott made another, this time in the shop, openly, and it was better than the first. Then he made a 'cello to help out the church choir, and so, easily and by degrees, he drifted along for years, devising his own tools as he needed them, and hiring mechanics to help him, until he had an established trade and reputation as a maker of bass viols and 'cellos. These early viols had the relatively short neck of the violin, a small bridge, and but three strings. The strings were of gut and were hard to get as they were all imported.

In 1830 he opened a music store in Concord, on Main street, near the Free Bridge road. The venture proved so successful that three years later he moved his family and shop to the capital of the state, and be-

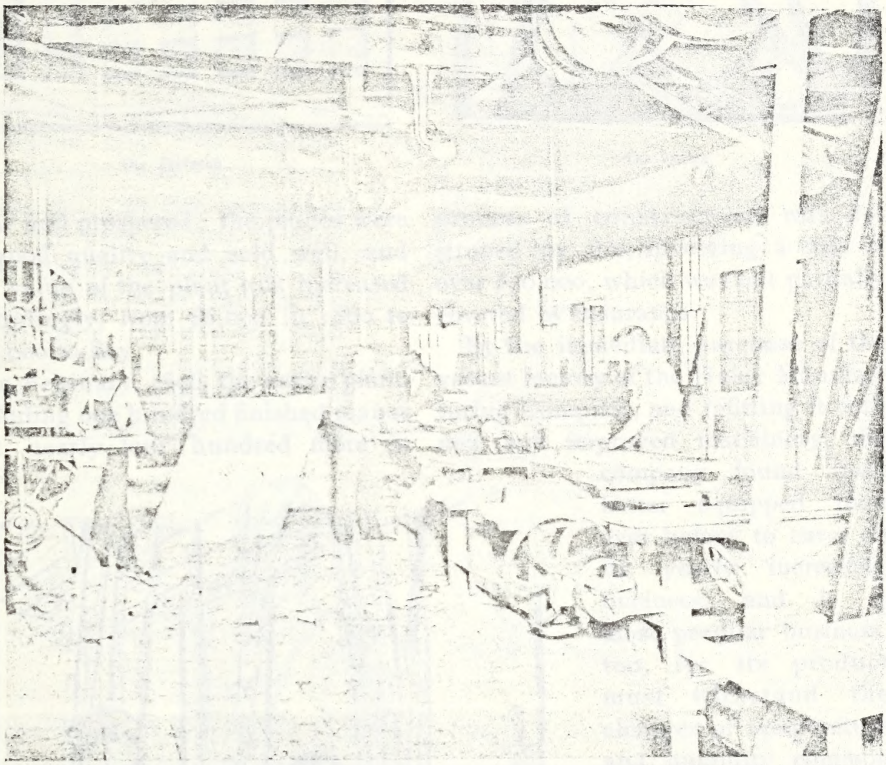


came firmly established in business here.

During one of his periodic visits to Boston he saw and purchased an "elbow melodeon" of primitive construction, which he improved upon and developed, and, in 1836, the manufacture of reed instruments was added to the list of trades followed in Concord. The reed instruments with piano keys and stationary cases, and improvements in the shape and construction of reeds and stops, mark the intermediate steps by Abraham Prescott in the evolution of modern church, cabinet, and parlor organs.

In 1850, Mr. Prescott retired, leaving his three oldest sons to continue the business which he had worked out so successfully from the old bass viol made in the Deerfield attic.

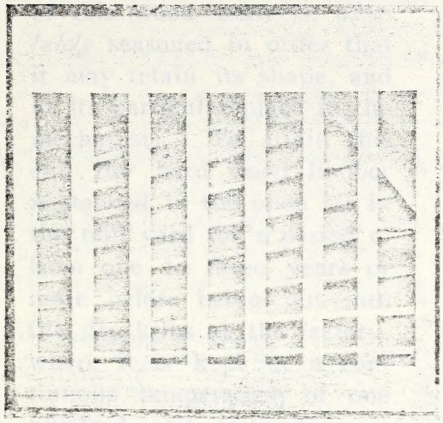
In 1858, Mr. Geo. D. B. Prescott, the youngest son, joined his eldest brother, Abraham J., as partner, under the firm name of Prescott Brothers, assuming control of the manufacturing department, which he retains to the present time, covering a period of over forty years. His two sons are now connected with him in the business.



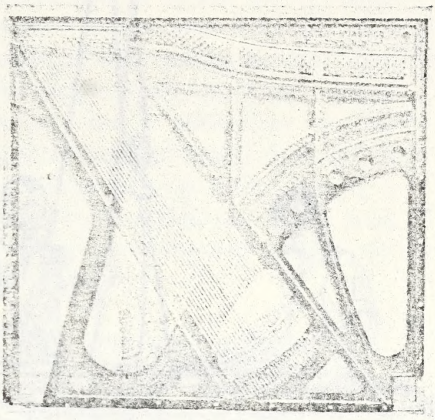
In the Mill-Room.

In 1880, the Prescott Organ Company was incorporated, but in 1886, a change was decided upon. The manufacture of organs was discontinued, the Prescott Piano Company was formed, and the making of pianos was begun. The business





The Skeleton.

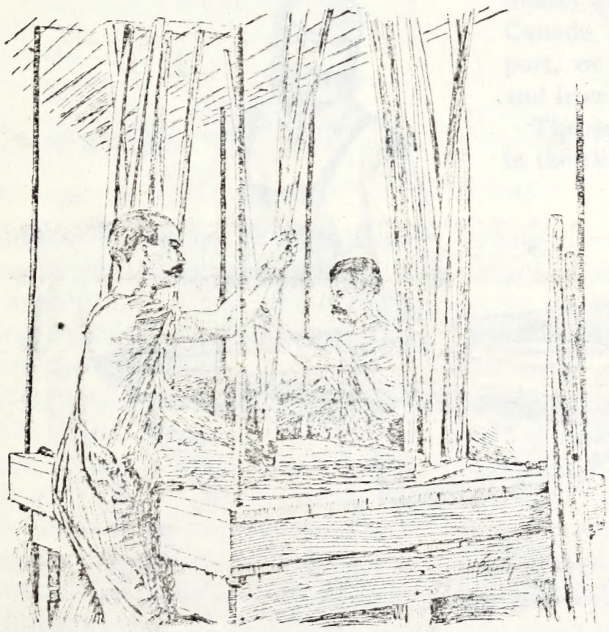


The Frame.

grew and prospered; the pianos were of good quality and sold well, and the value of the plant was increased accordingly, from $6,000 in 1860 to $50,000 to-day.

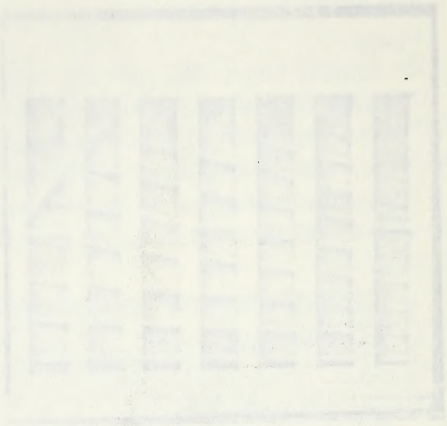
In February, 1896, the entire plant, including one hundred finished pianos and nearly four hundred more in process of construction, was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of over $50,000, which was but partially covered by insurance.

By the immediate purchase of the vacant factory of the Haley Manufacturing Company, and refitting it with new and improved machinery, the company found itself better equipped than ever before to carry on its yearly increasing business, and it is most peculiar business, too, for its product must withstand the changes of temperature and humidity common to our New England climate, and be ever ready to respond to the touch of skilled, artistic, or loving fingers.



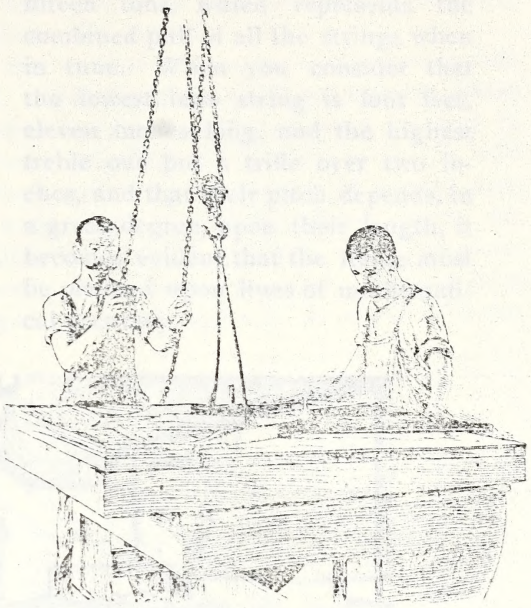
Gluing Bars on the Sounding-Board.

It is surprising to a layman to see the extent to which wood is used in a piano. There are over nine thousand separate pieces in a finished piano, not count-





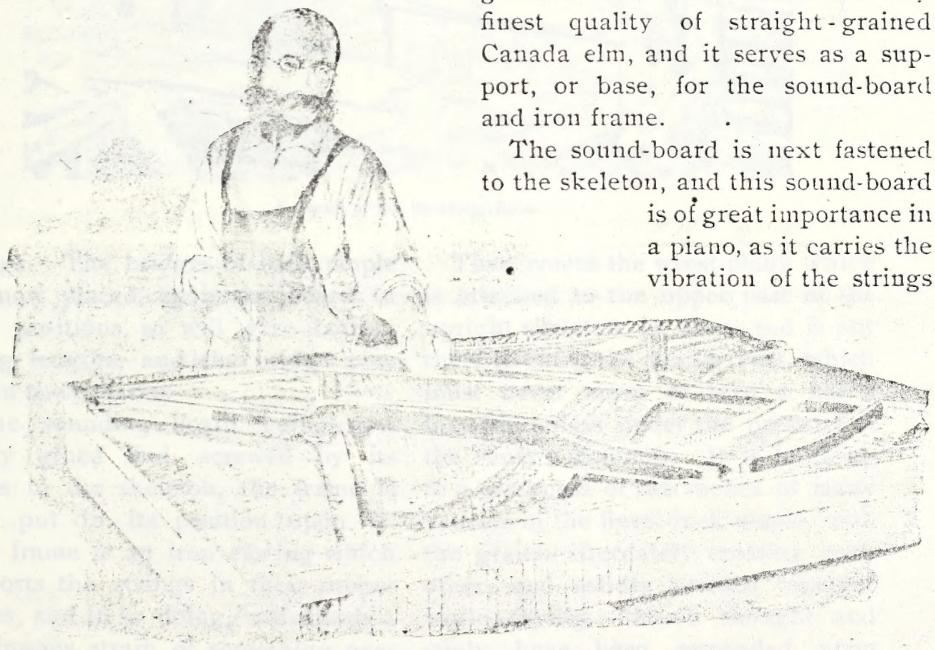
ing the case. Of course all of this wood must be *absolutely* seasoned in order that it may retain its shape, and fit its particular place in the mechanism. To attain this end the hard wood lumber is stacked in the open air in the mill yard for a period of from one to three years or more before being put into the dry kilns at the factory, where it is kept at a continuous temperature of one hundred and forty degrees, more or less, for three months. At the expiration of this time it has become thoroughly dry and fit for use, and is then taken to the mill-room, where it is sawed to the various sizes and patterns to make up the skeleton and case.



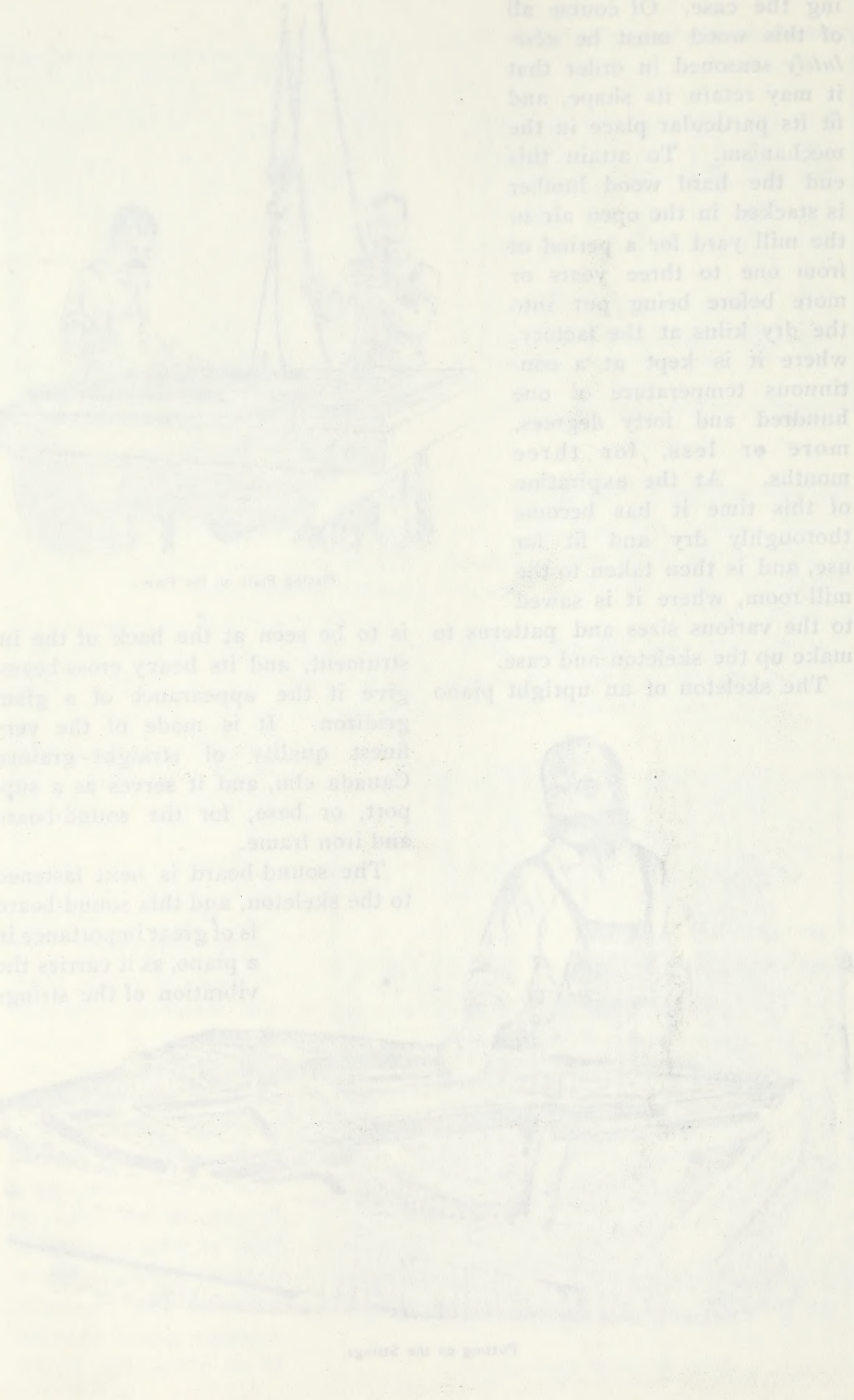
Placing Plate on the Form.

The skeleton of an upright piano is to be seen at the back of the instrument, and its heavy cross-beams give it the appearance of a giant gridiron. It is made of the very finest quality of straight-grained Canada elm, and it serves as a support, or base, for the sound-board and iron frame.

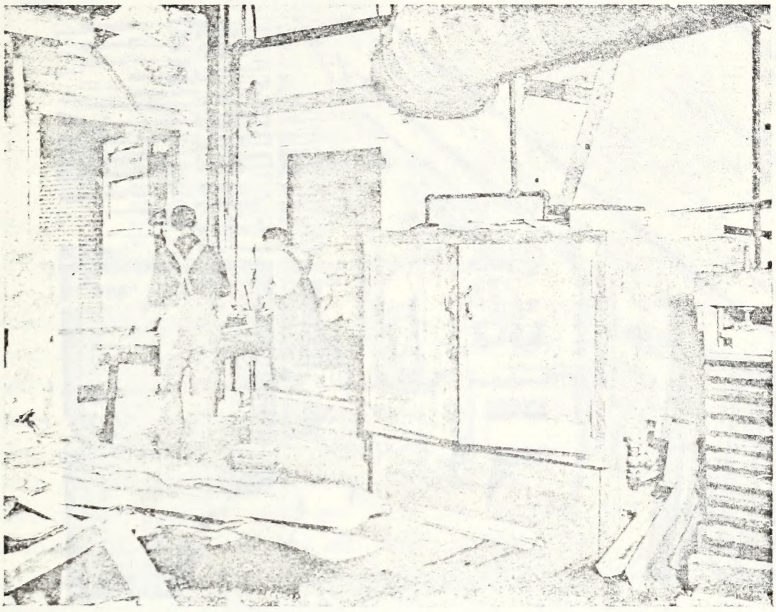
The sound-board is next fastened to the skeleton, and this sound-board is of great importance in a piano, as it carries the vibration of the strings



Putting on the Strings.



exactly the same as in a violin, guitar, or bass viol. It is about 3-8 x 4-10, and is made of several strips of fine, clear-grained spruce, one quarter of an inch thick, carefully glued together into a large sheet. Its slightly convex surface is obtained by gluing to its back a number of ribs, which, in shrinking on, pull the board to an even curve, which it needs to help it sustain its share of the strain of the fifteen tons, which represents the combined pull of all the strings when in tune. When you consider that the lowest bass string is four feet, eleven inches long, and the highest treble one but a trifle over two inches, and that their pitch depends, in a great degree, upon their length, it becomes evident that the frame must be planned upon lines of mathematical accuracy.



A Corner of the Veneering-Room.

strings. The bridges of rock maple are now placed upon the board in such positions as will give correct string lengths, and the bridge pins put in their places.

The sounding-board being now firmly glued and screwed by its edges to the skeleton, the frame is next put in its position upon it. This frame is an iron casting which supports the strings in their proper places, and in so doing, withstands a continuous strain of something over

Then comes the wrest-plank which is attached to the upper part of the upright skeleton, in front, and is put there to carry the tuning pins, which must never move or turn a hair's breadth unless under the pressure of the tuner's hammer. It is built up to a thickness of two inches of many veneers of the finest rock maple, with the grains alternately crossing each other, and solidly pressed together while drying. Much thought and study have been expended upon

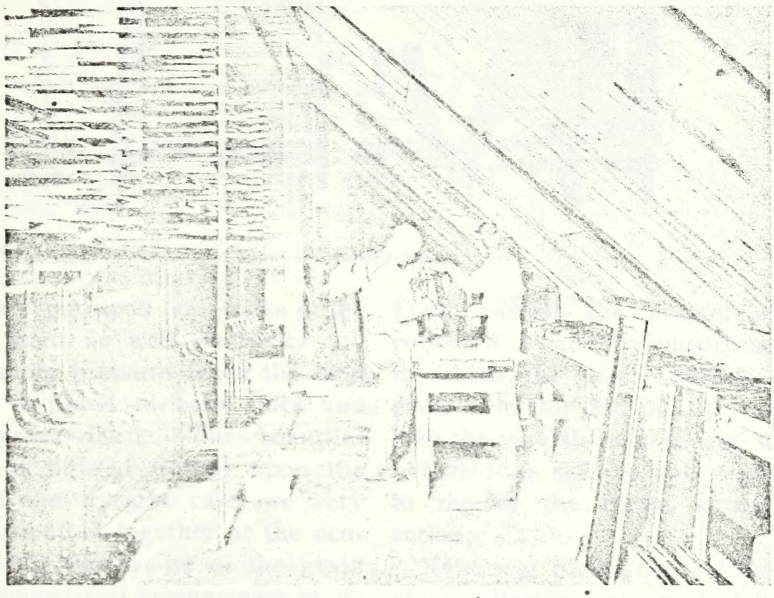


wrest-planks in years gone by, but the present method of putting them together has added long years to the life of a piano.

The plank being bored for the tuning pins, and the hitch pins fixed properly in the frame, the combination of skeleton, sounding-board and frame is placed upon a rolling table and trundled to the next department, where it is supplied with its complement of strings. These are made by specialists from the very finest stock. Ordinary wire would be about as useful as india-rubber under the tremendous strain that a piano string constantly sustains. Piano wire stretches so little that it is used in making deep sea soundings, where a depth of several miles is accurately measured with no appreciable stretch of the wire.

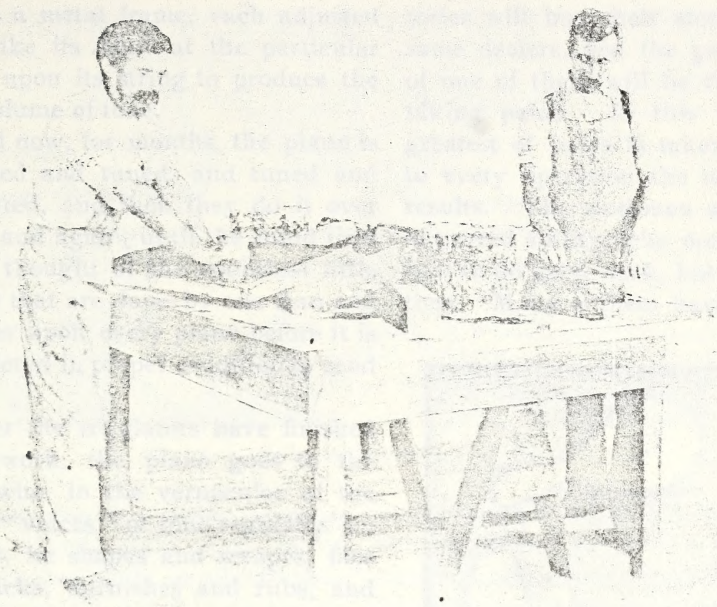
After the strings are in the tuning begins, and the strings and action now go to meet the case in the next department.

Case-making is an important branch of the labor in a piano factory. Great care and judgment must be used in selecting the lumber so that it will not warp or crack. If a case were made of solid mahogany planks, for instance, it would be utterly impossible to keep it together; it would twist and split apart in no end of different ways under the varying conditions o weather to which it would be subjected. But build a case of chestnut that is perfectly dry, and then double veneer it on both sides, and it will forever stay where it is put; and that is just what they do in this case shop. After the stock is sawed for the various parts of the case it is veneered first with what they call "cross-banding," that is, a thin veneer with its grain running at right angles to the grain of the plank: These cross-



A Section of the Varnishing-Room.



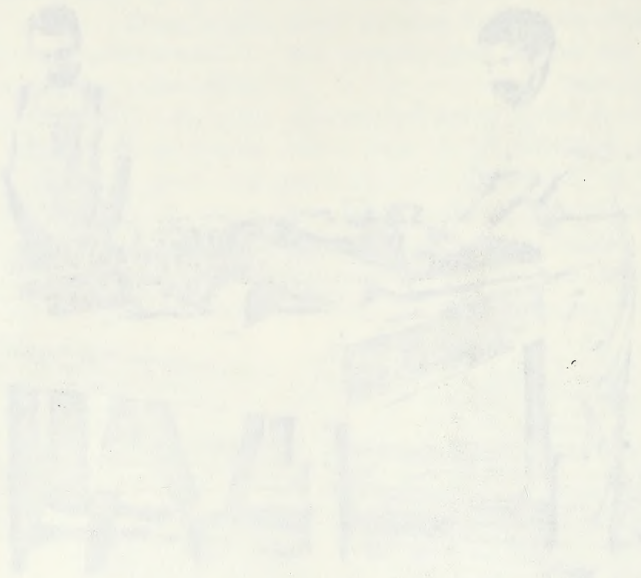


A Rubbing-Bench.

bands are put upon both sides of the plank, front as well as back, and dried under pressure; then the final veneer is glued to both sides and again press dried. The beautiful sheets of figured walnut upon the ends of the upright case are very carefully butted together at the centre, giving the design of the grain more symmetrical arrangement by its reversed duplicate from the centre each way.

After the several parts have been through the veneering room, they meet at the assembling benches and are carefully fitted together and smoothed with sandpaper, and the case is then delivered to the varnishers and polishers. Here the separate pieces of the cases are varnished and rubbed down with pumice-stone, and the labor repeated over and over, not quite seven times seven, but until the grain of the wood is evenly and solidly filled with a body of the very finest varnish the market affords, rubbed to a perfectly smooth surface, to which the final "flowing" coat gives a mirror-like polish. A case is in the varnish room several months before it is sent to the regulators to receive the frame, strings, and action.

Next is a photograph of the complex collection of wood, felt, and leather which they call the "action"; it looks more like a handful of jackstraws than anything else, but it is planned with the utmost care, and is duplicated for every key, white and black, upon the keyboard. It transmits the blow of the finger from the key to the hammer, and does it instantly without a particle of lost motion or rattle, and is immediately ready for another stroke, so that the note may be repeated almost with the speed of an alarm clock. This action is less than half an inch thick, and eighty-eight of them are set side by

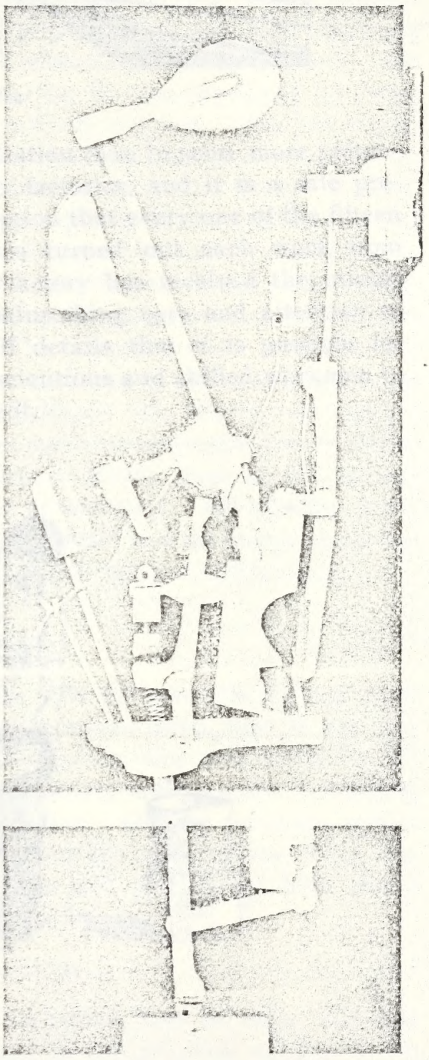


inside a metal frame, each adjusted to strike its blow at the particular place upon its string to produce the full volume of tone.

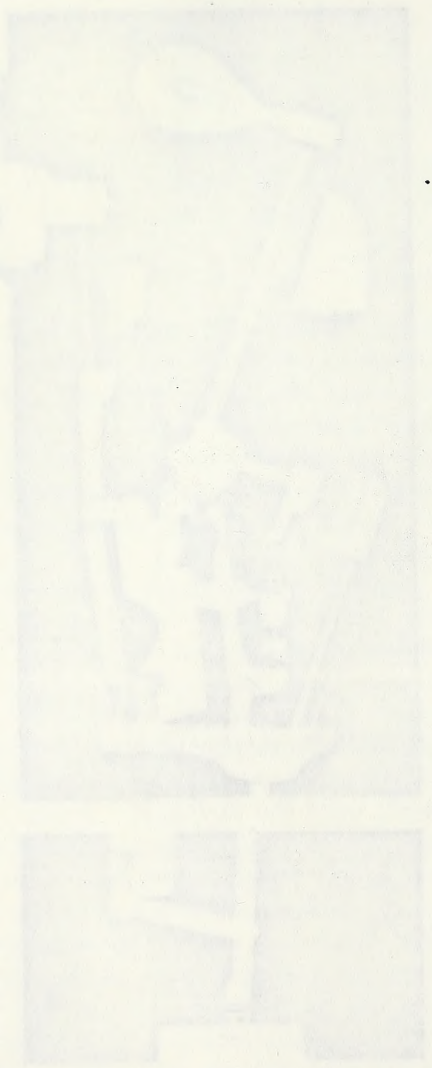
And now, for months, the piano is adjusted and tuned, and tuned and regulated, and then they do it over again and again, until the mind tires at the thought of the countless little things that are done by one man and another upon every piano before it is considered in proper condition to send along.

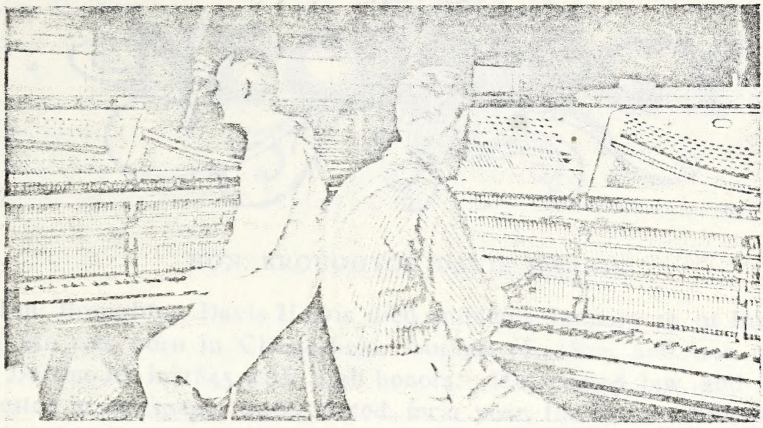
After the regulators have finished their work, the piano goes to the man, who, in the vernacular of the trade, "voices" or tone regulates it: that is, he shapes and scrapes, files and picks, burnishes and rubs, and even pricks into the faces of the different hammers until there is no break in the scale, and the piano gives a perfectly even quality of tone from every one of its eighty-eight keys. Then the tuner comes along and tries it again, and if he is not satisfied with what he finds, the instrument is side-tracked in his department until he is. Then it is inspected by another man who is looking for any trouble or possible faults, and is by him finally passed along to have its case cleaned and rubbed down for its last and final hand polish. The box is ready to receive it, the polisher's work is done, and here comes the tuner again for final inspection before the piano is permitted to go out into the world.

Some two years have passed between the arrival of the lumber at the factory and the shipping of the finished piano, and it represents a great amount of painstaking care to bring out the piano in its present perfected forms. A dozen piano factories will buy their stock from the same dealers, and the good product of one of them will be the result of taking pains. In this factory the greatest of pains is taken to secure to every operation the most perfect results. The workmen are all men of proved ability, who not only know how to do good work, but do it every time. Many of them have seen long



The Action

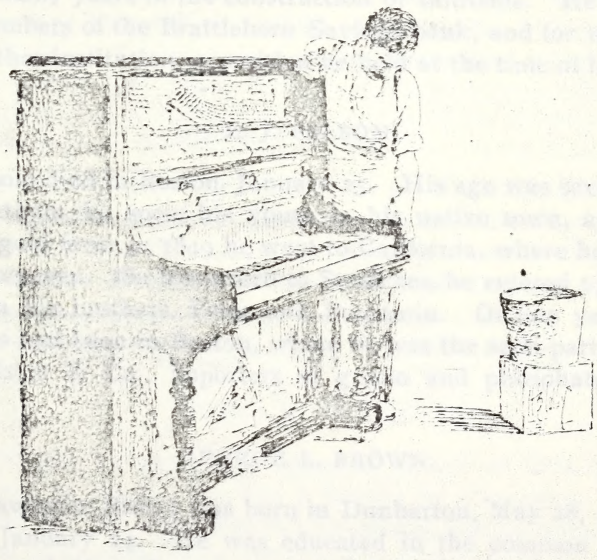




Tuning and Regulating.

service with the Prescotts, in some instances twenty-eight and thirty years—a record quite as remarkable for efficient and faithful performance of duty, as it is for length of years.

The work in the various departments is subdivided and specialized, so that perfection of result is nearer realization than in some more pretentious factories, and it is a safe presumption that every one of the fifteen pianos turned out each week from this factory has received the utmost of painstaking care and attention to small details that it is possible for conscientious and skilled workmen to give it.





NECROLOGY.

HON. BROUGHTON DAVIS HARRIS.

Hon. Broughton Davis Harris died suddenly January 19, at Brattleboro, Vt. He was born in Chesterfield, August 16, 1822, and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1845 with high honors. He studied law, and becoming interested in newspaper work, edited, for a year, the Vermont *Phœnix*. He founded the *Eagle* in 1847. In the fall of 1850 he was appointed by President Filmore as first secretary of the new territory of Utah. The first governor of Utah was Brigham Young, and the ideas of the two men were so antagonistic that finally there was an open rupture between them. So defiantly did Governor Young disregard the provisions of the enabling act of congress that Mr. Harris finally refused to disburse the money committed to his care for the benefit of the territory, by the United States government, and amid threats of assassination returned to Washington and restored the money to the United States treasury. The administration endorsed his action and afterward offered him the office of secretary and acting governor of the territory of New Mexico, which he declined. Mr. Harris was register of probate for the Marlboro district in 1847, and a member of the state senate in 1860 and 1861. As a member of the firm of Harris Bros. & Co., he was engaged for many years in the construction of railroads. He was one of the corporate members of the Brattleboro Savings bank, and for many years was president of that institution, a position he held at the time of his death.

E. J. FOLSOM.

E. J. Folsom died in Boston, January 25. His age was seventy-one years. Born in Stratham, he spent his youth in his native town, and at the outbreak of the gold fever in 1849 he went to California, where he spent the following fifteen years. On his return to Stratham, he entered upon a shipping business with his brothers, Peter and Benjamin. Of late years the seat of his operations had been in Boston, where he was the semi-partner in the firm of B. F. Folsom & Co., importers of guano and phosphates from South America.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

George Lawrence Brown was born in Dunbarton, May 28, 1852, and died in Concord, January 24. He was educated in the common schools of his native town, and New London, and at Colby academy. At the age of

eighteen Mr. Brown entered the employ of C. H. Martin & Co., wholesale druggists in Concord, and became thoroughly familiar with every branch of the business. In 1878 he was admitted to the firm, the name, however, continuing the same as before, and this relation he maintained down to the time of his death. Mr. Brown was an ardent Democrat, and in 1881 served with prominence as a member of the legislature from the town of Sutton. He was a member of the First Baptist church and of numerous societies.

REV. NARCESSE COURNOYER.

The Rev. Narcesse Cournoyer was born in Isle Madam, P. Q., December 1, 1854, and died at Berlin, January 22. He lived with his parents and attended school until thirteen years of age, and then entered the college at Sorelle. He was ordained at the Christmas ordination in 1879. His theological studies were made with the Sulpicians in Montreal. After leaving Montreal he went to Portland, Me., under Bishop Healey. He was appointed pastor in North Walpole in 1881. He had charge of that pastorate until his appointment as pastor of St. Anne's church in Berlin in 1885, being the first resident Catholic pastor in that city, which became during his ministrations one of the largest in the state.

WILLIAM LEVISTON.

William Leviston, a prominent business man of Enfield, died suddenly January 21. He was born in Sherbrooke, P. Q., March 15, 1830, and there his boyhood days were spent. In 1848, he went to Bradford, Vt., with his brother, Robert Leviston, where they engaged in the business of tanning hides. Since then they had constantly been associated. In 1869 they purchased the tannery industry in Enfield of Hiram W. French, which they continued until about ten years ago, since which time the plant had been closed.

CHARLES NUTTING.

Charles Nutting, a pioneer in the Concord granite trade, died in that city, January 15. He was born in Charleston, Vt., November 3, 1824, and removed to Concord over fifty years ago, forming a partnership in the stone business with the late Benjamin T. Putney of West Concord. He furnished stone for a large number of the early buildings of Concord, and was greatly interested in the development of the city.

RUFUS E. VIRGIN.

Rufus E. Virgin, an aged and respected citizen of East Concord, died January 26, aged 81 years. He was a farmer by occupation, throughout a long and useful life. He was a staunch Democrat, and his party honored him by electing him representative in 1881, and member of the common council in 1883–'84.

DAVID B. RAMSEY.

David Butler Ramsey, who died January 10, in Milwaukee, Wis., was born September 13, 1829, at Greenfield, and educated in the common schools of his state. He was a teacher of district schools in Kentucky and Ohio; deputy bank comptroller of Wisconsin from 1862–'67; manager of the abstract office of Chase Brothers, Chicago, from 1867–'71, and chief examiner of titles for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company from 1871–'99.

BENJAMIN H. PIPER.

Benjamin H. Piper, who died in Manchester, January 22, aged 89 years, 3 months, and 25 days, was born in Wolfeborough and went to Manchester in 1847. Early in the '60s he entered upon the manufacture of ax handles and spokes and continued at the head of the business until his death. He was the oldest official member of St. Paul's M. E. church.

REV. C. F. TRUSSELL.

Rev. Charles Francis Trussell died at Wilmot, January 17, as the result of being hooked by a cow. He was born in New London, November 18, 1831, and was licensed as an M. E. preacher in 1859, being ordained in 1871. He was for many years pastor of the church at Wilmot.

HIRAM F. GERRISH.

Hiram F. Gerrish died January 24, at the hospital of the state prison where he was serving a two years' sentence for embezzlement of state funds while acting as deputy state treasurer, having been sentenced in October, 1898. He was born in Boscawen, September 27, 1839, and received his education in the public schools of Concord. He followed clerical employment from early manhood, having been connected with several large business houses in Concord as book-keeper, cashier, etc., until his appointment as deputy state treasurer in June, 1891. He was in the military service of the Union five years, enlisting May 11, 1861, and rising to the rank of major.

REPRESENTATIVE HOLT.

Thomas R. Holt, member of the legislature from Pembroke, dropped dead in the railroad station at Epsom, January 11. He was a native of Pembroke, 71 years of age, and had filled the offices of selectman and supervisor besides that of representative.

WILLIAM M. HUNNEWELL.

William M. Hunnewell, who died in Exeter, January 17, was born in that town October 28, 1822. He attended the public schools, and on graduating from the high school learned the blacksmith's trade. He established a

factory for the manufacture of wheel spokes, ax handles, and the like, and during the gold fever of 1849 did a thriving business, shipping his goods to California. In politics, he was a Democrat, and in 1875 he was elected register of deeds. He also held several other influential positions, and was at one time the Democratic leader in Rockingham county. In 1885 he was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland and served one term.

DR. E. F. HALE.

Dr. Edward F. Hale, one of the best known homeopathic physicians in the country, and author of a number of medical works, died at Chicago, January 15, after a short illness. He was born in Newport in 1829.

JOHN A. MOORE.

John A. Moore, deputy internal revenue collector, died in a hotel at Berlin, January 9. He was born in Lyman 52 years ago, and was engaged in the management of the Willey House, Crawford Notch, for some years. Later he was in the livery and carriage and sleigh business at Whitefield for a long time. He represented Whitefield in the legislature of 1895.

CAPT. G. A. WALKER.

Capt. George A. Walker of police division 12, South Boston, died January 20. He was born at Strafford, December 24, 1842, and was educated in the schools of West Roxbury, Mass. During the war he was connected with the quartermaster-general's department at Washington, under General Brown, acting as inspector of forage. After the war he went to Chicago, engaging in the hotel business there, and afterward at Minneapolis. He returned to Boston, and January 5, 1871, was appointed a member of the police force, being assigned to division 13 as patrolman. His career in the police department was a meritorious one, and rewards in the shape of promotions came to him.

BENJAMIN J. COLE.

Benjamin J. Cole, who died in Lakeport, January 14, was born in Franconia, Sept. 28, 1814. When seven years of age his parents moved to Salisbury, where he attended the public schools and the Noyes academy, later attending the academy at Sanbornton.

In 1827 he went with his father to Batchelder's Mills, now Lakeport, and had ever since made his home there. It was at Lakeport that his father established a small iron foundry, and from that came the widely-known Cole Manufacturing company. In 1836 Mr. Cole commenced his business career with his elder brothers, Isaac and John A., under the name of Cole & Co., and finally, in 1856, he became the sole owner, continuing as such until 1873, when the present stock company was formed, being incorporated with

a capital of $60,000. This business continued to increase as years went on, and has been one of the main stays of Lakeport. Mr. Cole was its treasurer for sixty-two years. He was one of the incorporators of the Winnipiseogee Steamboat Company, and the Lady of the Lake was built under his direction in 1849. He was an incorporator, also, of the Lake Village Savings bank, and for many years its president.

In politics he was a Democrat, until the breaking out of the Civil War. In 1862–'64 he was the Republican candidate for senator in the sixth New Hampshire district. He served as a member of the governor's council in 1866–'67 and was a delegate to the National Republican convention at Baltimore in 1864, which renominated President Lincoln. He was also a member of the constitutional convention in 1876, and represented Gilford in the legislature in 1849–'50.

ROBERT S. WEBSTER.

Hon. Robert Smith Webster died at his home in Barnstead, January 17, aged 78 years, 2 months. He was born in Gilmanton, the son of Hon. Samuel Webster, an old time merchant and lumberman. When four years old his father moved to North Barnstead, where young Webster attended the common schools and later fitted for college at Gilmanton academy. His maternal grandfather, Robert Smith, Esq., of Kingston, offered to send him to Dartmouth college and have him study law; but after his graduation at Gilmanton academy he entered his father's store and was associated with him in business until his father's death in 1855, when he became sole manager of their extensive business. Afterward he removed his family to Concord, while he engaged in business at Ellenburg, N. Y., where he owned large tracts of timber lands, with a store, starch, and lumber mills. Later he moved to Massachusetts. Some ten years ago Mr. Webster returned to Barnstead to spend the evening of his life among his old friends and neighbors.

He was a Congregationalist in religious belief and a Democrat in politics. He was representative from Barnstead in 1849–'50, senator in 1856–'57, and member of the constitutional convention in 1850. He was a delegate to the Democratic national convention at Charleston, N. C., in 1860.

DR. F. J. AIKEN.

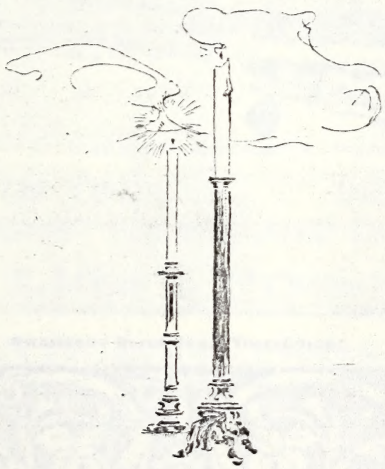
Dr. Frank J. Aiken died January 23, in Belmont, after a long illness of consumption. Dr. Aiken was a native of Barnstead. From Barnstead he removed to Pittsfield, where he practised for several years. About ten years ago he removed to Fitchburg, Mass., remaining two years, and from there he went to Cambridge, Mass., where he conducted a drug store for a short time. He then removed to Everett and resumed practice, which he continued until last August, when failing health obliged him to retire.

SOLOMON H. BROCK.

Solomon H. Brock died January 15, at Cambridge, Mass. He was in his 83d year, having been born in Barrington, Feb. 14, 1816. Mr. Brock was prominent in public affairs during his residence in New Hampshire. He was a selectman in Gorham, and was also a member of the legislature from that place. He was also interested in the militia, where he gained the rank of major. During the civil war he was recruiting officer in Portsmouth. He was a builder, but retired from business many years ago. He had lived in Cambridge for twenty-five years. He was married fifty-eight years ago.

DR. L. W. PEABODY.

Dr. Leonard W. Peabody was born in Newport, Sept. 13, 1817, and was educated at Kimball Union academy and the Concord Literary Institute. He studied medicine with Drs. Haynes of Concord and Swett of Newport and attended lectures at Castleton and Woodstock, Vt., graduating in June, 1844. Dartmouth gave him an honorary degree in 1867. He commenced practice in Henniker but removed to Epsom, where he remained until 1871, when he returned to Henniker. He died in the latter town January 13. He was postmaster at Epsom from 1861 to 1871, and represented Henniker in the legislature in 1885.

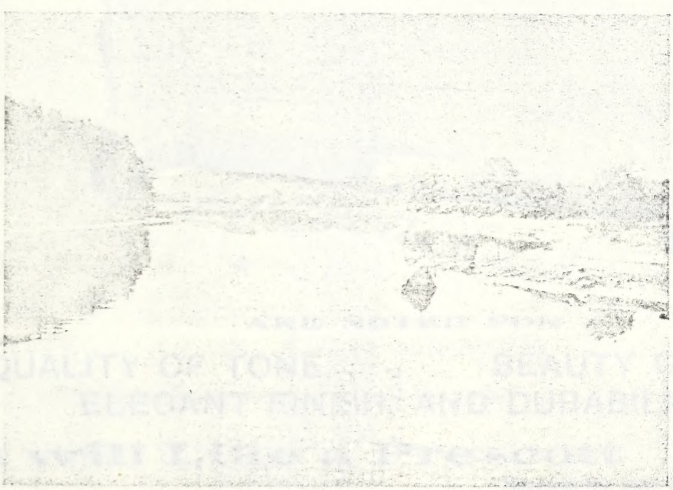




olume XXVI MARCH Number 3

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



SWAMSCOT RIVER FROM TOLL-BRIDGE.

CONCORD · N.H.

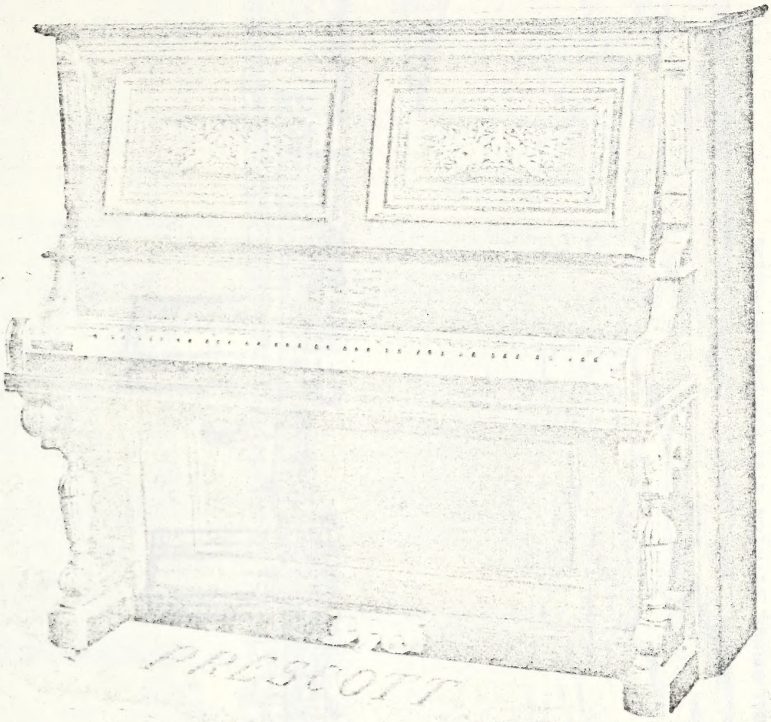
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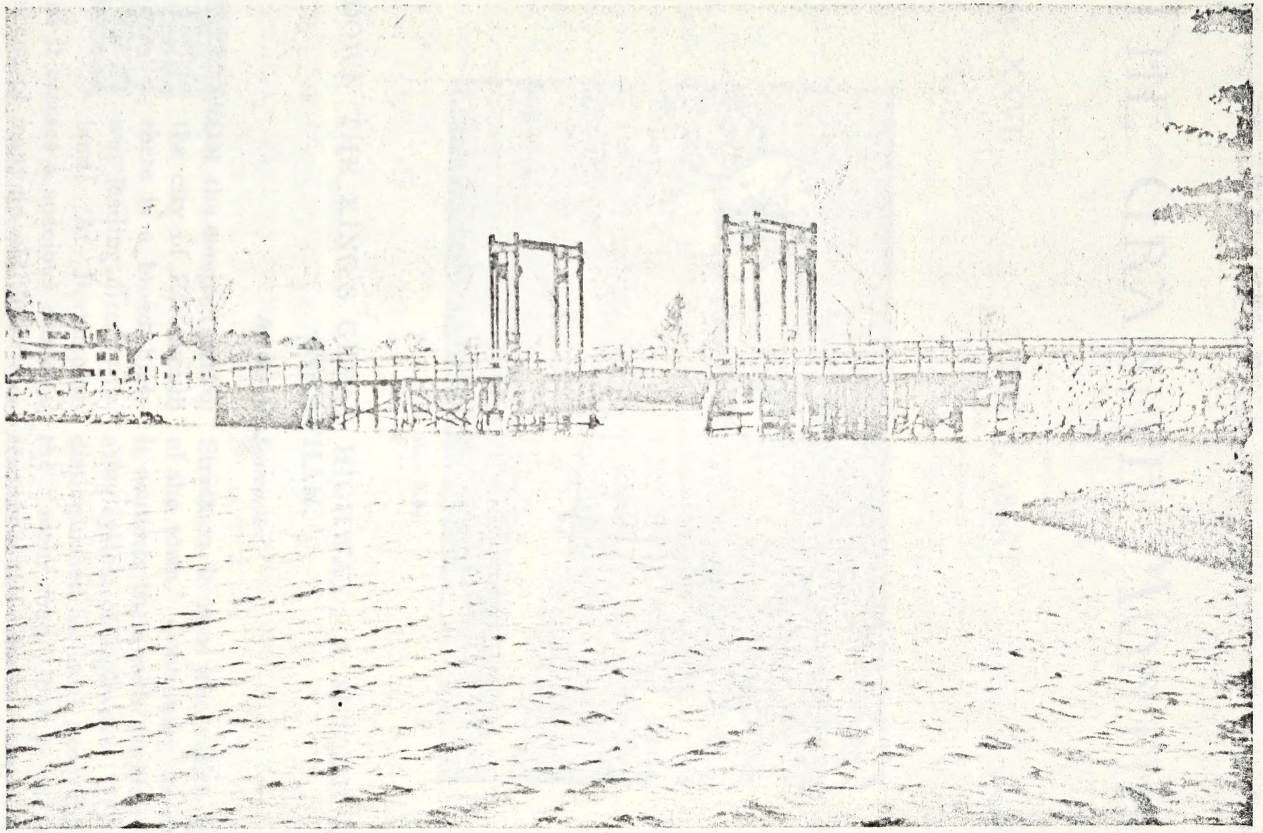
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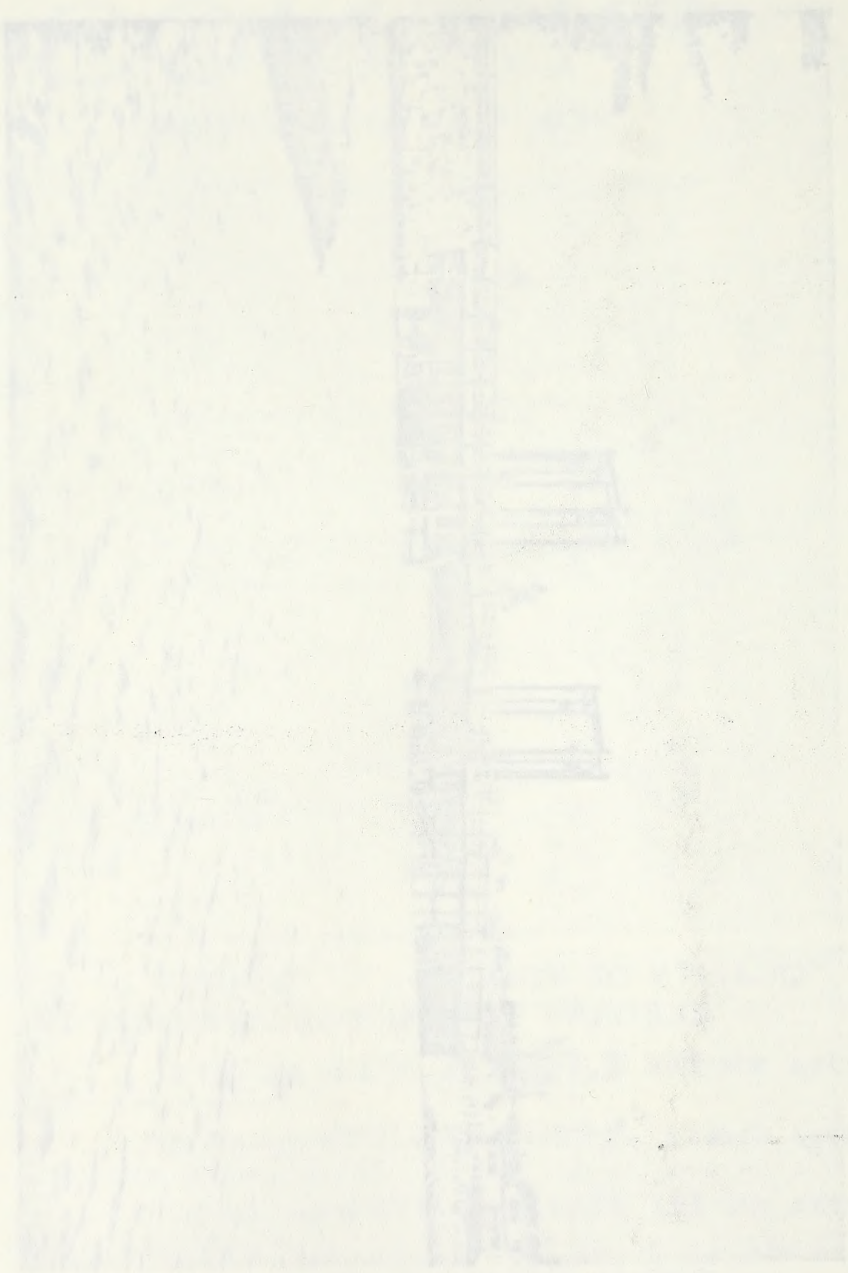
181 North Main Street,

PRESCOTT PIANO COMPANY,

PIANOS TO RENT. CONCORD, N. H.



TOLL-BRIDGE, BETWEEN STRATHAM AND NEWFIELDS.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVI. MARCH, 1899. No. 3.



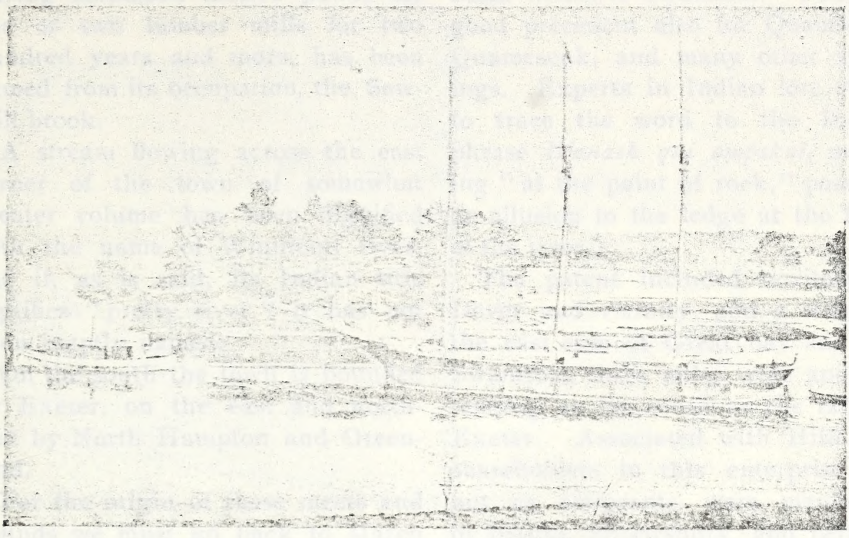
View on the Main Road.

DOWN THE KING'S GREAT HIGHWAY; A SKETCH OF STRATHAM.

By R. M. Scammon.

FROM the compact part of the city of Portsmouth there is a broad highway leading directly inland. At Portsmouth plains it crosses a spacious common, the scene of many an old time training, and shadowed with the memory of the Indian massacre of 1696. It passes through Greenland with its attractive village, and entering Stratham it runs the entire length of the town. Continuing to Exeter it connects there with a widely radiating system of highways. It is still distinguished in local geography as the "main road," but in the early records of the colonial government it appears under the far more resounding title of "the king's great highway." That part of the road in Stratham was laid out in its present





Swamscot River.

form by order of the provincial government in 1681. The lower part was of earlier date.

Stratham, the community on the "king's highway" with which this article has especially to do, borders at its northmost point on Great bay and looks across its waters to the sister towns of Newmarket, Durham, Greenland, and Newington. On the west it follows the windings of the Swamscot from its entrance to the bay up to the mouth of Wheelwright's creek where it meets the Exeter line. The bay is connected by the Piscataqua with the Atlantic and both river and bay are in effect little more than arms of the sea, flowing in and out with the rise and fall of its tides.

Scattered beside the river, and as level as its surface, are numerous tracts of the meadow peculiar to tidewaters and known as salt marshes. These tracts are of all sizes from an insignificant patch to thirty acres or more in extent. The river bank is nowhere abrupt, grassy or wooded slopes extending to the water's edge. The river itself is navigable for vessels of a few hundred tons, and is the thoroughfare of an active trade in coal and some other bulky freights.

It was much improved in 1881 through the kindness of Uncle Sam, who deepened the channel, removed obstructions, and cut through the neck of land at a particularly bad bend, known as the roundabout, where the river left to its own devices traveled nearly a mile to accomplish a gain of a hundred yards. From the river the surface of the town gradually rises toward the east and from some of the more ambitious elevations one can look away to the ocean, and oftentimes hear the roar of the breakers at Hampton and Rye. Several brooks have their sources in this higher ground and wind westward through field and pasture to the river. The largest passes through the center of the town, and



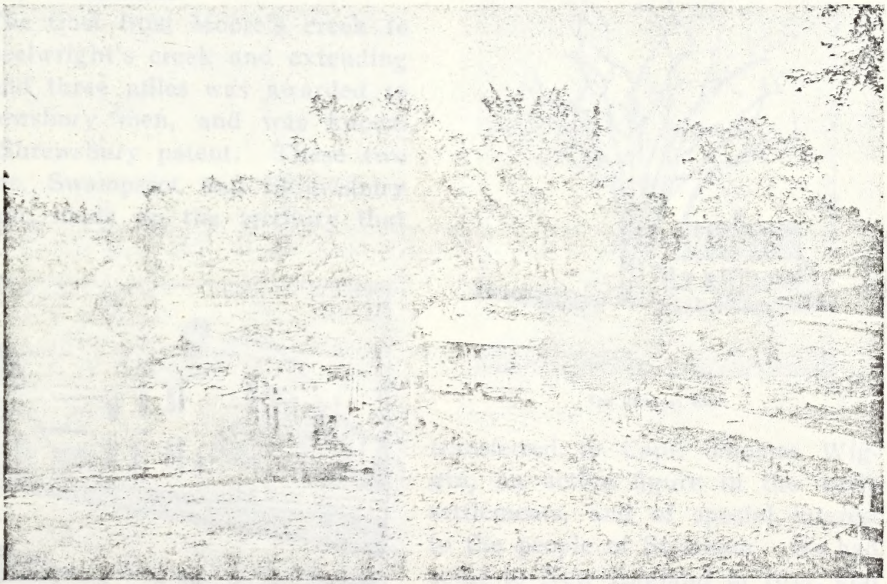
having furnished motive power for one or two lumber mills for two hundred years and more, has been named from its occupation, the Sawmill brook.

A stream flowing across the east corner of the town of somewhat greater volume has been dignified with the name of Winnicutt river, and if, as is said, its Indian title signifies "pretty river," it has not been inaptly named.

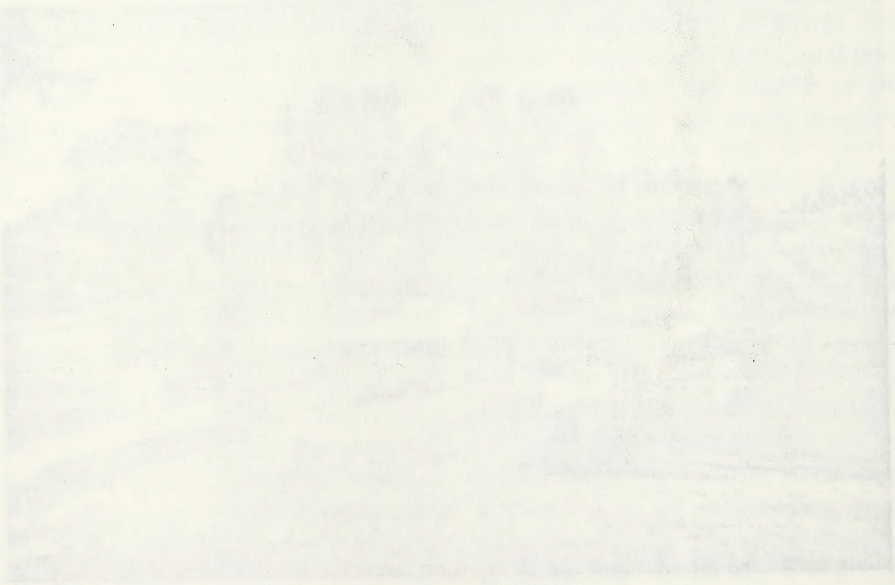
On the south the town is bounded by Exeter, on the east and northeast by North Hampton and Greenland.

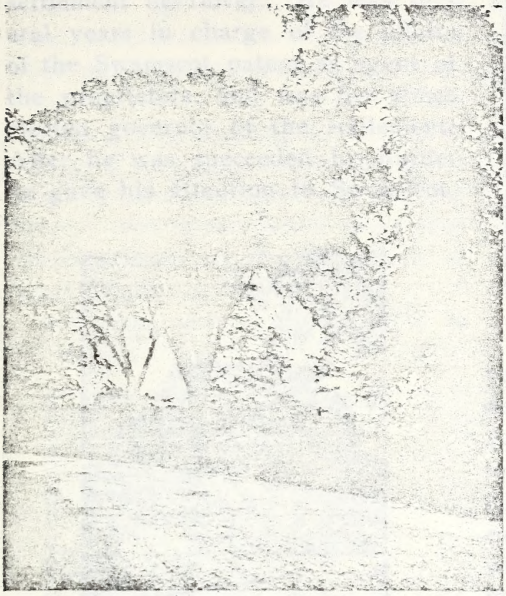
For the origin of these meets and bounds we must go back to March 12, 1630, when Edward Hilton and his associates received from the Plymouth council a grant known subsequently as the Swamscot Patent. (This word Swamscot is variously spelled,—a hotel at Exeter has it Squamscott, a map maker has it Squamscot, a corporation at Newfields writes it Swamscot. There is good precedent also for Quamscott, Quamescuk, and many other spellings. Experts in Indian lore claim to trace the word to the Indian phrase *Wanash qui ompskut*, meaning "at the point of rock," possibly an allusion to the ledge at the head of the river.)

The patent included territory in Dover and vicinity, and a strip on the east side of Great bay and the Swamscot, three miles wide and extending as far south as the falls at Exeter. Associated with Hilton as shareholders in this enterprise but not as emigrants, were merchants of Bristol, Shrewsbury, and perhaps some other places. Subsequently a division of the grant was made among different groups of the shareholders. As a part of Bristol men's share there was set off a portion of the three mile strip referred to, beginning at Sandy point on Great bay and extending up the river three

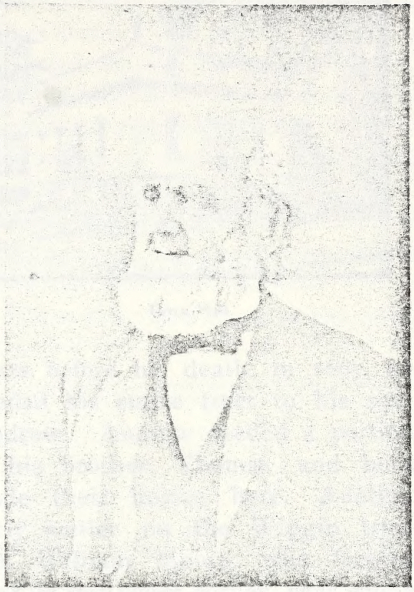


Mill on the Winnicutt River





View on Main Road.



Capt. Samuel S. Chase.

miles to the mouth of Moore's creek, and inland the full width of the strip. This tract, three miles square, was a part of the Swamscot patent, but was commonly called, par excellence, "Swamscot."

The tract from Moore's creek to Wheelwright's creek and extending inland three miles was awarded to Shrewsbury men, and was known as Shrewsbury patent. These two tracts, Swampscot and Shrewsbury patent, made up the territory that in 1716 was chartered as Stratham.

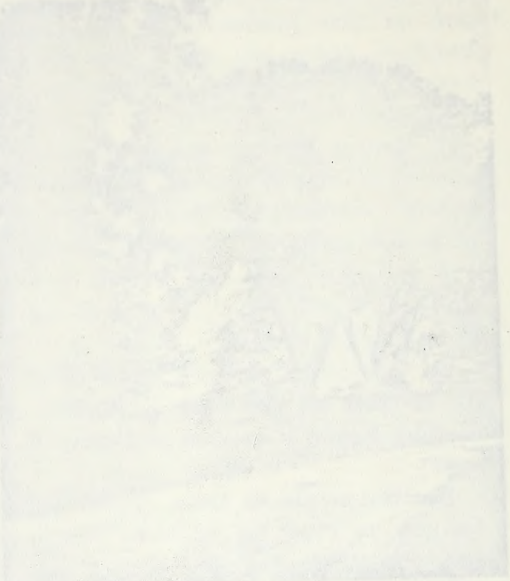
By Bristol men Swamscot was transferred to Capt. Thomas Wiggin, an active figure in the early settlements, and of special interest to the people of Stratham. He had come to New England in 1631, and had done much to build up the



Residence of John Emery, formerly Chase's Tavern.

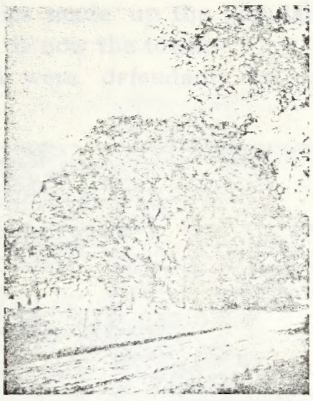


The Jenness Elm.



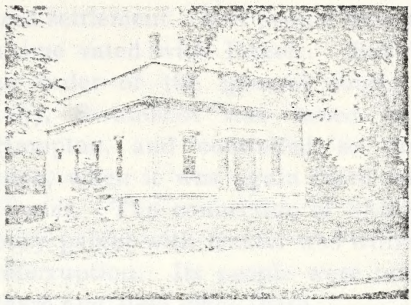


settlement at Dover. He was several years in charge of the affairs of the Swamscot patent as agent of the proprietors, and was five times elected governor of the settlement. After he was succeeded by Burdet he gave his attention to Swamscot,



The Foss Elm.

and had built a house there in 1639. His is the distinction of being the first settler of the town. A few



Town Hall.

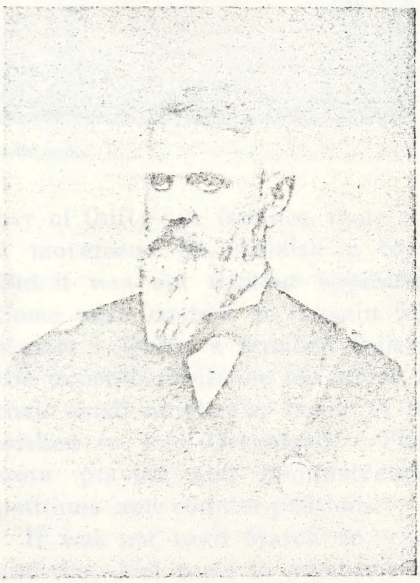
years before his death, in 1667, he deeded his entire tract to his son, Andrew. Andrew deeded a portion to his brother, Thomas, and both made their homes here. Another early settler on the Wiggin tract was William Moore, who located near its southwest corner, near where the late Elwyn Jewell lived.

Shrewsbury patent was held by six shareholders, Richard [illegible]rcivall and five others, a part or all of whom were of Shrewsbury, England.

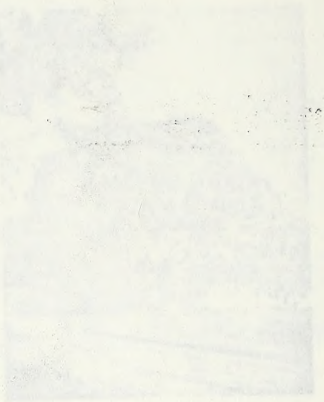
Richard Scammon became part

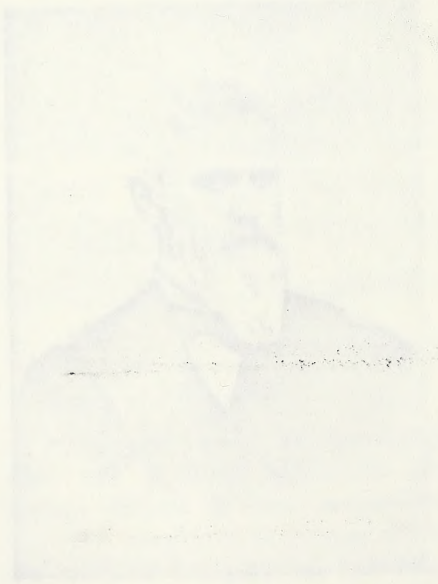


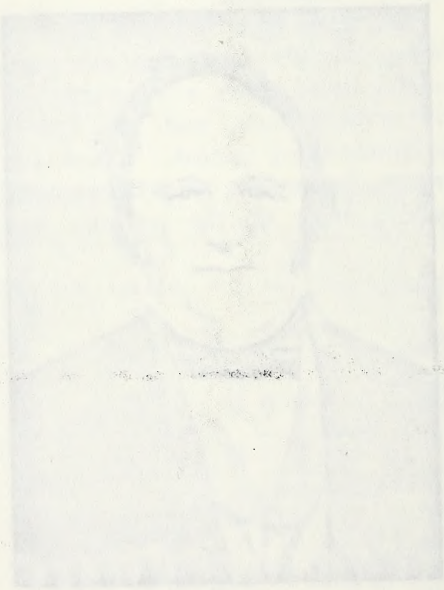
Judge John Scammon.



John W. Chase.







owner of the patent by virtue of a deed of Percivall's share given in 1642 and acquired the entire ownership in 1666. He settled on the tract in 1665, locating on the north side of Thompson's brook about half way between the main road and the river. For some years these four families made up the population of what is now the town.

All were defendants in 1684 in the suits brought by Robert Mason to recover possession of the province, and, in common with other landholders, suffered more or less from consequent impairment of their titles.

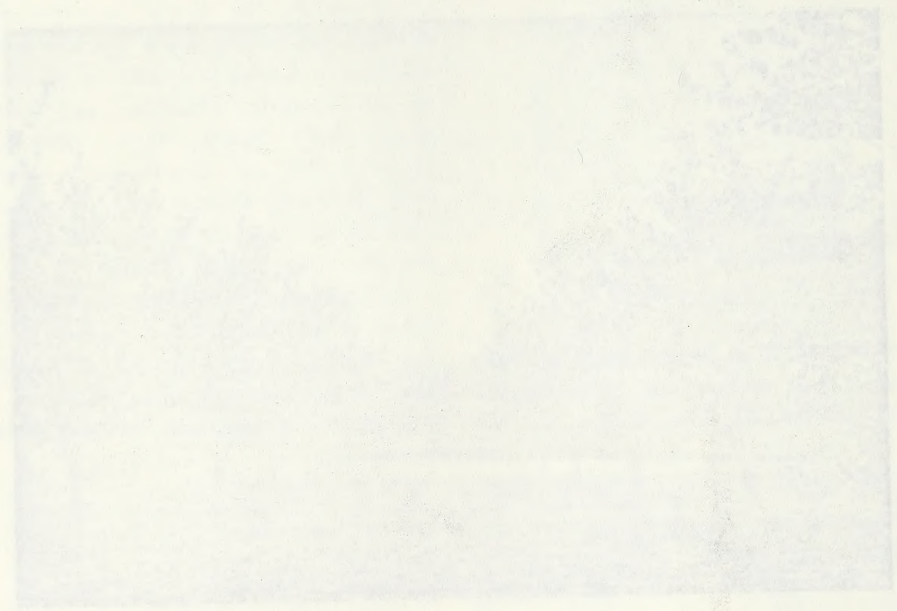
Toward the close of the century settlers came in quite rapidly, and though they had no town government of their own they were indisposed to hurry about setting one up. It was a custom of the time to reckon the inhabitants of unorganized territory with the most convenient organized settlement. Our people were for a time rated with Exeter. But by an order of the general court, in 1657, Swamscot was taxed with Hampton, and continued so until 1692, when it was again rated with Exeter. The connection of Shrewsbury patent with Exeter was without interruption. Its people were taxed there and held office there.

When they had reached the number of thirty-five families, there was a movement to establish a town. But it was not without opposition. Some were content to remain with Exeter. Quite a number believed the expense would be too great for their small number to bear. A few wished to join Greenland. There were prayers and remonstrances, petitions and counter-petitions.



Among the Apple-Blossoms.

It was not until March 20, 1716, and they had come to number sixty or more families, that it was "ordered



and appointed that Swamscot patent land be a township by the name of Stratham, and that there be a meeting house built for the public worship of God, with all convenient speed . . . and that a learned and orthodox minister be obtained to preach in the same by the 14th of March next."

There is a tradition, and possibly it is true, that the name is a modified form of the English *Streatham*, but as adopted it is peculiar to the town and has never been applied elsewhere. Moreover, its probable derivation from the Gælic *Strath*, signifying a vale, is most appropriate to its location in the valley of the Swamscot. It is uniformly pronounced *Strattum*.

From the time of the charter a period of development began. New roads were laid out, bridges constructed, and all the unoccupied land was taken up. Gradually, in response to local demand, numerous little manufacturing enterprises sprang up. There were several tanneries, notably among them, that of Samuel Lane, who came here from Hampton in 1741 and was for many years one of the foremost men of the town. This was the Deacon Samuel Lane whose faithfully kept journal, covering a period of over sixty years, is not only the source of much historical information, but possesses all the interest of a novel. There were cooper shops and tailor shops. William Pottle, Jr., had a brewery here at the time of the revolution, and Deacon Boardman testified publicly that he made good ale, though he urged every patriot



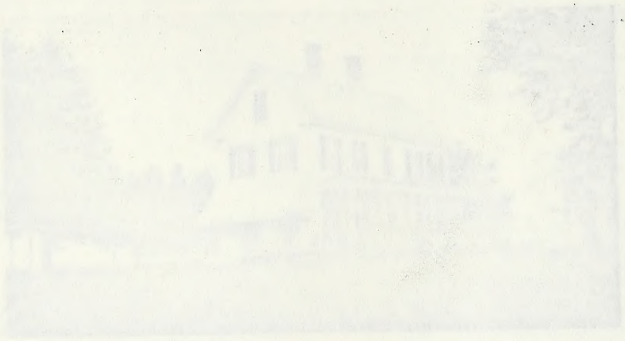
Residence of C. W. Whitcomb.



Residence of John L. Jewell.



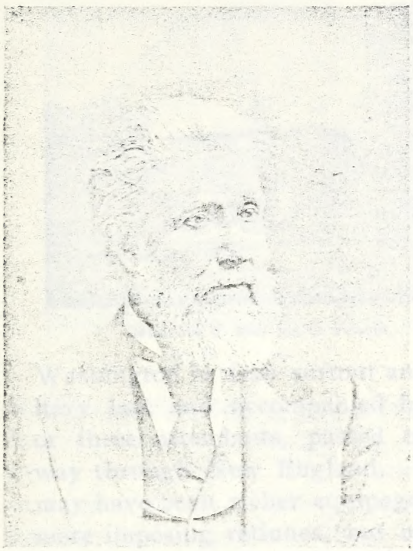
Residence of O. B. French.





to refuse to drink it because the brewer was a tory.

There were mills of various kinds. The Clarks, Deacon Moses and his son, Levi, had prosperous cloth mills on Winnicutt river until about 1828.



E. J. Folsom.

The Jewells had a lumber and grist-mill on the same stream, and there was a second grist-mill owned by Thomas Piper.

On Sawmill brook there was a sawmill and grist-mill. Major Barker had a cloth mill, and lower down there was a tide mill. There was also a sawmill on Thompson's brook. These are a few of the little enterprises that existed here and were characteristic of the country towns in the days preceding the railroad and the large manufacturing plant.

From the first the "king's great highway" became a thoroughfare of much importance. It was the main artery of communication between the seaport and the interior. By its breadth and easy grade it was adapted to heavy traffic, and before the days of steam it was a busy road with travel of this kind. At certain seasons there was almost a continuous stream of produce-laden teams coming from the inland towns, some of them from a distance of a hundred miles.

There were loads of grain, butter, cheese, flax products, cider, peltries, and sometimes of all combined. In times when ship-building flourished many a noble mast with eight or ten oxen attached passed on its way to the shipyards.

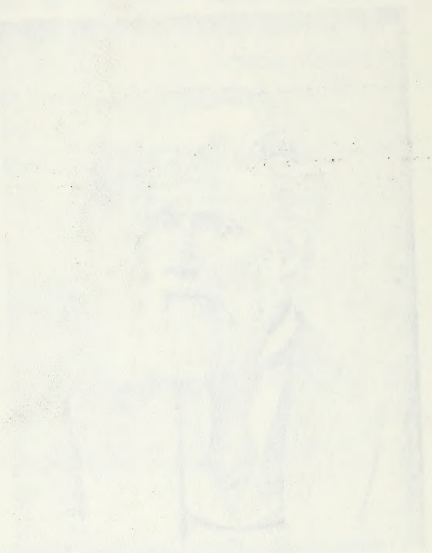
Returning teams carried inland stocks of West India goods and store supplies of many descriptions.

The old highway was frequented by the royal colonial governors from the time of the impecunious and unscrupulous Cranfield to the days when the stately equipages of the Wentworths graced its course. It was familiar to the young Webster as he went from his home in Portsmouth to the courts at Exeter.

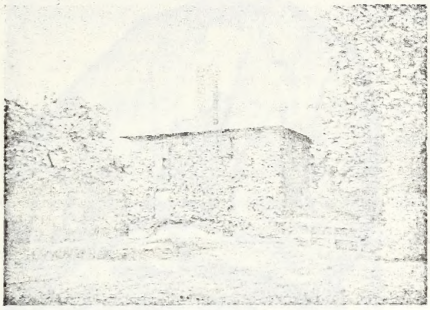


Residence of E. J. Folsom.

There were also scenes of a more stirring nature, as when the gathering troops marched down in 1745 on their victorious way to Louisburg; when the minute-men gathered for the defense of Portsmouth



in 1775, and again when the militia responded to the alarm of 1814. But perhaps a more significant incident from a historical standpoint than any of these, took place on the morning of Nov. 4, 1789, when President

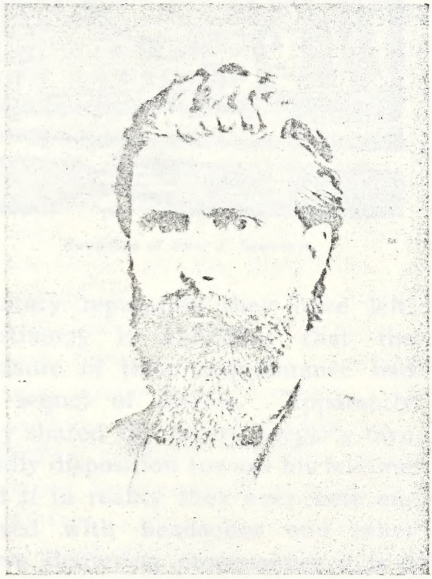


Residence of Miss Ida O. Folsom.

Washington in drab surtout and military hat, and accompanied by two or three attendants, passed on his way through New England. There may have been richer equipages and more imposing retinues, but none of greater import than this little company whose presence was a visible proclamation of the dominant fact of the time that the new order of affairs in the nation was an accomplished thing.

That was the golden age of the country tavern, and they did a flourishing business down the "king's highway." The taverns themselves were modest establishments enough, often little more than a large farm dwelling with one front room arranged for reception purposes. They were conducted without formality or pretense. The table was plain, substantial, and abundant. They were generally orderly, well-managed houses and popular with their patrons.

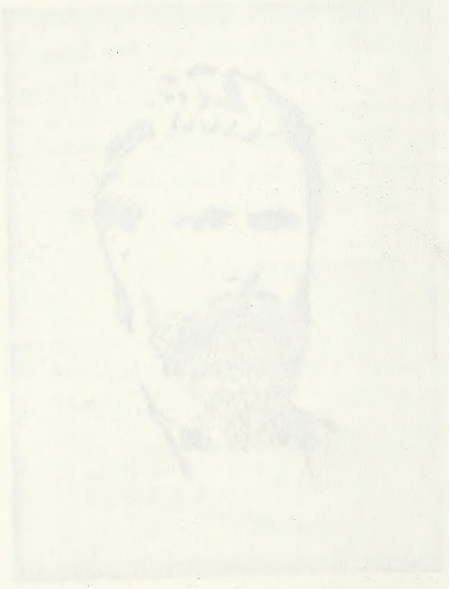
The tavern-keeper was a jolly product of the time and by no means the least interesting feature of his establishment. His manners were democratic. His rotund form proclaimed his good fare. His cheery welcome brought custom. It was money in his till if he had a fund of ready jokes and jolly stories to put his guest in a happy mood, and make his stay a pleasant one. And the jokes and stories were always forthcoming. The ideal tavern-keeper was less a polite landlord than a friend with a kindly interest for all. His relations with his guests were so intimate that his personality more than any thing else made the reputation of his house. News then circulated largely through travelers and he became a repository of information about markets, current



Benjamin Franklin Folsom.

events, etc. This made him a person of additional consideration in the community.

The patrons were usually as democratic as their host. Though strangers they fraternized like brothers.





Dr. G. H. Odell.

Each was expected to talk freely of himself, whence he came, his destination and business. To be reserved or to give evasive replies was to be an object of suspicion. They made themselves at home like guests of the family, and were not expected to murmur overmuch at sharing a bed with one or even two fellow-travelers if the house was crowded. This accommodating spirit enabled the taverns to entertain a number of guests seemingly out of all proportion to their size. If there was room on the floor no comer was refused admission if he wished to stay.

The tavern bar was equipped with gin, brandy, W. I. rum, and whiskey. Rum punch was concocted for those who wished. Flip was a popular drink. It was "made of home brewed beer, sugar, and a liberal dash of Jamaica rum, and was mixed with a great iron stirring stick which was heated in the fire until red hot, and then thrust in the liquid." Cider was abundant as its manufacture was then the main use of the apple crop, but it was regarded rather as a domestic beverage, and was little sold.

A curious thing about the old tavern liquors is the very complimentary reputation they have left. Testimony is abundant that the pleasure of their acquaintance had no sequel of sorrow. Apparently they shared the tavern-keeper's own kindly disposition toward his fellows, and if in reality they ever were endowed with headaches and other nerve shattering propensities, it is a fact long since forgiven and forgotten.

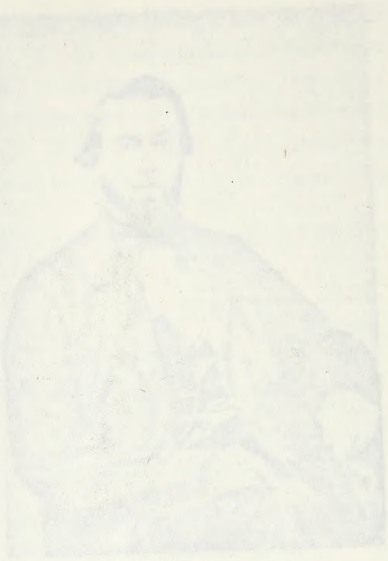


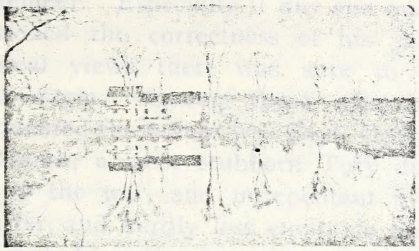
Residence of John J. Scammon.



Residence of E. J. Barrett.

One-armed Ben Leavitt probably set up the first tavern in town. This was some distance south of the Congregational church. On plea of his missing limb he secured permission from the government in 1719 to sell





Residence of F. W. Severance.

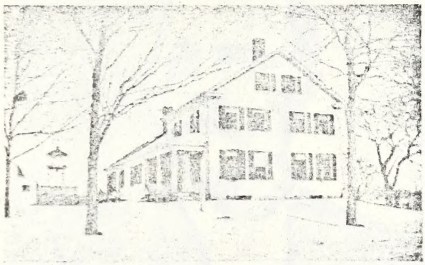
liquor without a license. He occupied himself variously as tavern-keeper, selectman, schoolmaster, etc.

But Chase's was by far the most noted of the old taverns. This was kept in the house now owned by John Emery, though the original house was considerably larger, an addition on the north end having been taken down many years ago. The successive proprietors, Thomas Chase, his widow, Love Chase, and their son, Maj. Dudley L. Chase, were all excellent entertainers, and built up a reputation for their house. It had almost an official character. Town meetings were occasionally held there. The selectmen made it their headquarters for the transaction of town business, and gravely entered in the town accounts the number of mugs of flip they drank, not having learned the scope of that gentle euphemism "expenses." At election time the house was a center of political activity, and did a rushing business. Would-be local statesmen became unwontedly generous, and on election day the successful candidate for legislative honors was expected to "stand treat" for everybody.



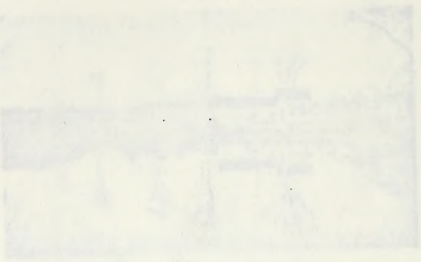
Highland Cottage.

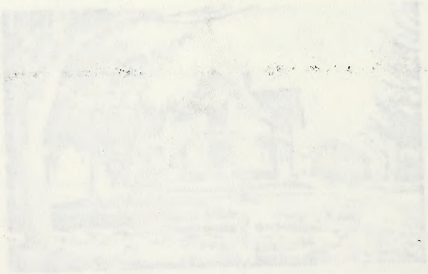
There was never a more genial landlord than Maj. Dudley Chase. He was fond of music and played the flute with skill. He had brought a fund of stories out of the variegated experiences into which his adventurous spirit had led him, and was a most entertaining companion. He had roughed it about the world as a sailor. He had ardently embraced the cause of the revolution. He entered the service as a company fifer, and had come out of the retreat from Ticonderoga in a somewhat dilapidated condition. His soldierly qualities had, however, attracted notice. He was commissioned in the continental service in October, 1776, and won thereafter repeated promotions. He resigned and left the army in 1780, bearing on his person the indelible badge of a soldier's honor.



Residence of W. H. Lang.

In after years he was the life of the company that gathered in the public room of his tavern. But with all his kindly qualities he never was widely celebrated for slowness of





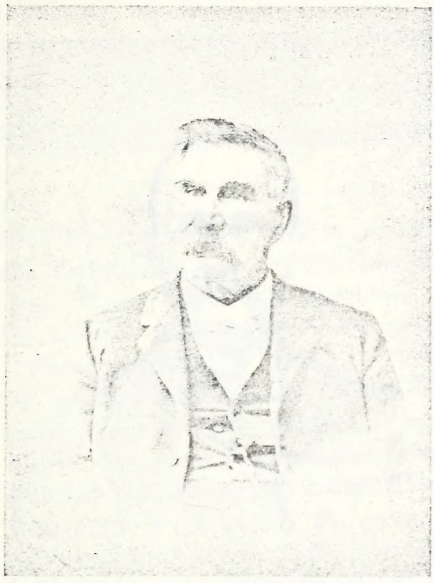
temper. Especially if any one questioned the correctness of his political views there was sure to be a storm. Among those who frequented the tavern was Capt. George March, a most stubborn Tory during the war, and unrepentant ever after, and hardly less excitable than Chase himself. Any chance allusion to politics was likely to bring on a wordy combat between the two old partisans. Both were so crippled as to leave their chairs with difficulty but as the dispute grew hot they brandished their canes at each other and the epithets—Rebel and Tory—were furiously hurled back and forth to the great amusement of the company that, knowing the rumpus would end in perfect good feeling, had quite likely started them at it in the first place.

Both March and Chase died in the early part of the present century, March in 1812, Chase in 1815.

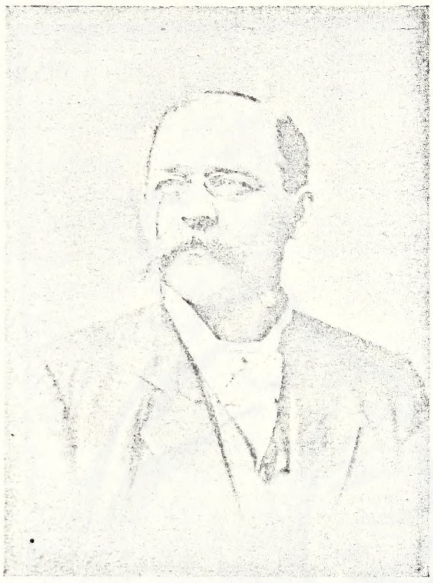
The late Capt. Samuel S. Chase of this town was a grandson of Major Dudley. He was for many years a resident of Boston, and was a noted tenor singer and musical conductor. For forty years or more he was connected with the Handel and Haydn society. He inherited all those rare qualities of heart that distinguished his family.

Another grandson, John W. Chase of this town, served in the First Massachusetts Artillery in the Civil War, and for meritorious service was successively promoted through various grades to a lieutenancy. After the war he served many years as captain on the Boston police force.

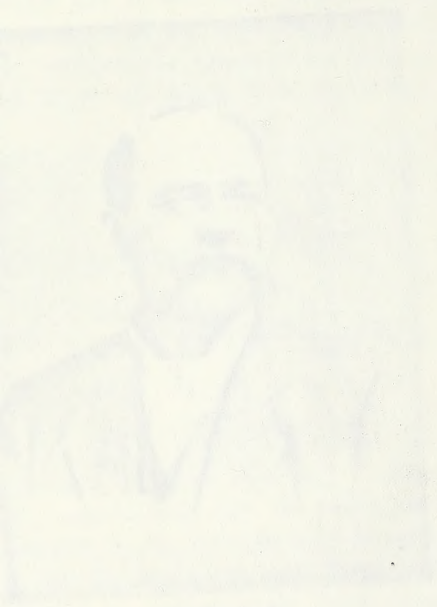
Jonathan Wiggin set up a tavern at the lower ferry in 1721. There was another at D. C. Jewell's place. Ezra Corson kept in the present post-office building, and later in the house next south of the Congregational church. There were at differ-

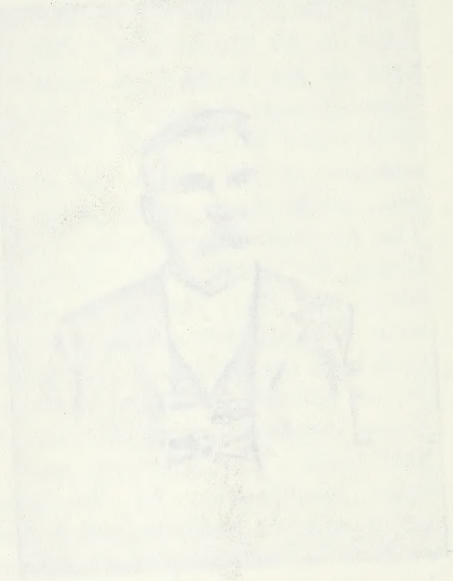


John H. Horne.



James Scammon.



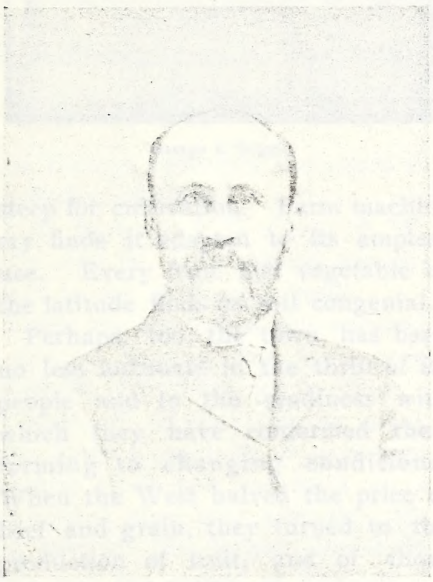


ent times quite a number of others, the last being Kenniston's that was kept in the tenement house now belonging to Mrs. Dorothy Veasey. Kenniston's was well liked, and the owner gathered a comfortable competence.

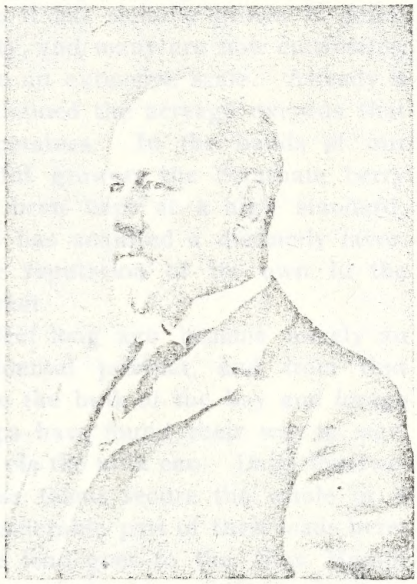
But the taverns and the little manufacturing enterprises were alike transitory. As long ago as the early fifties, two old ladies at the Kenniston place selling homemade currant wine, represented all that was left of the tavern business. Even that soon stopped. Public convenience no longer required the roadside tavern, adverse public sentiment suppressed the bar, and neither has since existed in the town. There are yet three of the old-time mills,—picturesque relics of other times and different conditions.

The coming of the railroads brought some change of function to the "king's highway"; the traffic of the inland towns no longer passes over it, but its popularity is scarcely diminished. Its broad and well-kept road-bed, the shade of its giant elms, the activity of the communities it links together, its surroundings that yearly grow more attractive, combine to make it a famous thoroughfare.

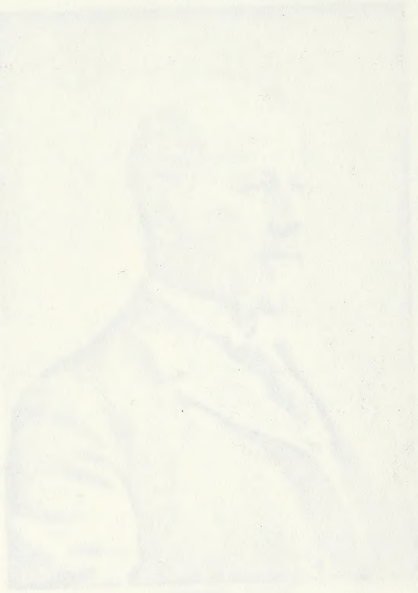
But above all things it is as a farming town that the history of Stratham is to be written. Its water-power is insignificant. It has no especial advantage of commercial location, but for agricultural purposes nature has dealt with it very generously. Robert Mason paid it the compliment of selecting it as the place where he should set up his personal estate in the event of establishing his claim to the province. Its land is of exceptional fertility. Situated in "rock-bound New England," it has no acre too stony for the plow. In "mountainous New Hampshire" it has no hillside too

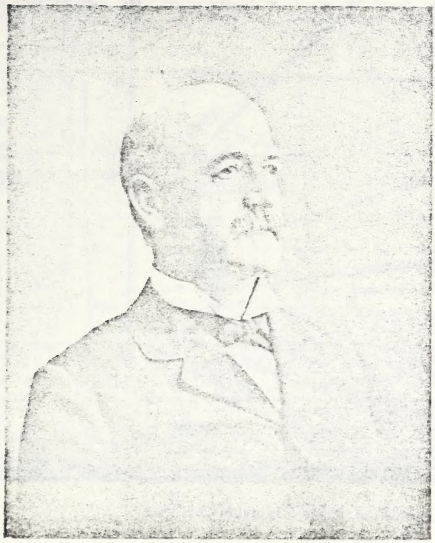


Payson Merrill.



Charles E. Merrill.





George A. Wiggin.

steep for cultivation. Farm machinery finds it adapted to its amplest use. Every fruit and vegetable of the latitude finds its soil congenial.

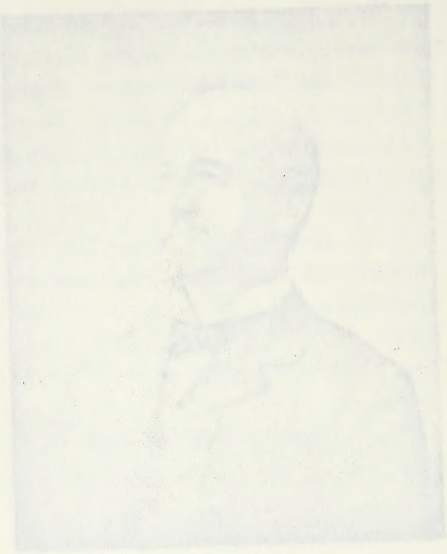
Perhaps, too, the town has been no less fortunate in the thrift of its people and to the readiness with which they have conformed their farming to changing conditions. When the West halved the price of beef and grain, they turned to the production of fruit, and of those bulky or perishable products that are ill adapted to distant transportation. Nowhere can an apple be raised more cheaply, or that is superior, either in flavor or shipping and keeping qualities, and a portion of every farm is devoted to its culture. As long ago as 1856, *Charlton's Gazetteer* credits this town with raising "fruit of all kinds in greater abundance than any other town in the state," a pre-eminence that, area considered, it may still claim with reasonable assurance. Its apple crop the present year found its market from London to Denver. Peaches, formerly abundant, were later abandoned on account of disease, but are again being grown with success.

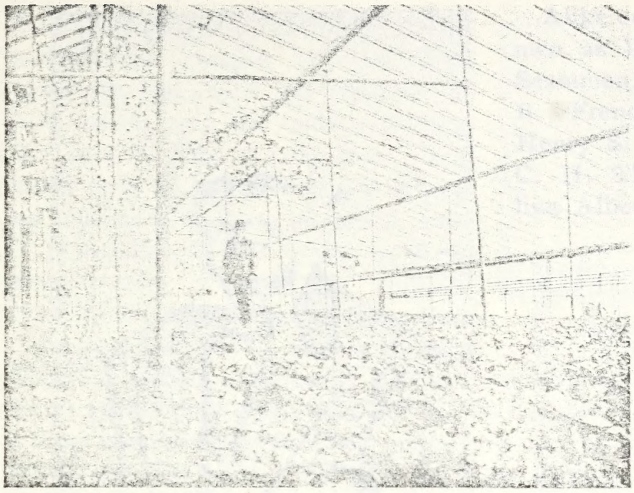
The culture of the strawberry for market was taken up here as a business about forty years ago. As a crop it has steadily grown in popularity, and many are now cultivating it on an extensive scale. Already it is claimed the acreage exceeds that of potatoes. In the hands of our skilful growers the Stratham berry has been kept at a high standard, and has acquired a distinctly favorable reputation of its own in the market.

Beef long ago became merely an incidental product, and from that time the bulk of the hay and forage crops have found their way to market via the milk can. Daily five two-horse teams secure the whole or a considerable part of their loads here. One load goes to the New Hamp-



Residence of George A. Wiggin.





Lettuce-House of George E. Gowen.

shire College creamery, the others to the Boston market.

J. G. Barnard, J. E. Chase, J. W. Berry, and W. G. Parkman are engaged in the retail milk trade.

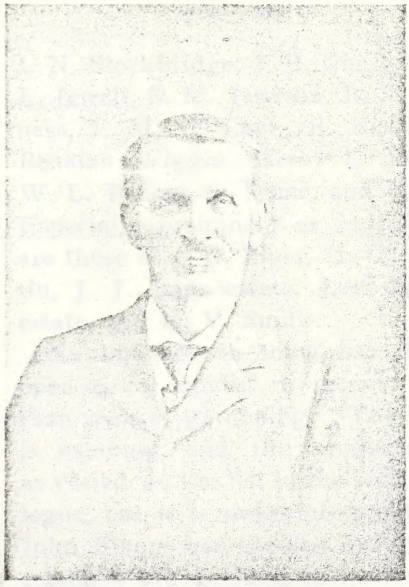
There are many that are engaged in general farming that have been influential in building up the town.

Charles N. Healey has for many years made a specialty of pure-bred Ayrshire stock and has built up a fine herd of pure bred animals. He has one of the largest farms in town, and has served as member of the constitutional convention and in various town offices. George A. Wiggin has been a very successful handler of grade stock, is also interested in insurance business, is director of the Portsmouth Savings bank, and has served as representative, etc.

On the estate of the late Charles W. Jones attention is given to pure bred Holsteins, and they have a large herd of pedigree stock which the late owner bred with much care.

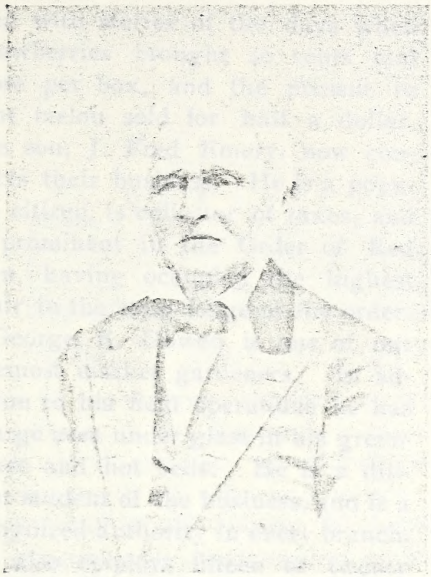
As an expert in developing fancy oxen, Isaac S. Wiggin has few equals. His oxen have gone mostly to the Brighton market, and dealers there have pronounced his Herefords the finest they ever handled. Mr. Wiggin has taken an active interest in town affairs, and has had much influence in shaping town policy. He has served many years as selectman and as a member of the legislature in 1881–'82.

The venerable Ezra Barker, now in his 96th year, did much in his earlier years to popularize apple and peach culture, introducing new and improved varieties of fruit. Financially he has been one of the most



George E. Wiggin





Ezra Barker.

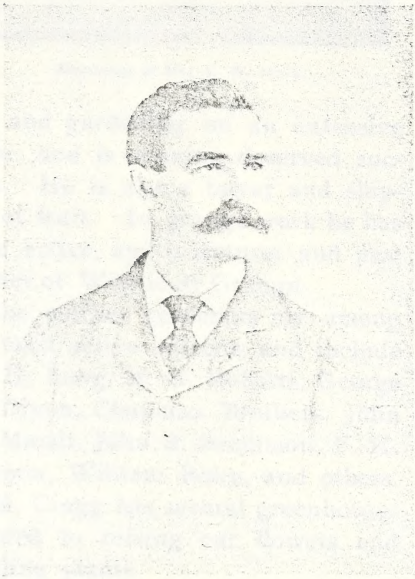
successful farmers in the town or state. He has never meddled with public affairs, always living in the unpretentious manner of his early years, and cultivating his farm with the same care even when his annual income from its invested profits far exceeded the entire value of his place.

John N. Thompson, representative-elect, director of the Union Savings bank of Exeter and of the Exeter Banking Co., is another excellent citizen who has won success by careful and sagacious management.



Residence of Mrs. Wm. Lesler.

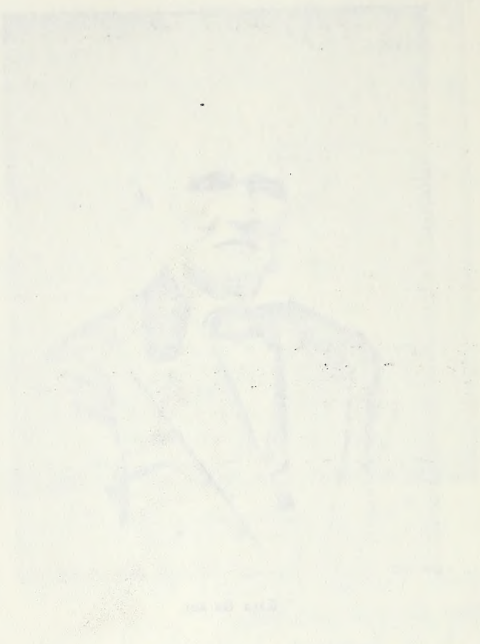
Alike entitled to mention are such men as Dewitt C. Jewell, John J. Scammon, George W. Chase, O. B. French, H. Gordon Martin, Henry S. Lane, E. J. Stockbridge, C. H. Thompson, James W. Rollins, Albert N. Rollins, A. E. Jewell,

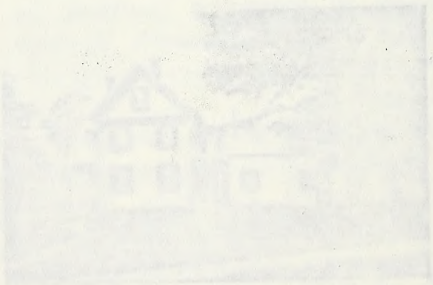


Willie L. Barker.

I. N. Stockbridge, J. P. Chase, Fred L. Jewell, S. M. Pearson, B. S. Jenness, E. M. C. Lane, E. B. Chase, Benaiah Wiggin, Henry L. Jewell, W. L. Barker, S. Dame, and others. Especially prominent as fruit farms are those of J. C. Piper, H. G. Martin, J. J. Lane estate, Levi Barker estate, and H. V. Smith.

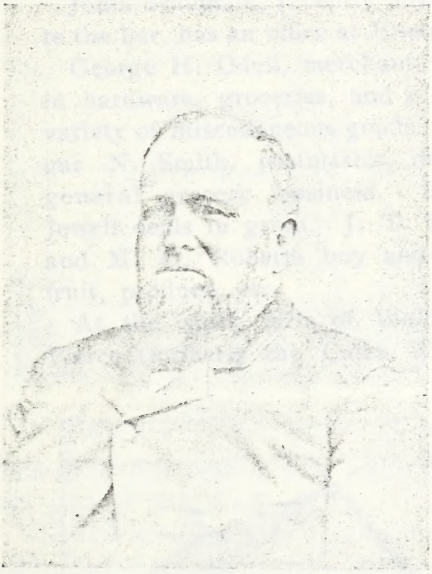
No business in town has developed more rapidly in recent years than market gardening. The work is exacting, and the products are as varied as the list in the seed catalogue, but it is uniformly profitable. John Emery was the first in town to establish the business in its modern form, and he tantalizes the younger





men with stories of the days when strawberries brought 40 cents and more per box, and the present 10 cent melon sold for half a dollar. His son, J. Fred Emery, now conducts their business. He is a popular citizen, is collector of taxes, and is prominent in the Order of Red Men, having occupied the highest chair in the state lodge of the order.

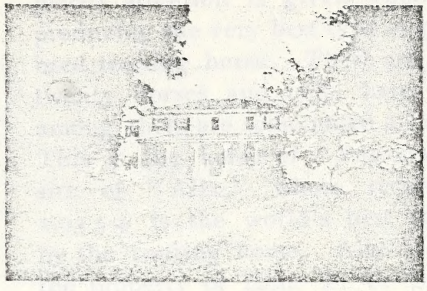
George E. Gowen is one of our foremost market gardeners. In addition to his field operations he has a large area under glass in his greenhouse and hot beds. He is a diligent student of the business, and is a recognized authority in every branch. He also employs fifteen or twenty



Charles W. Jones.

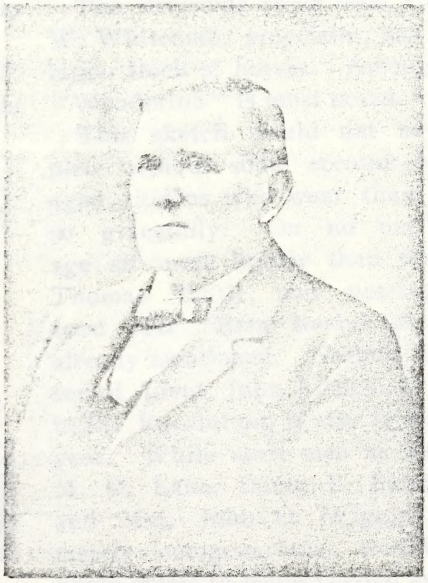
hands evaporating apples, in the season working up from ten to twenty thousand bushels.

Among the younger men no one has evinced greater pluck and enterprise than James C. Piper. He has taken up all branches of fruit growing and gardening on an extensive scale, and is winning deserved success. He is also a buyer and shipper of fruit. In grange work he has been active, and is lecturer and past master of Winnicutt Grange.

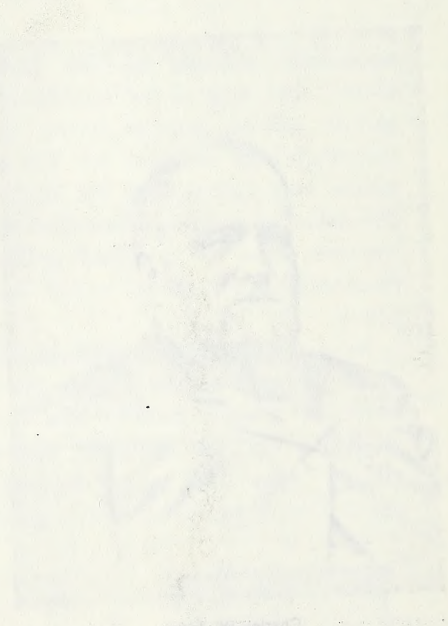


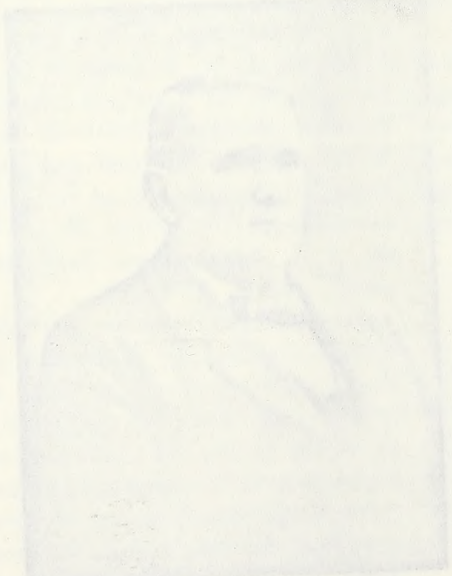
Residence of Mrs. C. W. Jones.

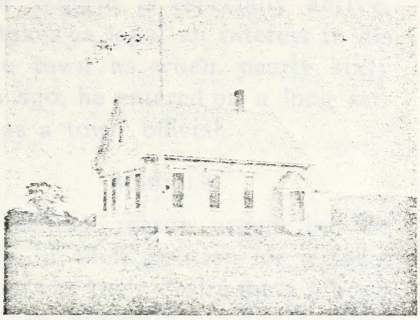
The market gardeners are among our most active citizens, and include W. H. Lang, M. G. Roberts, George W. Dixon, Chapman Brothers, John W. Marsh, John S. Scammon, F. H. Pearson, William Roby, and others. A. H. Cragg has several greenhouses devoted to raising cut flowers and budding plants.



Daniel W. Jones.







School-House on Div. No. 2, Stratham Hill in Distance.

Of our citizens engaged in other callings, C. W. Healey is a successful civil engineer, graduated from Dartmouth in 1881, and is now on the staff of the Atlantic & Danville railroad with headquarters at Norfolk, Va.

John Scammon, recently admitted to the bar, has an office at Exeter.

George H. Odell, merchant, deals in hardware, groceries, and a large variety of miscellaneous goods. Edgar N. Smith, postmaster, does a general grocery business. E. B. Jewell deals in grain. J. T. Smart and M. G. Roberts buy and ship fruit, produce, etc.

At the stock farm of Waldo T. Pierce (formerly the Caleb Wiggin place) attention is given wholly to producing the very best type of pure-bred trotting horse. There are now twenty horses and colts here, and among them are some noted animals. This is the home of "Patronage," sire of "Alix," whose record of 2.03 3-4 is the world's best record by the trotting horse. Alix is now the property of Hon. F. C. Sayles of Pawtucket, R. I. Perhaps Mr. Pierce's favorite is "Alcidalia," an

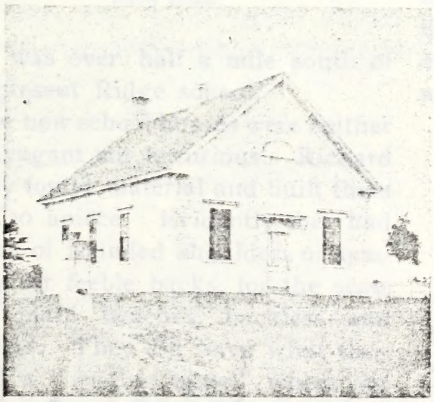


Ridge School.

eight years old winner of twenty-three races and purses to the amount of $19,150.

The Riverside stock farm, Charles W. Whitcomb, proprietor, has a still larger stock of horses. Among them "Woodbrino" is most noted.

This sketch would not be complete without some account of our aged citizens who wear their years so gracefully. On no one does age sit more lightly than on Mrs. Thomas Tuttle, now nearing her 102d year. Ezra Barker has been already mentioned. Nathan Adams, son of Lieut. John Adams, an officer in the Revolution, is also in his 96th year. While such men as Dea. E. M. C. Lane, David P. Batchelder, and Maj. John O. Wiggin, being merely octogenarians, would very likely object to being classed as aged.



Winnicutt School.

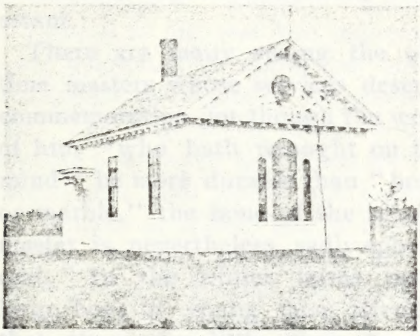




Major Wiggin is especially active, and takes as loyal an interest in his native town as when, nearly sixty years ago, he entered on a long service as a town official.

SCHOOLS.

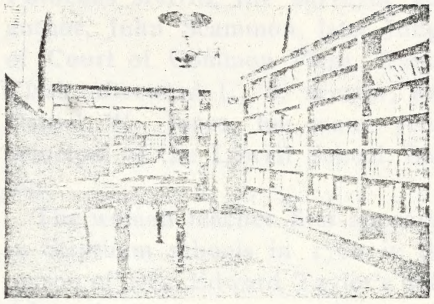
A leading reason urged by the people in their petition for a town charter was their desire for a school, and they promptly hired a teacher and started one even before they had a school-house. Probably it was kept in private houses. In 1733 two school-houses were erected, the first in town. Both were on the main road, one "on the south side of Joshua Hills" corresponding to the present lower school, the other, "near the mouth of Jonathan Chase's lane."



Plains School.

This was over half a mile south of the present Ridge school.

The new school-houses were neither extravagant nor luxurious. Richard Calley found material and built them for £20 apiece. Evidently they had no fear of rounded shoulders or sympathy for feeble backs, for the seats were plain benches, backless and deskless. They did have what they called a "writing table," where the scholars learned to wield the goose quill pen. If there were blackboards they are unmentioned. Joshua Hill put in the whole equipment of furniture for £1, 10s.



Corner of Library.

In 1761 it was voted to build two more school-houses and have one in the center of each quarter of the town, but the next year they concluded to let each quarter build its own. The four school arrangement dates from that time.

The first teacher mentioned is Samuel Goodhue. For some years he had a monopoly of the teaching, for the terms were short, and he taught different parts of the year in different districts. This was a frequent practice for many years. Among other early teachers or masters, as they called them, were Dudley Leavitt, John Janvrin, Theophilus Smith, and John Bass. But of all the old-time masters the most popular, judging from length



Residence of Mrs. Samuel S. Sinclair.

of service, was Lawrence Dowling. He taught here almost continuously from 1756 to 1785. Not much is known of his history, but every tradition speaks highly of him as a teacher. He is said to have been a



Residence of W. J. Parkman.

Catholic in religion. If this be true, is an added compliment to him that he retained his position so long in a community almost exclusively Protestant.

There are many among the old-time masters whose services deserve commemoration, for though the work of him "who hath wrought on the mind" be more durable than "brass or marble," the fame of the schoolmaster is, nevertheless, sadly ephemeral. In the winter terms many large boys or young men attended that often were little given to self-restraint, and a successful schoolmaster was necessarily a man of no mean ability. Shortly after the Revlution such sturdy spirits as Col. Mark Wiggin, Maj. Peter Coffin of Exeter, and Capt. Nicholas Rollins, all of whom had won their titles in the war, were employed here as teachers, and evidently regarded the subjugation of a district school as a task not unworthy of their mettle.

There have been other men of note among our teachers, such as Phinehas Merrill, the surveyor and author, John Scammon, later Judge of Court of Common Pleas, Daniel Clark, afterward U. S. senator, and Daniel W. Jones, for many years principal of the Lowell School, Boston.

The woman teacher first appeared in Stratham schools in 1780, in the person of Dea. Edward Taylor's wife. After that women generally taught the summer terms, and for the last twenty years their monopoly of the teacher's desk throughout the year has been scarcely disputed.

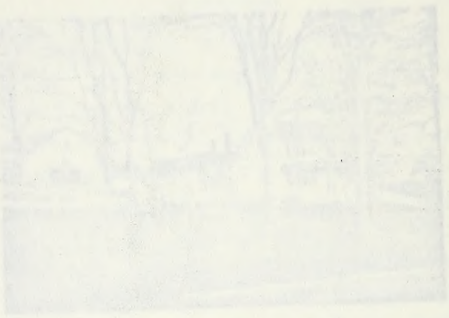
Of the present teachers, Miss King, Miss Hayes and Miss Jameson are non-residents. Miss Florence M. Rollins, a recent graduate of Wellesley and a promising young teacher, is of this town, as is Mrs. H. H. Leavitt, a talented soprano singer and musical instructor, who teaches music in all the schools.

Stratham has uniformly put capable men in charge of its public affairs, and they have been con-



Residence of George H. Odell.

ducted with integrity and skill. Its expenditures have been liberal but not extravagant. It abhors debt and saddles the future with no bond issue to pay for present improvements. At the close of the Civil War the town's



indebtedness amounted to something over $32,000. Since that time it has built new all its public buildings, enlarging or purchasing new lots for them, established a library, and incurred numerous expenses for minor



Residence of H. Gordon Martin.

purposes. The war debt was wiped out seventeen years ago, and the town has ever since been uniformly without indebtedness. The total expense on account of the war and improvements amounted to nearly one hundred dollars per capita of the population. The state in its efforts to repopulate abandoned farms has found none of that kind within our limits. The number of houses has increased steadily, though population for a time diminished because the average size of families became less, and because farm machinery supplanted farm employés. Financially it does not suffer by comparison with communities elsewhere, or that are devoted to different industries, its valuation per capita being equalled by few towns or cities in New Hampshire. Its wealth, moreover, is of its own creation without interposition of corporation or non-resident favor.

The members of the present board of selectmen are Emmons B. Chase, Joseph T. Smart, and Benaiah Wiggin.

Its library contains an excellent collection of works of history and general literature, as well as of books that are of more immediate interest to the townspeople, and the number of books read in proportion to the population compares favorably with most city libraries. George E. Gowen is chairman, and F. A. Caverly is secretary of the board of trustees.

Its proximity to several noted academies, seminaries, and high schools has led the town to avail itself of this convenience, and to settle upon the policy of expending its entire school fund for the development of its regular schools to the highest possible standard. They are of the best. Free text-books were furnished in advance of its requirement by statute. The schoolhouses are all of modern type and recent construction, surrounded with spacious play-grounds, fully equipped with reference books and apparatus, and embody some of the latest and

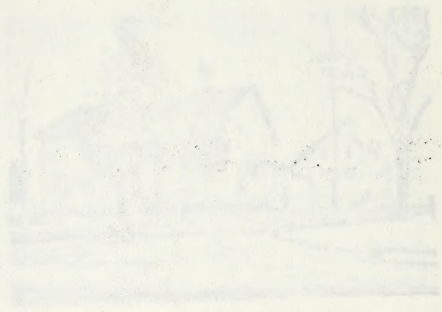


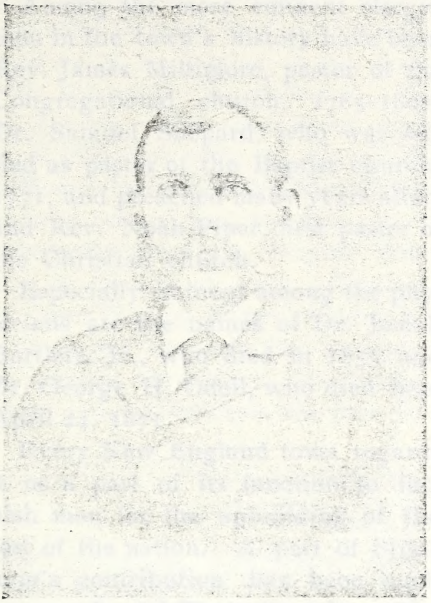
Residence of Charles N. Healey.

best devices for heating, lighting, and ventilation.

Schools are maintained three full terms per year, and the pupils enter advanced schools abreast of any of their age.

The members of the school board





Albert C. Lane.

are George A. Wiggin, John J. Smart, and Mrs. A. E. Jewell.

Albert C. Lane efficiently serves as clerk and treasurer of both town and school district, and his years of service attest his popularity.

Stratham men who have held other than town offices include:

Andrew Wiggin, speaker of provincial assembly, 1728–1744. Judge of superior court, 1729–'30.

Paine Wingate, U. S. senator, 1789–'93. Member of congress, 1793–'94. Judge of superior court, 1798–1809.

Josiah Bartlett, member of congress, 1811–'13. State senator, 1824–'25.

Noah Piper, county treasurer, 1833.

James Foss, state senator, 1847–'48.

John Scammon, judge of court of common pleas, 1853–'55.



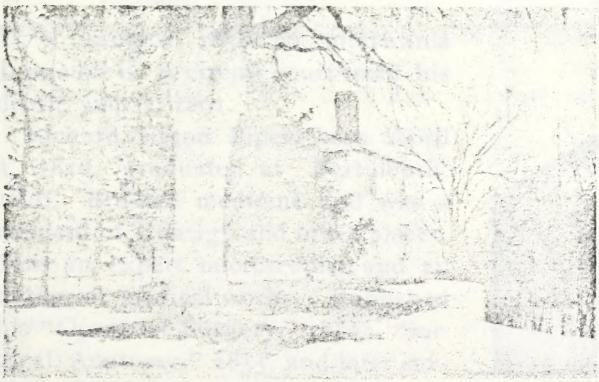
Residence of J. T. Smart.

Josiah B. Wiggin, register of deeds, 1845, 1850–'51.

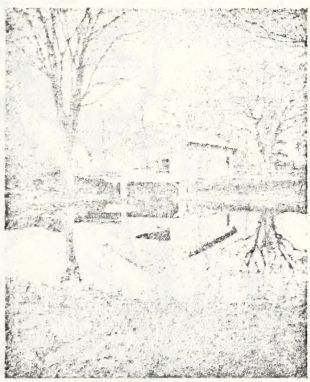
B. D. Laighton, register of deeds, 1858–'60.

Joseph C. A. Wingate, U. S. consul to Swaton, 1863 to 1865, and at Foochow, 1880–'89.

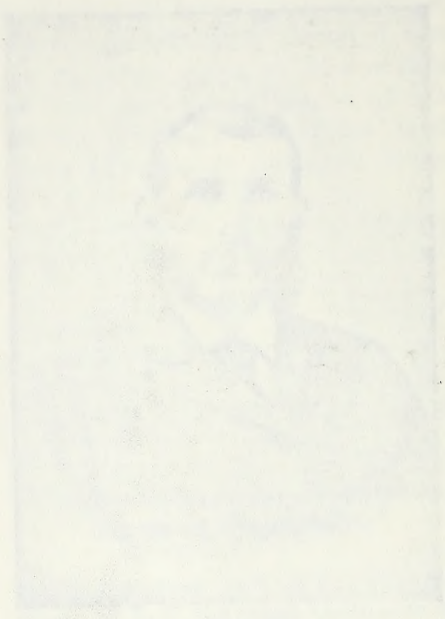
R. M. Scammon, state senator, 1891–'92.



Residence of Henry S. Lane.



Lane Sawmill.



Among the more eminent clergymen in the town's history have been Rev. James Miltimore, pastor of the Congregational church, 1785–1807. Dr. Samuel Shepard, who was settled as pastor of the Baptist church, 1771, and preached many years after, and Rev. Noah Piper, first pastor of the Christian church.

Especially eminent among the physicians are the names of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Jr., who died in 1853, and Dr. George H. Odell, who died here April 24, 1871.

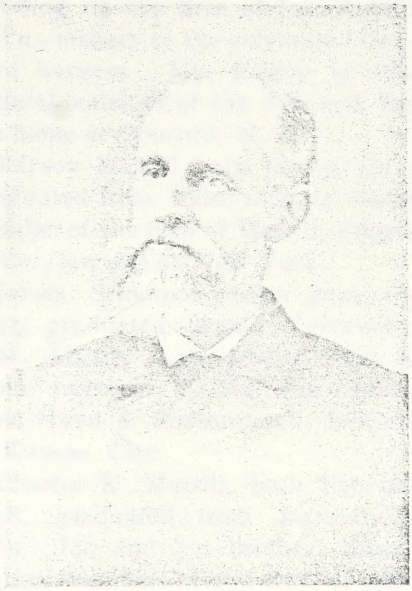
Every New England town regards it as a part of its function to furnish men for the upbuilding of the rest of the nation. A part of Stratham's contribution has been such men as Daniel Clark, born here Oct. 24, 1809, graduated from Dartmouth 1834, admitted to the bar 1837, practised in Manchester. Served as



Residence of J. C. A. Wingate.

U. S. senator, 1856–'66, afterwards Judge of U. S. circuit court until his death, Jan. 2, 1891.

Richard Upton Piper, born April 3, 1816, graduated at Dartmouth, 1840. Studied medicine and was a resident of Chicago and other places. Was an expert microscopist, and an author of medical works. Published his "Operative Surgery," 1852; "Surgical Anatomy," 1855, and later several miscellaneous works.

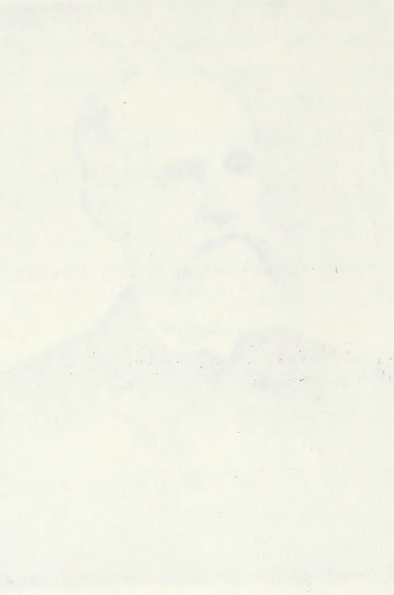


J. C. A. Wingate.

Edmund J. Folsom, born 1817, came to Stratham with his parents when about two years of age. In early life he learned the leather business, but abandoned it in 1849 to



Joseph T. Smart.





try his fortune in California. Some years later he came east and became a partner of his brother in the firm B. F. Folsom & Co. of Boston and Philadelphia. His subsequent history is identified with the success of that firm. He died at his winter residence in Boston, Jan. 25, 1899.

Benjamin Franklin Folsom was born at Stratham, 1825. Graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy. He engaged in early life in various business enterprises, but finally formed with his brothers the firm B.



Residence of George W. Dixon.

F. Folsom & Co., and embarked in gold mining in Venezuela, and the importation of South American guano. The firm won brilliant financial success, and its members were rated in the millions. Benjamin F. died at Stratham, March, 1894. He and his brothers, Edmund J. and Peter W., were actively interested in the town, and gladly took part in its development. They were fine types of sturdy, sagacious business men.

John H. Horne, of J. H. Horne & Sons, manufacturers of paper mill machinery, of South Lawrence, Mass., is another successful Stratham boy.

George H. Emery, born May 12, 1836, engaged in harness manufacturing, and was a leading spirit in building up the firm of Jas. R. Hill & Co., makers of the celebrated Concord harness. Mr. Emery is now general manager of the firm and has his home at Concord, N. H.

Payson Merrill, born Dec. 7, 1842, graduated from Yale, 1865, is senior member of the firm of Merrill, Rogers & Co., lawyers of New York.

James Scammon, born June 10, 1844, graduated Brown University, 1868, Albany Law school, 1870, is senior member of the firm Scammon, Mead & Stubenrauch, lawyers of Kansas City.

Charles E. Merrill, born Feb. 26, 1848, graduated from Dartmouth, 1869. He and his brother, Edwin C., are members of the firm of pub-



Residence of H. H. Leavitt.

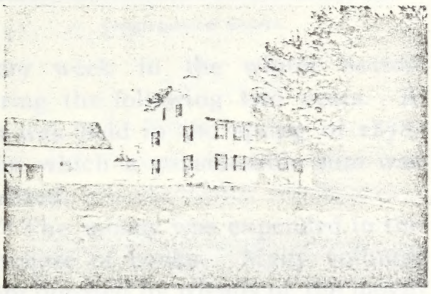
lishers, Maynard, Merrill & Co. of New York.

John E. Young, born Jan. 26, 1855, graduated from Dartmouth, 1878. Studied law and was appointed judge of supreme court, 1898. He resides at Exeter.

LIBRARIES.

"The value of a library to the community was recognized by the people of Stratham long before its maintenance was regarded as properly a function of the town. It is not easy to say when the first library

was established. There is a tradition that the town received one as a gift when it was chartered. This may have been the case, but if so it appears strange that there should be nowhere any allusion to it in the town records. The people did, however, quite early establish association libraries, through which they secured most of the essential benefits of the modern public library. The first of these of which the records still exist, was organized Dec. 10, 1793, by Nathan Wiggin, Eliphalet



Residence of J. N. Thompson.

Merrill, John Dearborn, and seventeen others. Each member paid six shillings entrance fee and two shillings each year thereafter. John Dearborn was chosen librarian, and the books were kept at his house. Apparently there was then, or had been recently, another library in town, as they called theirs 'The Stratham New Library.' Six years later they voted to have their library incorporated, and very likely at the same time united with some similar body, as they called it thereafter the 'Stratham Union Library.' This institution had a useful and prosperous career, and was running as late as 1822, but it was finally closed and the books divided among the various members. Many of the books are still to be found in private collections about the town. It is evident from the specimens that exist that very little light literature was tolerated in those early libraries. The books were uniformly of a substantial and useful character, and were well bound in the brown leather covering common in those days.

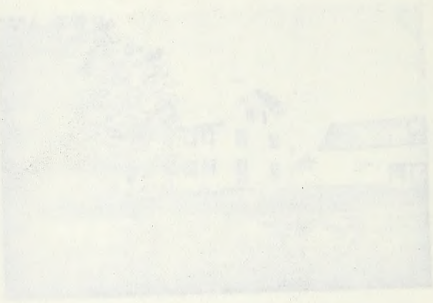
"A similar association was formed Jan. 1, 1863, under the name of the 'Stratham Athenæum.' The leading spirits in this movement were Rev. Edward C. Miles, Mrs. Samuel J. Sinclair, Mrs. Charles N. Healey, Mrs. Eleanor Brewster, Annie M. Wiggin, Antoinette A. Bartlett, Sarah Yeaton, Nellie S. Thompson, Deborah L. Jewett, and Mark

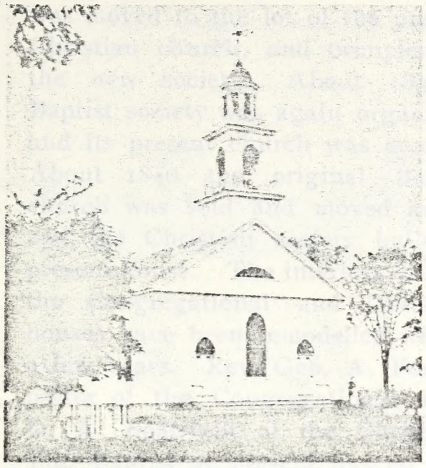


Residence of D. C. Jewell.

Young. The books were kept at the Congregational parsonage and the pastor acted as librarian. The Athenæum continued active about thirty years, its list of membership including sixty different names and its library grew to 600 volumes. The books are now stored at the parsonage.

"The present town library was an outgrowth of an organization called the 'Literary and Social Union,' which was started in November, 1876, through the efforts of the late James H. Diman. This society met

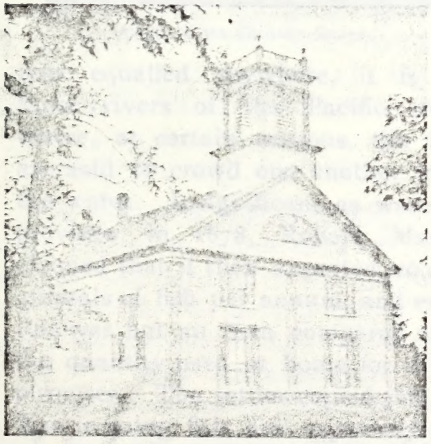




Congregational Church.

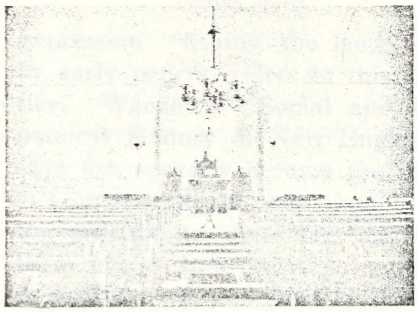
every week in the winter season during the following two years. A fair was held in the spring of 1878, from which a considerable sum was realized.

"The money was expended in the purchase of books. Many volumes were donated by friends of the movement, and the library thus formed was placed in the charge of trustees, and located in the store of J. S. Staples. The number of books was increased from time to time by the net proceeds from entertainments and by gifts.



Baptist Church.

"In 1891 the town voted to accept the Union Library, which had been tendered to it by the trustees, and appropriated one hundred dollars for its benefit. The library was continued in the same location until 1897, when a room was fitted up for its use in the town hall, thus providing pleasant and commodious quarters. In 1896 the library was made free and received one hundred dollars worth of books from the state. The collection now numbers 1,200 volumes."

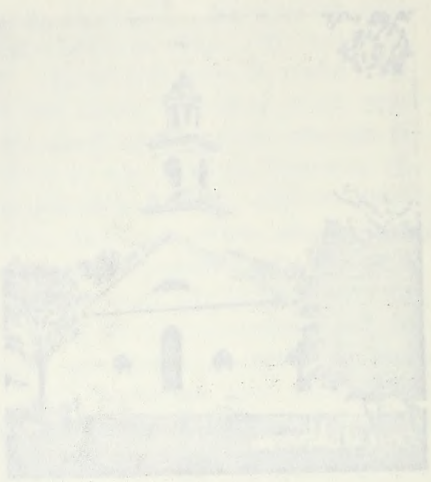


Interior of the Congregational Church.

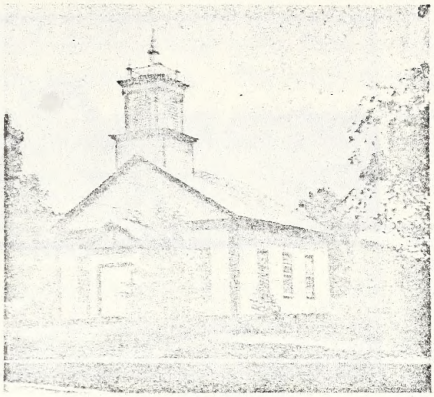
CHURCHES.

The town has three churches. They have an interesting history, but the limits of this article permit only a bare outline. The Congregational dates from the time of the charter, its first house of worship being built immediately thereafter. This was replaced by a new building in 1768, and that in turn by the present one in 1837. All occupied substantially the same lot.

The first Baptist church was erected June, 1771. Its location was 15 or 20 rods west of the Wingate grist mill on a road since discontinued. This society became dormant early in the present century. The Christian society was organized in 1812. Many of the Baptists affiliated with it and the Baptist house



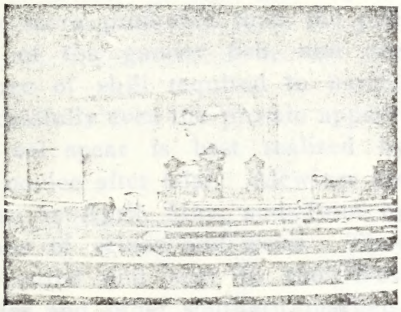
was moved to the lot of the present Christian church, and occupied by the new society. About 1835 a Baptist society was again organized, and its present church was erected. About 1840 the original Baptist church was sold and moved away, and the Christian society built its present house. The interiors of both the Congregational and Christian houses have been remodelled within a few years. Rev. Geo. A. Foss is pastor of the Congregational, Rev. D. A. Boatright of the Christian. The Baptist at present has no regular supply.



Christian Church.

FISHERIES.

In early days the quantity of fish in the Swamscot and neighboring rivers was something prodigious. If



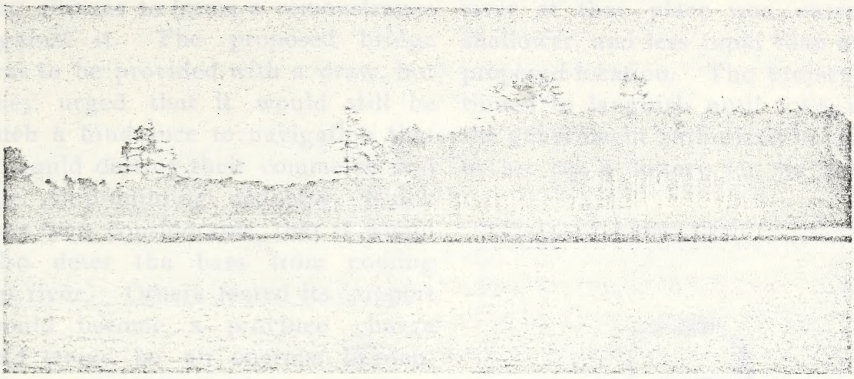
Interior of the Christian Church.

now equalled anywhere, it is by those rivers of the Pacific slope where, at certain seasons, the fish are said to crowd one another from the water. Insignificant as was the province in 1678, Robert Mason claimed that it then exported 20,000 quintals of fish per annum, and even this was but an item compared with the quantity used at home for other purposes. The settler copied the Indian in using fish, and especially the alewive, to manure the land. The expression "fishing the land," met in early papers, refers to this practice. Weedon's "Social and Economical History of New England," says fish speedily became the planter's chief fertilizer, and that it was the practice to dress the land with them every three years to maintain its fertility. A condition of the contract with the minister in a neighboring town was, that each year so many acres of the parsonage land should be "fished." The leading varieties found were salmon, striped bass, perch, alewives, smelts, and eels.

Fishing still receives considerable attention on the Swamscot. The salmon long since disappeared. The striped bass is yet found (a forty-



Property of the Christian Society.



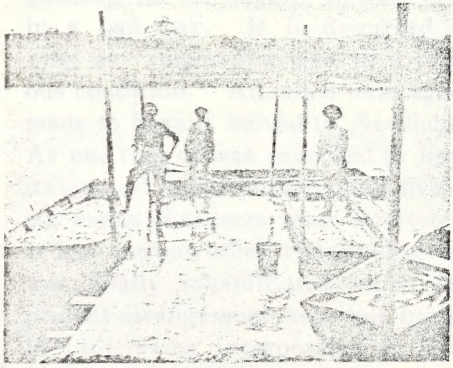
Fish-Weir on the Swamscot.

pounder was taken the past summer) but it is not plentiful. Perch are common; the alewive, smelt, and eel are abundant. Though these have not a high reputation as game fish, they command a ready market, and those engaged in their pursuit find it no less fascinating and probably more profitable than the pursuit of the gamier fish, and the degree of skill required to handle successfully even the prosaic appearing eel spear is best realized by the novice after trial. Alewives are taken in April, May, and June by means of seines and weirs. They are cured and sent to the West Indies and other southern markets. J. S. Brewster of this town and his partner shipped upward of seven hundred barrels the past season.

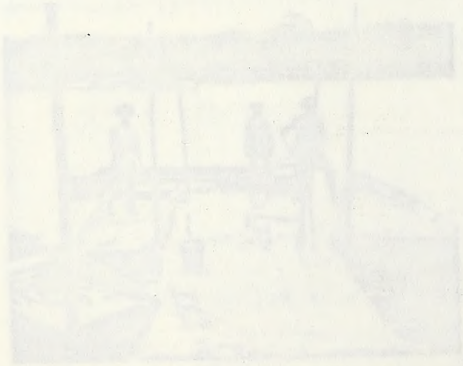
BRIDGING THE SWAMSCOT.

The Swamscot was long an awkward barrier to travel between the seaport and portions of the interior. For many it was a long detour to reach the crossing at the head of the river. A ferry was established by Richard Hilton, near Newfields village, in 1700, and it was so great a public convenience that Jonathan Wiggin was authorized to have a second near the site of the present bridge in 1721. They were known respectively as the upper and lower ferries, but neither had boats large enough to carry loaded teams, and the inconvenience to travel was but partially overcome.

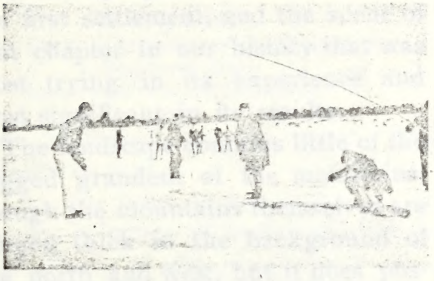
In 1746 people in Portsmouth, Stratham, Newmarket, and other interested places sought permission to build a bridge near the lower ferry. But though they proposed to raise the necessary funds by subscription, the project met with strenuous opposition. Exeter, seeing in it a serious menace to her interests, held a town meeting and appointed a committee of three lead-



A Catch of Alewives.

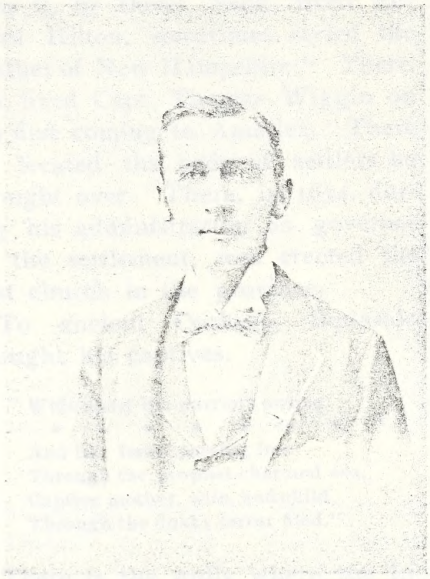


ing citizens to frame a remonstrance against it. The proposed bridge was to be provided with a draw, but they urged that it would still be such a hindrance to navigation that it would destroy their commerce and the ship-building industry, which was then considerable, that it would also deter the bass from coming up river. Others feared its support would become a province charge and would be an onerous burden. Kingston voted unanimously against it, and deputized Jedediah Philbrick to oppose the passage of the bill. Jeremiah Fogg and 63 others of Kensington petitioned against it. Amos Leavitt and 61 Hampton Falls men opposed it. Sixty Epping men protested. East Kingston voted its unwillingness, and 36 Stratham men were actively arrayed with the opposition. But the legislative committee reported unanimously in its favor,



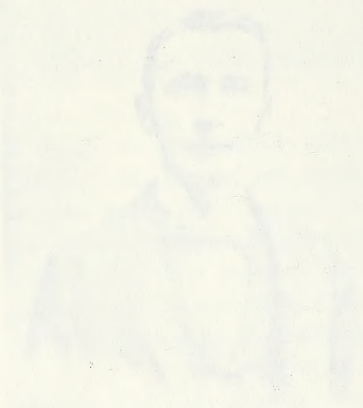
Winter Fishing on the Swamscot.

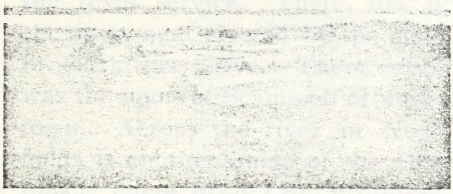
and permission was granted in 1747. The actual bridge was, however, a long way off. The funds they expected to raise by subscription were not forthcoming. What pledges they did secure were mostly made with the condition that they were not payable until the bridge was complete. In the meantime repeated efforts were made to have the location changed to Newfields, Newfields people claiming the river at that place was narrower, shallower, and less rapid than at the proposed location. The project continued to languish until 1768, when the government authorized its friends to set up a lottery for its benefit.



J. Fred Emery.

With the funds thus obtained the bridge was built, and according to Deacon Lane's record was opened to public travel June 4, 1773. The "Lottery bridge," as it was called, was a free bridge, and no provision existing for its repair, it was soon in a bad way. It is described in 1785 as "impassable and in a ruinous condition." Attempts were again made to have it moved to Newfields. At one time it was proposed to have its support made a charge on five or six towns that were most interested. It had various other vicissitudes, but was finally rehabilitated under the present arrangement as a toll bridge in 1807, being incorporated in June of that year.





Great Bay, from Stratham Hill.

STRATHAM HILL.

From the middle of the northern part of the town rises the shapely crest of Stratham hill, that like a lone sentinel watches over the valley of the Piscataqua. Standing near the middle of the quadrangle formed by the four pioneer settlements of Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, and Hampton, it includes them all within its horizon. It looks down on all that part of our state that was under dominion of the white people for a century after the first settlement, and the scene of that chapter in our history that was most trying in its experience and most significant in its results.

The landscape contains little of the rugged grandeur of the mountains, though the mountains themselves are ranged thick in the background of the north and west, but it does possess a combination of hill and valley, river and bay, ocean and island, village, forest, and farm, that gives it a beauty that appeals to the eye as its historic scenes appeal to the imagination. Its story has been enriched by the genius of Whittier, Aldrich, Laighton, and Thaxter.

Just north of the hill is Great bay, first known to the English when Martin Pring visited it in 1603, and found it a

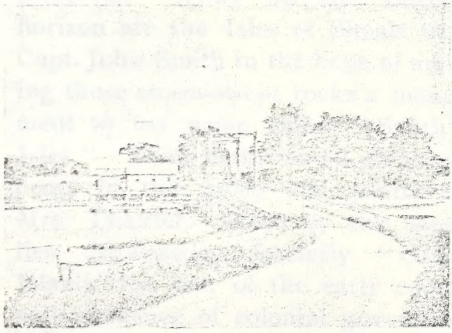
"Wide, glittering brooch 'mid Nature's green."

McClintock likens the bay and its surroundings "with its islands, creeks, and sinuosities," to "a park in the domain of some mighty monarch." Farther north is that natural watch tower, Garrison Hill. Not far from it, by Dover Neck, lived Edward Hilton, sometimes styled the "father of New Hampshire." There, too, lived Capt. Thomas Wiggin on his first coming to America. There he located the body of settlers he brought over. There, in 1634, during his administration as governor of the settlement, was erected the first church in the province.

To ancient Cocheco, Squando brought his captives.

"Wide apart his warriors swung
* * * * * * *
And like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmed sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed."

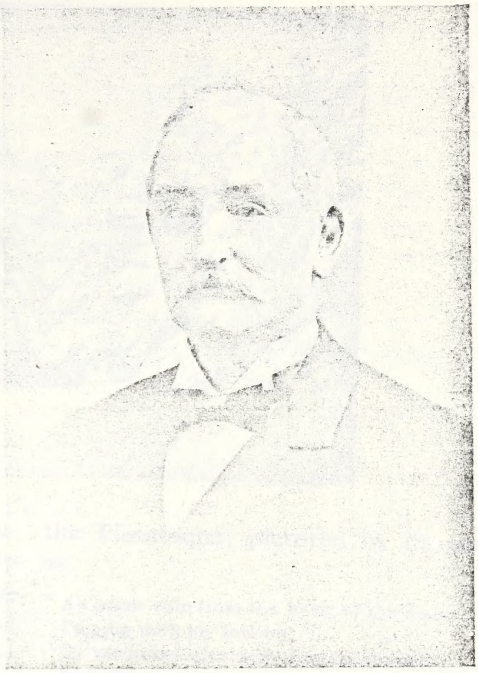
There is the gully where the Indians lay concealed just before their terrible attack on Dover on that June morning, 1689, when they destroyed half the settlement, killing among others the famous Maj. Richard Waldron. A little to the left is Durham, the scene of the Indian massacre of 1694. There lived Ma-



Toll-Bridge, from Newfields Side.



jor-General Sullivan of Revolutionary fame. There, on the square, at the beginning of the war, he publicly burned his commission in the royal service. There, too, is the monument erected by the state to mark his grave. There, also, was the home of Scammell of Yorktown. Across the river in Newfields is another home of the Hiltons. There lived Col. Winthrop Hilton, who, after the death of Major Waldron, became the military leader of the province. He led repeated expeditions against the Indians, commanded the company sent against Norridgwock and was at Port Royal. Farther west, near the Piscassic, is where he was ambushed and killed, July 23, 1710. There is, indeed, hardly a half mile from Dover to Exeter but has its tale of Indian vengeance.



George H. Emery.

Across the river, also, is the highway along which John Underhill

> ". . . Bearing scars
> From Indian ambush and Flemish wars
> . . . Wandered down
> East by north to Cocheco town,"

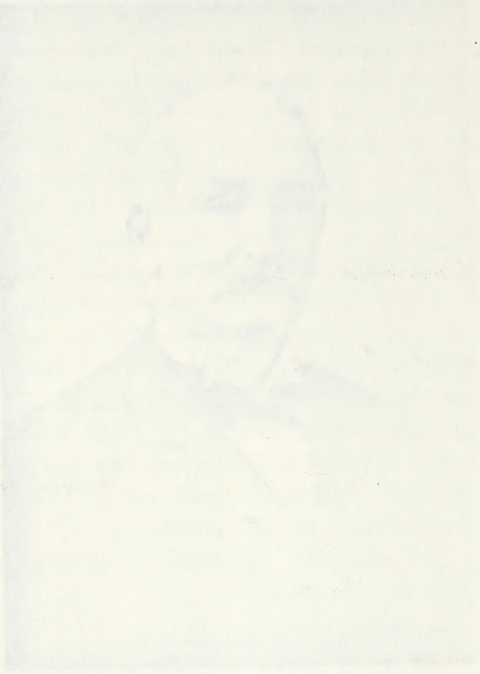
as celebrated by the great New England poet.

At the head of the valley, to the south, is where Wheelwright sought the liberty of conscience the Puritan denied. There was the early capital of the state. There Cass was born, Phillips lived, and Webster studied. There, in January, 1776, the New Hampshire provincial congress first clothed the Revolution in the garb of formal government.

Partly concealed by the hills to the south are the meadows of Hampton, where the venerable Rev. Stephen Bachiler and his companions settled in 1638. There, too, are many of the scenes loved by Whittier and of which he wrote. There was the "tent on the beach" and there with their tragic story the

> "Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see
> By dawn or sunset shone across
> When the ebb of the tide has left them free
> To dry their fringes of gold green moss."

There lived Goody Cole, she of the bleary eyes and snaky locks, whose uncanny fame the poet has also preserved. Away on the eastern horizon are the Isles of Shoals that Capt. John Smith in the hope of making those storm-swept rocks a monument to his name called "Smith's Isles." Their many tinted story appears in the prose and poetry of Mrs. Thaxter. Close by the shore lies Newcastle, formerly "Great Island," the seat of the early courts and residence of colonial governors. There for a time lived Robert Mason,



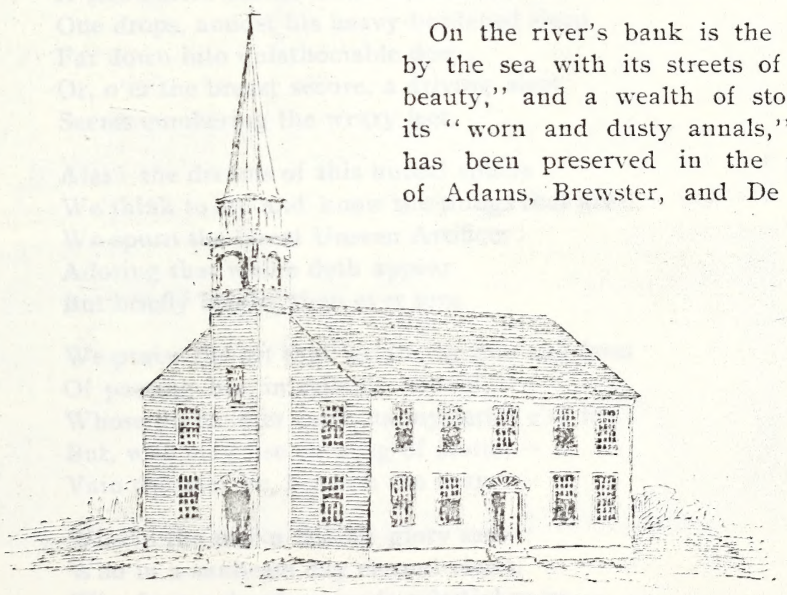


the would-be proprietor of the province, and Walter Barefoot, the deputy governor. It was at Barefoot's house in 1685 that he and Mason received their famous roasting. On the outer part of the island was Fort William and Mary, the Sumter of the Revolution. Farther toward the north is the Piscataqua, pictured by its poet as

"An azure vein from the heart of the main
Pulsing with joy forever,
By verduous isles with dimpled smiles
Floweth my native river.

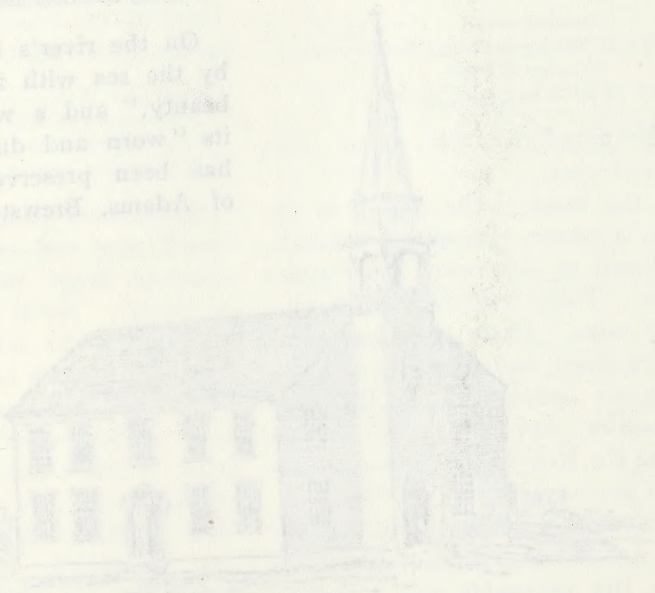
"Singing a song as it flows along
Hushed by the ice king never,
For he strives in vain to clasp a chain
O'er thy fetterless heart, brave river."

On the river's bank is the "city by the sea with its streets of leafy beauty," and a wealth of story in its "worn and dusty annals," that has been preserved in the pages of Adams, Brewster, and De Nor-



Congregational Church, 1766 1837.
(Drawn from recollections of aged citizens.)





mandie. And if possibly there still linger some regrets for its ancient maritime consequence they are fast losing themselves in the modern impulse of rejuvenation.

Of Stratham hill itself tradition says that in some of the earlier wars it was one of the heights arranged for beacon fires in the event of an attack on the coast, but otherwise though a close spectator of all the events, tragic and other, of our early history, its own immediate associations are all of peace and happy fortune. Many of the town's pleasantest traditions cluster about it. To townspeople and visitors it has an interest alike permanent. Its story is rich with memorable anniversaries and the celebration of patriotic achievement, and upon all it has conferred somewhat of its own preëminent dignity as an ancient witness.

THE DREAMER.

By J. B. Lawrence.

The hurly-burly, ricochetting world
Of common life, doth never sweetly dream.
It catches but a glimpse of things that seem
All helter-skelter tossed and whirled,
And out into dark chaos hurled.

A locomotive dashes down the street;
One drops, amidst his heavy-burdened sleep,
Far down into unfathomable deep;
Or, o'er the breast secure, a driving sleet
Seems cumbering the weary feet.

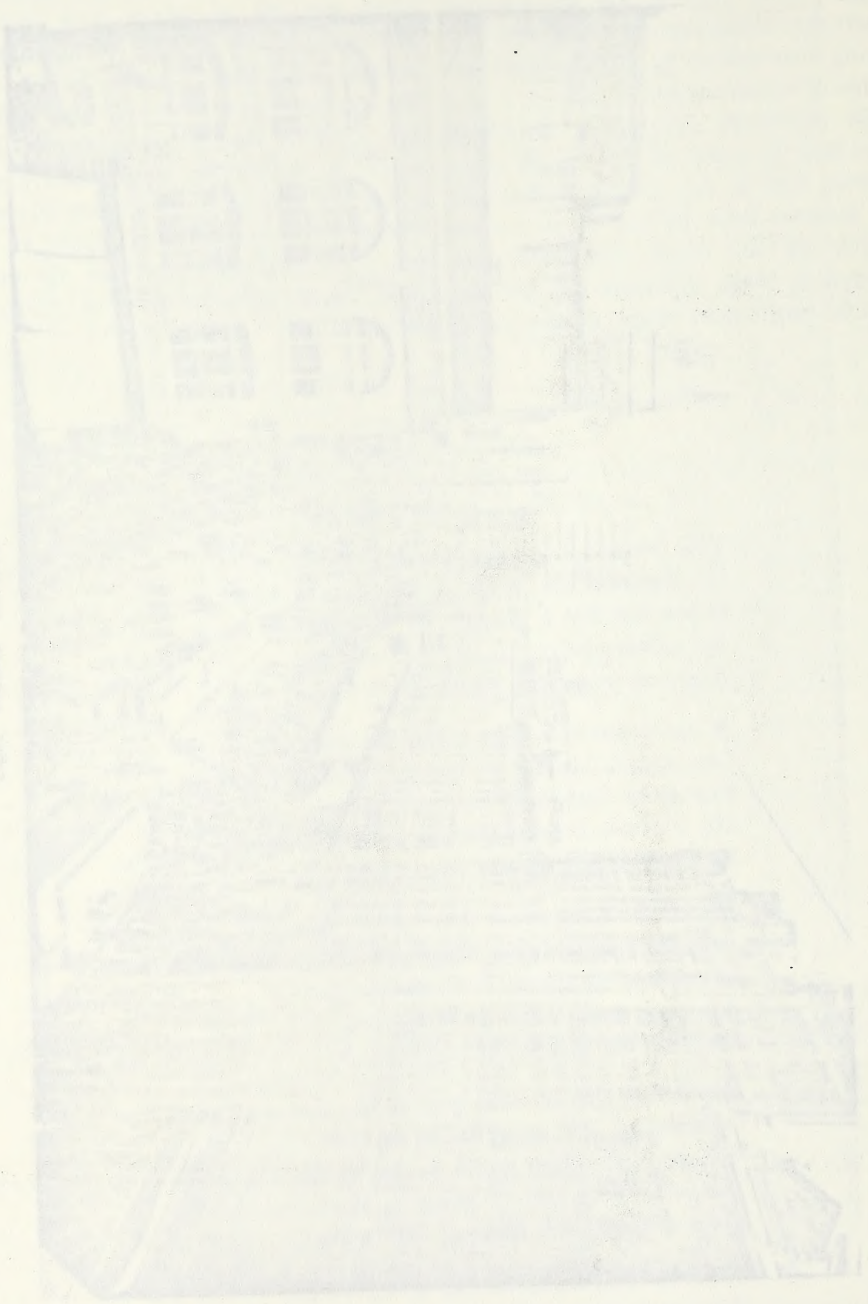
Alas! the dreams of this unreal sphere!
We think to see and know the things that are!
We spurn the Great Unseen Artificer!
Adoring that which doth appear
But briefly bright, then ever sere.

We praise the art that paints the hue and form
Of passing life, in syllable and oil,
Whose flights o'er earth its mysteries e'er foil;
But, who may rise on wing of storm,—
Vain dreamer he, beneath the norm!

Who in the rose a lasting glory sees,
Who in a sunbeam day eternal views,
Who from a dewdrop reads celestial news,—
He finds therein what God may please
To ope to prophets such as these.



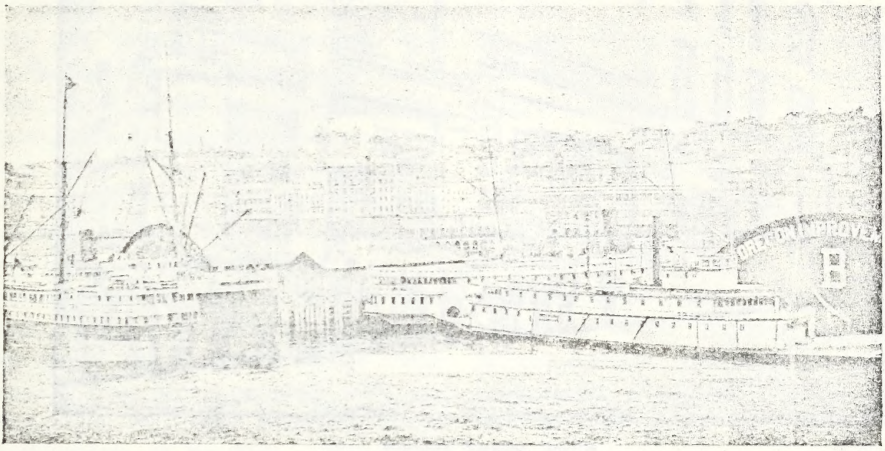
FIRST AVENUE SEATTLE



ON PUGET SOUND.

By Converse J. Smith.

MANY persons who have never visited Puget Sound have received wrong impressions as to the extent and grandeur of the region and especially as to the cities and towns dotting the shores, that Puget Sound would have one of the three great cities of the United States, and everything to-day points to Seattle as becoming that important city. It is claimed the city now has a population of 90,000 and has gained 20,000 during the last year.



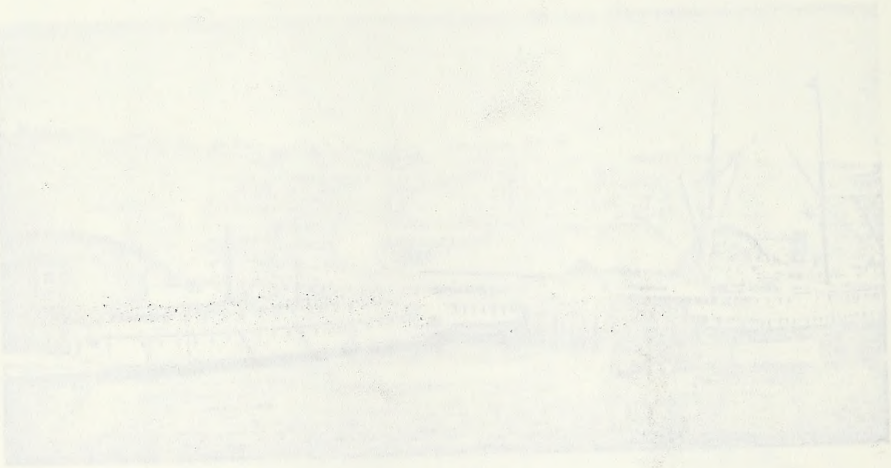
Water Front, Seattle.

from whose ports go forth ships laden with products for every part of the globe. Less than fifty years ago, a vessel sailed from San Francisco to Puget Sound, to take a cargo of ice, supposing it to be a cold northern land. The steamer was provided with ice-picks, ice-saws, and tongs, and perhaps in these days it is needless to state that the master was obliged to take other merchandise as cargo.

SEATTLE.

It was John L. Stoddard who said Everywhere is displayed enterprise,—fine business streets, handsome and commodious blocks, and the business men, largely from the East, appear to work together without the petty jealousies often seen, and thus accomplish results. The harbor is one of the finest in the world and the sails of every country are here found. Vast quantities of grain, lumber, fish, fruit, and other products are shipped to China, Japan, Africa, Australia, Russia, and many other countries.

In Seattle the Great Northern rail-



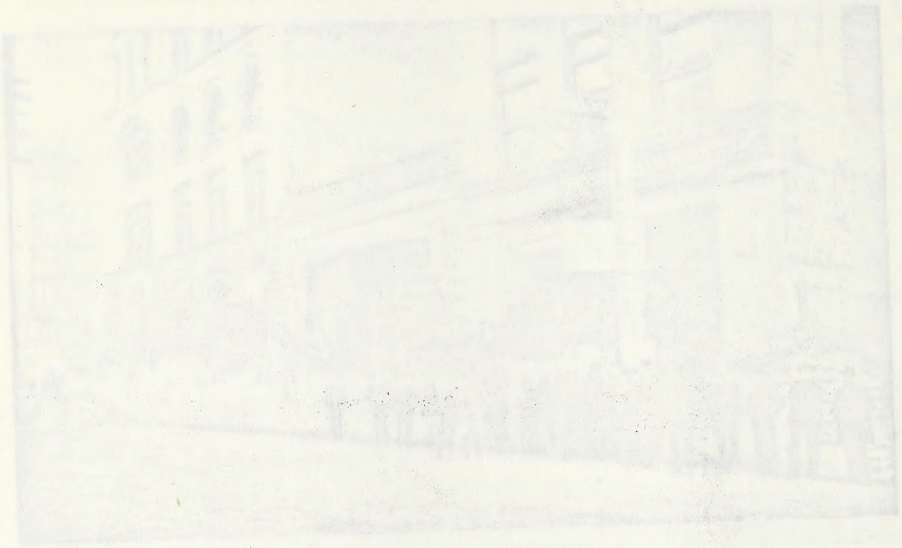
road has a terminus and is now building immense docks and erecting large elevators that will have enormous capacity, allowing a number of ships to load or discharge at the same time. This company has recently purchased the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., it is generally believed for the purpose of obtaining the control of the docks and water-front owned by that company and which are valuable.

The Canadian Pacific railway, with a line stretching across the continent, is at Victoria, B. C., less than 100 miles away, and runs its cars into the city at the present time, and no doubt will own its track at no distant day. The shortest route from Atlantic to Asiatic seaboard is through Seattle, and from New York to Seattle it is 345 miles nearer than from New York to San Francisco. Distance tells in the world of commerce, and transportation business naturally seeks the shortest route. Alaska finds in Seattle a storehouse, and will from time to time obtain her supplies in that city, it being a natural base.

San Francisco has strained every nerve to control or even to obtain some of the Alaskan trade, but has completely failed. A large mercantile firm in San Francisco recently said to a business man residing in Seattle, "Can you not tell us how we can obtain some of the business in Alaska?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "move your store to Seattle." No doubt the Klondike travel has benefited the city, it being the natural starting-point, and much money has been left there with hotels and boarding-houses, outfitters, transportation companies, and others, and while the mad rush of Alaskan gold-seekers is a thing of the past, there is likely to be a steady emigration to that wonderful territory. There are few vacant houses in the city and rents are high as well as wages. A house servant, for instance, expects to receive



Klondike Supplies, Seattle

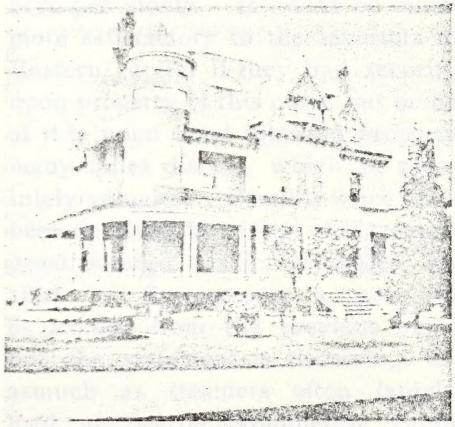




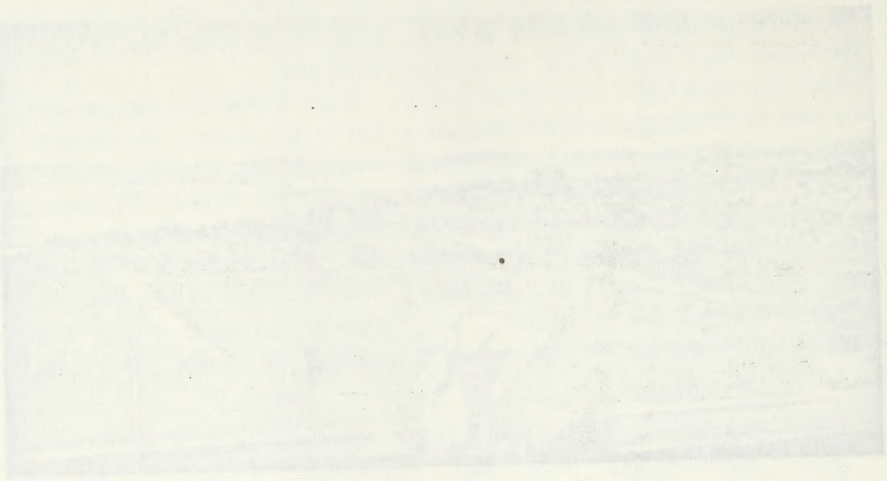
Mount Rainier.

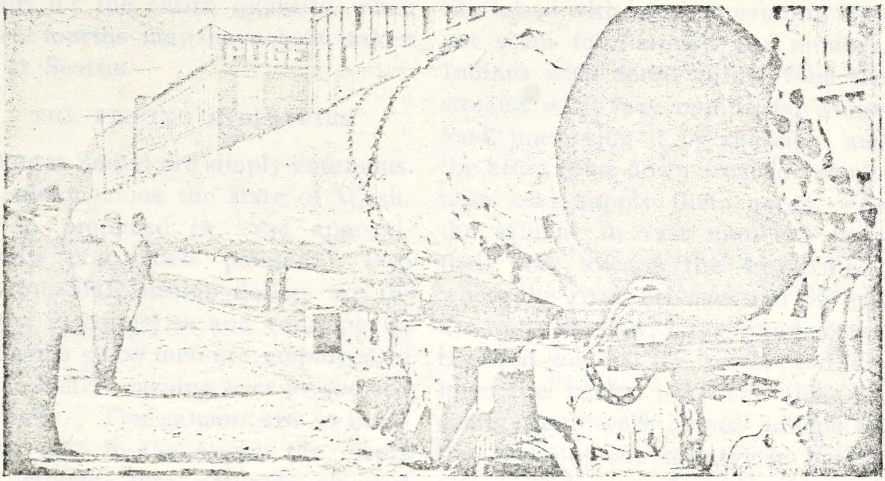
$25 per month. The largest sawmills and fish canneries in the world are to be found in Seattle. The growth in shipping has been marvelous and is increasing each year. The delightful climate and beautiful scenery should not be overlooked. The Cascade mountains can be plainly seen as well as Mount Rainier, one of the grandest mountains in the United States, more than 15,000 feet high, covered with ice and snow and with beautiful parks and forests at its base. The city, certainly, has a bright future, and it is acknowledged everywhere on Puget Sound.

One of the most popular, as well as successful, business men of Seattle is Charles E. Burnside, so many years a resident of Concord. Mr. Burnside is known in the city as a conservative man, and from the first declined to invest capital in Klondike schemes, and advised others as well, most of which have proved financial failures. He has given much attention to real estate, and is recognized as an authority in Seattle. He has recently become connected with the Dexter Horton bank, the largest banking establishment in the city, where his intimate knowledge of business methods and men will serve him to advantage. Mr. and Mrs. Burnside have a beautiful home overlooking the harbor, also commanding a fine view of the Cascade mountains in the distance as well as Mount Rainier, and dispense hospitality with a generous hand. As late as Christmas day, when the



Residence of Charles E. Burnside.





Washington Timber.

writer was a guest, roses picked from the grounds decorated the dining table, and green peas from the vines was one of the vegetables served.

TACOMA

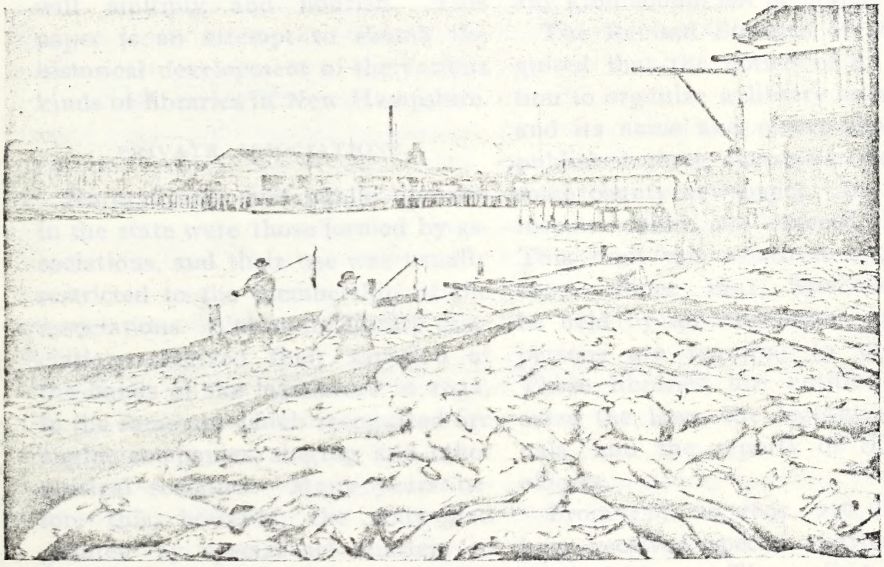
has a population of about 30,000. Some years ago the Great Northern railroad began booming this place; steamers were put on to run to China and Japan, and for a time the city prospered, but the boom could not be kept up. Residents of Concord and other places in the East sent their capital here for investment, lured by high rates of interest, and have now learned the mistake that was made. The city can well feel proud of the Tacoma hotel, but its great parlors, halls, and dining-room appear nearly deserted. The main street is handsome and every way attractive, but directly in the rear there are many business blocks vacant, and the street is also nearly abandoned for business. The residential section of the city extends over a large territory, and houses and house lots in nearly every section can be purchased at almost any price. To illustrate: Two gentlemen temporarily stationed in Tacoma, with whom the writer was associated, required homes. One purchased a new and a very convenient house with modern improvements for $450. The other rented an elegant house, furnished, for $25 per month. The first named house would sell quickly in Seattle for $3,000 and the latter rent for $75 or $100 per month. It would be much more satisfactory to the investors of Eastern capital if they had security upon property of this class, but much of it is upon wood lots and property many miles distant, which is absolutely valueless. Possibly some have been deceived by reason of Tacoma's great foreign traffic, estimated for 1898 as $15,000,000, a gain of $5,000,000 from the previous year, but the statement is deceiving, inasmuch as steamers often largely load at Seattle, completing cargo at Tacoma, and the latter port has



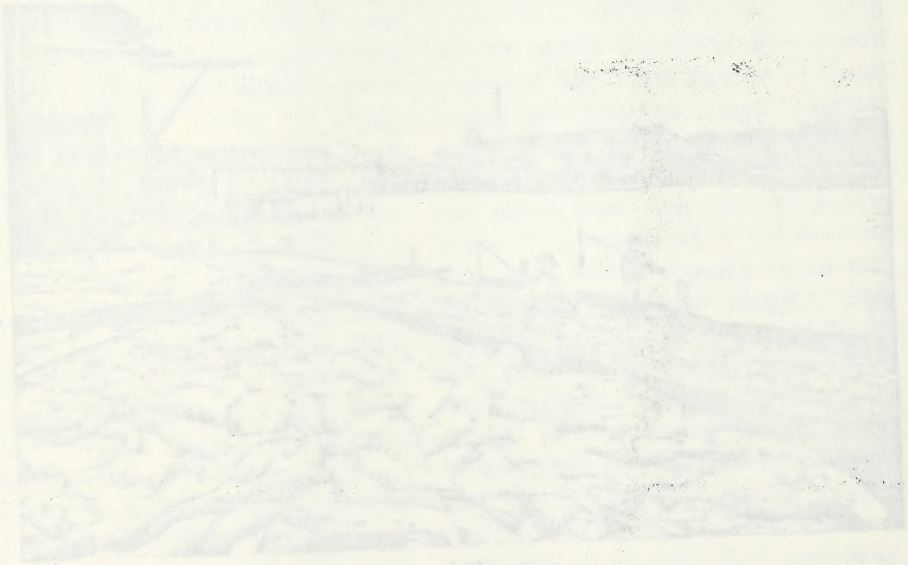
credit for the entire quantity when three fourths may have been taken on at Seattle.

THE FISHING INDUSTRIES

of Puget Sound are simply enormous. Of salmon alone the state of Washington produced in 1897 approximately 60,000,000 pounds. Two and one half million dollars are invested in canneries and equipments, and some 7,000 men are employed in the industry, earning over $1,500,000 annually. The salmon are so numerous that in the season the rivers and streams are actually clogged with them, and the immense quantity taken with nets for canning does not seem to diminish the number. Indians with forks throw from the streams what they require for winter food, preserving it by smoking, and the bears come down from the mountains and supply their needs. As the salmon in vast numbers force their way toward the headwaters, where the river becomes narrow and the water shallow, large numbers are crowded out of the water and die upon the banks. At one time recently there were 22,000 salmon on the docks of one cannery in Seattle and half the number may be seen any day.



Salmon, Seattle Wharf.



LIBRARY LEGISLATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Herbert W. Denio, A. M.

THE remarkable public interest in libraries today is frequently spoken of. To establish and endow a library in one's native town, or to contribute largely to one already doing good work, is one of the most popular forms of public bequests. This interest is not the growth of a day, nor is there any reason to believe that it will diminish. While the desire to read and study remains, and fortunes accumulate, we may expect libraries will multiply and flourish. This paper is an attempt to sketch the historical development of the various kinds of libraries in New Hampshire.

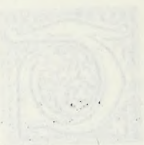
PRIVATE ASSOCIATIONS.

Naturally the first public libraries in the state were those formed by associations, and their use was usually restricted to the membership of the associations. Voluntary library associations received their sanction at the hands of the legislature in 1832, in the same act which recognized fire engine companies, singing and other musical societies. Many years before this, however, the state had granted by special act charters to many associations. These were in no case free public libraries, but the terms on which any one could join and enjoy the advantages of the association usually were so low that very many became members. Such libraries accomplished much permanent good, and paved the way for something better.

The act of 1831 provided that two or more persons could agree to associate for library purposes and assume a corporate name. This agreement was to be posted in two public places, and recorded by the town clerk. The association could receive, hold, or sell property amounting to $1,000. The following year an act provided by implication that non-dividend paying associations of any kind should not be taxed.

The Revised Statutes of 1843 required that the notice of an intention to organize a library association and its name and object should be published three successive weeks in some county newspaper. Its annual income could not exceed $1,000. This limit was raised to $5,000 in 1867. Since 1891, $500,000 may be held by an association, and five persons are required to organize. These libraries are entitled to receive the laws, the legislative journals, and the reports of the state officers.

From 1792 to 1897, 220 libraries have received special charters from the legislature. The earliest was the Social Library of Dover, in the year first mentioned. The Social Library of Tamworth and the Portsmouth Library were incorporated in 1796, twenty-four others in 1797, and a



still larger number of others were chartered within the next fifteen years. Nine out of every ten of these libraries were called social libraries. Less than half a dozen of these 220 libraries exist to-day under their original names.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

From first to last, all legislation for public libraries has been based on the principle that these institutions have an educative and a moral influence. Repeatedly in the preamble or in the whereas of an act incorporating a library association, this principle was plainly stated. When private funds began to be given for public or semi-public libraries, the donors often expressed the belief that they could not use their means for broadening and elevating the community in any other way so surely as in providing good reading for it. So, too, when the idea took root in the public mind that a community needed to supplement the public school instruction of the average citizen, the same reason was given for creating free libraries as had been given for establishing free schools—the object of each was the same. In addition, it was recognized that it was not enough to create a taste for learning by the free district and graded schools, and then to expect the youth to continue his reading from books purchased wholly from his earnings.

Gradually it has become manifest that libraries established by associations too frequently cease to exist after a few years. Municipal action and municipal support generally are necessary for the perpetuation of a free public library.

THREE STAGES IN LEGISLATION.

Legislation respecting free public libraries may be divided into three progressive stages.

(a) Permissive.

The first stage is that of permission. A general law is passed, the provisions of which affect only such towns as voluntarily assume its obligations. Such a law provides that a majority of the voters of a town may determine that each of its citizens shall assist in supporting a free public library for the welfare of all. Many of the states now have a law of this nature.

(b) State Aid.

The second stage is that of state aid. The usual form of this aid is for the state to grant to towns establishing free public libraries a gift of $100 in books for the library. Frequently a state commission is appointed which has the charge of the matter. Its duties are to disseminate information respecting the library laws and library statistics, to require an annual report from all free libraries in the state, to distribute the state stipend, and to guard against immature attempts to establish libraries with the chief object of getting the stipend.

Another form which this stage assumes is that of traveling libraries. These libraries are a selection of books, usually about 100 in number, sent out by a state commission or by the state librarian to any community or association agreeing to be responsible for them. The expense of carriage rests on the readers. The books may be retained six months,

when, perhaps, another library is sent in its place. Study clubs or Chautauqua Circles in some states may receive libraries especially adapted to their needs. Where free libraries do not exist their establishment often follows the use of traveling libraries as a natural sequence. Traveling libraries, consisting of books on special subjects, may be sent to small free libraries as well as to localities having no libraries at all. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that traveling libraries militate against the system of free public libraries.

A third form of this stage is seen when a state annually gives aid to the free libraries. There are three states that do this. In Maine a law provides for the usual $100 worth of books to any town establishing a free public library. In addition municipalities may receive annually 10 per cent. of what they expend for books and for the running expenses of their libraries; this sum is to be used in purchasing additional books. The state board of education of Rhode Island may give to any free public library, when established, $50 for the first 500 volumes included in such library; and $25 for every additional 500 volumes thereafter, but no library can receive more than $500 annually from this source. The board shall determine for what purposes the funds so granted shall be used. Any Connecticut town establishing a free library may receive a sum equal to that which it appropriates for books, but not more than $200; and annually thereafter an amount equal to that which it expends for the same purpose, or in case of a town whose grant list does not exceed $600,000, the amount expended from any source for the increase of the library, but not more than $100 annually. This sum shall be used for books selected by the state. Several states annually aid with funds their district or school libraries.

These methods of aiding yearly the free public libraries are among the best means of keeping up the library interest in the smaller communities, for if these communities are unaided the local appropriations must necessarily be small. They are better than the system once in vogue in some states of granting aid to district libraries without requiring local appropriations at the same time. An annual stipend to the libraries from the state serves as a perpetual incentive, and is the most generous treatment of any.

(c) Compulsory Support.

The most advanced step is that of compulsory support. A state arrives at this stage when it compels each town to appropriate a definite proportion of its public taxes to the establishment and support of a public library. This step is no more than the logical development of compulsory support of free schools. Historically the growth of library legislation has been along the same lines as school legislation. Among the earliest acts of all the states are those granting towns the right to tax themselves for free public schools. State aid for public schools, in one way and another, has been given nearly from the first, and the permissive acts long ago became compulsory acts. The truant laws, free text-books, and laws against child

labor, all have for their purpose the education of each child.

As yet but two states have advanced to this third stage. These are New Hampshire and Ohio. In the latter state an act was passed in 1898 requiring boards of education in towns of 5,000 to 10,000 population, already having a free public library, to levy an annual tax for the support of their libraries.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The earliest law granting to towns the opportunity to establish and maintain free public libraries was that of New Hampshire, enacted in 1849. This act enabled a town to raise money for books, for the purchase of land, and erection of buildings, and for necessary expenses in the establishing and care of a public library. The library was to be free to every inhabitant of the town "for the general diffusion of intelligence among all classes," and subject to necessary rules for its well ordering and preservation. Any town could receive, hold, or dispose of any gifts, or proceeds from such gifts, for establishing and maintaining such a library. Copies of the laws and other works published by the state were to be furnished to such libraries from year to year by the state.

A marked advance was made in 1891, when the state granted to each town establishing a library $100 worth of books. The conditions are (1) that the town at a regularly called meeting shall vote to accept the provisions of the law; (2) the town shall provide in a satisfactory manner for the care and distribution of the books; and (3) the town shall appropriate annually a sum not less than $50 if its last assessed valuation is $1,000,000 or upwards, or a sum not less than $25 if its valuation is between $250,000 and $1,000,000, or a sum not less than $15 if its valuation is less than $250,000. A large number of new libraries were organized at once.

By another law of the same year, the librarian of every public library was required to report annually the name and post-office address of each officer of the library to his town clerk, and to the state library any further information as to its organization, property, and condition, as might be required. The town clerks were to report annually their information to the state library.

A modification, in 1893, required that the name of each public library in the town, the names and post-office addresses of the officers, the manner of their election or appointment, the ownership of the library, for whose use and the number of volumes, shall be reported by the town clerk within thirty days after town or ward election. If there is no library in the town this fact is to be reported. When necessary, the librarian shall aid the town clerk in making such report, and the librarian shall supply to the state library any additional report required.

The final advance was made in 1895. An act of that year requires the selectmen in each town to assess annually upon the polls and taxable estate a sum computed at the rate of $30 for every dollar of public taxes apportioned by the state to such town; this assessment shall be used

for establishing and maintaining a free public library. Towns may raise at option a larger amount than required. The appropriation shall be held by the library trustees until the town votes to establish a library. Towns shall elect trustees for their libraries excepting where a free library has already been acquired under special circumstances, or the towns already have town libraries established prior to 1892. The trustees shall have full control of all property appropriated for a library. They shall report annually to the town and to the state board of library commissioners. The penalty for violating the law is $500. Towns having no library and having made no assessment for one, may, by special vote, determine not to establish one, and may be exempt one year from doing so.

New Hampshire has the honor of enacting, in 1849, the first law in the country granting towns the privilege of making an appropriation for the establishment and maintenance of free libraries, and one of its towns had anticipated such legislation by sixteen years. It is now a familiar story how Peterborough established the first free town library, and it is not necessary to repeat it in detail here. Since 1821, New Hampshire has raised annually a fund, called the "literary fund," from a tax on the banks of the state. This fund was originally intended for a state university. The university plan was abandoned in 1828. The law has been altered several times in the intervening years, but a fund is still raised which is annually divided among the towns "for the support and maintenance of free common schools or other purposes of education." Peterborough established a library with the aid of its portion of this fund in 1833, and has contributed to its support something every year since. After the act of 1849 other libraries were organized.

BOARD OF LIBRARY COMMISSIONERS.

A board for the aid of free libraries was established by law in 1891. The state librarian is a member of the board *ex officio*, and the other four members are appointed by the governor. Librarians may ask for advice in selecting and cataloguing their books and in matters pertaining to the maintenance or administration of the libraries. Biennial reports to the legislature are required from the board. The commission purchases the books given by the state to the towns establishing free libraries and sees that the required conditions are met by the towns. All public libraries must report to the commission annually. Two bulletins annually are expected to be issued by the board to the libraries. These shall contain recommendations of the best library methods, notes on library progress, and such general information as may be of value and use to the libraries. Two numbered bulletins and several circulars have been issued.

Since 1893 the commission has purchased books for new town libraries as follows: In 1893, $4,800; in 1894, $4,300; in 1895, $2,300; in 1896, $300; in 1897, $400, and in 1898 (to June 1), $1,200. The sum of $300 annually was allowed for the expenses of the board at first; in 1895 the amount was increased to

$500 annually; since then a reasonable amount is granted; $1,396 in all has been used to June 1, 1898.

Three reports have been made to the legislature. These show that the commission has done much in bringing to the notice of the towns the advantages of free libraries. Under the stimulus of state aid, and, later, under the requirement of compulsory support, nearly every town has made a beginning of a library.

MISCELLANEOUS LIBRARIES.

The New Hampshire Historical Society was incorporated in 1823. From the first it has been granted the state publications. Appropriations have also been made to it by the legislature for books, for support, and for obtaining a calendar of the New Hampshire historical matter found in the State Paper office in London. For some years the regular appropriation has been $500 annually. In the early years it was housed in the state house. Now it has a large substantial building of its own in Concord. The society possesses many articles of interest in its cabinets which are intimately connected with the early history of the state. Undoubtedly, it has the largest and most valuable collection of books and pamphlets and manuscripts relating to the history of the state to be found anywhere.

Dartmouth College library dates from 1770, and its history is entirely connected with that of the college. It is the largest library in the state. The library belonging to the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts is comparatively recent, and is devoted to the special needs of the college.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE LIBRARY.

The date of the origin of the New Hampshire state library is in doubt. The English writer, Edwards, in his "Free Town Libraries," places the date before the Revolution. He says, "New Hampshire took the lead in the establishment of a state library. The first legislative grant for the object was made whilst the state was still a colony, although on the eve of independence."

On the other hand, it is claimed that the state had no public building in which a library could be sheltered until 1819, when the first state capitol was finished; that the legislative sessions were held in several different places, and were not established at Concord permanently until 1808, and that there seems to be a lack of any definite legislation respecting a library until 1823. It may be said that the official records of the colony between 1770 and 1776 are quite incomplete. Many of the acts and resolves between these dates have never been published, some are even unknown. It is possible that some recorded action, yet to be definitely cited, may determine the question.

As far as we know no act was passed organizing the library until 1839, long years after it had existed as a fact. The first reference to it found is a resolution of 1823, voting to appropriate $100 annually for its enlargement and authorizing the governor to make the purchases. The next year the legislature voted to have two maps of Mexico and adjoining territories purchased if they did not cost over $20. The librarian was directed, in 1826, to procure "one copy of the journals of the sen-

ate and one copy of the journals of the house of representatives for each session since the adoption of the present constitution," and thereafter each succeeding year.

A law of 1839 made a distinct advance for the library. A librarian was to be appointed annually by the legislature. He was to catalogue the library, keep a record of the circulation, and be in constant attendance during the sessions. The books to be bought were such as were usually purchased for a state library in those days, namely court reports, "history, state papers, statistics, political economy, works on geology, mineralogy, and other sciences, and other works having an important bearing upon the business of legislation, to the exclusion of works of fiction."

Binding of books and pamphlets received sanction in 1840. A resolution the same year secured the appointment of a legislative committee to assist the governor in purchasing the books. It was repealed two years later and renewed in 1843. Such a committee proved of little benefit, as was pointed out in one of the annual reports of the librarian. The members of the committee were too busy with other legislative matters during the session, and after adjournment they were so remote from each other that it was impracticable for them to act. The committee was not always appointed, and the annual appropriation several times was not used.

An act of 1846 placed the duties of librarian on the secretary of state. He was required to appoint a deputy librarian who should assist during the sessions. The librarian or his deputy must at all times have charge of the library. He was to report to the legislature annually, and made a catalogue. In 1850 the governor and council were empowered to appoint some one to ascertain what books were missing, to recover them and to make a catalogue. The deputy secretary of state became deputy librarian, and practically the librarian in 1857.

A marked advance was made in 1866, when the library became an independent department of the state government. Three trustees were appointed by the governor and council to serve three years each after the first appointments. They have full control of the library, and serve without pay. They appoint the librarian and fix his salary. They make the purchases, dispose of the unnecessary books, and the librarian is required to keep an accession record.

By an act of 1887, town and county histories are to be bought. Copies of the printed reports of the various officers of the towns, cities, and counties and of all corporations doing business in the state, must be deposited in the library. The trustees are also authorized to reprint pamphlets which have become scarce, containing official transactions relating to the state.

The additions to the laws in 1891 were as follows: From that date all newspapers in the state, which publish the session laws, are required without additional pay to transmit to the library a complete file of the paper. Other periodicals in the state may be subscribed for by the library. Registers of probate are authorized to transfer to the library their files of newspapers covering periods prior to the files of the library. Town clerks shall annually transmit two copies each of the reports of the va-

rious officers of the town to the state librarian and to the New Hampshire Historical Society. A penalty of $20 may be imposed for the failure to send any of these reports. Schools and colleges shall transmit two copies of all catalogues (all their other publications are included in the law of 1895) to the library, and to the society. The public statutes of 1891 require the chairman of the selectmen, instead of the town clerk, to send the reports of the town officers.

Since 1893 the trustees have had authority to dispose of state publications by sale or exchange. Since 1895 they may become custodians of books and historical collections, and hold them for safe keeping and reference use in the library. This enables the public to gain access to volumes not easily found otherwise. Already valuable volumes have been received in this way. The same year the library was granted the right to buy any book relating to New Hampshire, whether fiction or not.

(a) Librarian.

The first librarian appointed was Jacob C. Carter, in 1834. He was annually chosen to serve until 1846, when the secretary of state became librarian by law. William H. Kimball held the office of librarian from 1867 until 1890, excepting the years 1871–'72, when Mitchell Gilmore served. Arthur R. Kimball followed his father in 1890, and served until December, 1894, when Arthur H. Chase succeeded.

(b) Rooms and Building.

Jacob B. Moore was authorized in 1828 to have fitted up the room under the senate chamber for the library. This was done. While the state house was being repaired in 1864–'65, the library was stored in the basement of the city hall. The repairs provided a room for the library in the center of the west side, but it was left unfinished. Temporary quarters were provided until the rooms could be fitted up. These accommodated 15,000 volumes. In 1881 the governor and council were requested to have plans and estimates made for a state library building, or additions to the state house, and to report at the next session of the legislature. These were submitted. The governor and council and a legislative committee each recommended a separate library building in 1883, but no action was taken by the legislature. The demand for the building continued and became more insistent. Books were scattered during these years through nine different rooms in the state house; valuable sets of books were broken as rapidly as they were completed. There were constant losses from the unnecessary wear occasioned by the crowded and disorganized conditions. Finally, in 1889, a commission was appointed to secure more plans and estimates. When their report was made in 1891 the plans were accepted, and a building was erected north of the state house, on the corner of Park and State streets.

The building faces the south, consists of two stories and a basement, with a tower on the southwest corner. It is 104 feet deep, and has a frontage of 141 feet. The exterior is entirely of Conway and Concord granite. A souvenir volume of the

dedication, which occurred in January, 1895, gives a full description of the building. The library was moved in the following summer. The building is occupied at present, in addition to the library, by the supreme court and the state departments of agriculture and education. About 55,000 volumes can be accommodated on the shelves in place. More shelving can be put in, but before a great while a stack-room will be necessary.

(c) Books and Catalogues.

There were less than 600 volumes in the library in 1828. Three hundred copies of a catalogue were published in 1846. This shows that there were then 400 law books and 600 volumes of history, biography, and reference.

There were about 45,000 volumes when moved into the new building. There are now about 67,500, of which 15,000 volumes are in the law department, 37,500 in the general library, and 15,000 volumes of session laws and official reports of the United States and of the several states. These last, with 5,000 duplicates and 100,000 volumes of reports of New Hampshire state officers, are in the basement. A finding list of history, biography, genealogy, geography, and travel was published in 1897. The law reports, law text-books, and the most-used reference books are on the first floor; the general library occupies the alcoves of the second floor, classified by the decimal system. A typewritten card catalogue is being made as rapidly as possible. A comprehensive printed catalogue is planned when the card catalogue is completed.

(d) Exchanges.

Exchanges of laws and journals with other states were authorized in 1826. Twenty-five additional copies of the laws and public documents were to be printed after 1841 for exchanging with foreign countries. In 1848 the librarian recommended the publication of all the important reports made to the legislature by the state officers for preservation and exchange. As a result he was permitted to set aside a certain number of the documents for exchange of books and other works of science and art from foreign countries.

From time to time exchanges were authorized with various historical societies. A set of the American archives was voted to the New Hampshire Historical Society, and suitable exchanges were to be made as occasion offered. The distribution of the state publications remained the duty of the secretary of state until 1891, when it was turned over to the library excepting the distribution to the legislature, to the state officers, and to the municipalities.

(e) Circulation.

The conditions on which the books of the library might be used, and the constituency which could use them, have been subject to many and almost fickle changes. The first general act of 1839 provided that the books should not be taken out without the consent of the librarian and should be recorded. During the sessions books could be retained one week, at other times one month, and all must be returned by the 20th of May annually. This date was about two weeks before the annual sessions.

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There were less than 600 volumes in the library in 1838. Three hundred copies of a catalogue were published in 1846. This shows that there were then 400 law books and 200 volumes of history, biography, and reference.

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The number of persons who could take books from the library was extended and restricted several times in the following years.

By an act of 1891, the governor and council and the legislature could take the books during the sessions, the judges during term time, and the trustees could permit others to have them not exceeding twenty-four hours. The time limit was removed in 1893, but the books were subject to such rules as the trustees might impose. Books in the general library now may be loaned to any one in the state through the local public libraries, by the local library becoming responsible to the state library for any books so borrowed, and it in turn looking to the individual in case of any loss or damage.

At first the library was open only during the session. In 1859, when there was supposed to be no circulation, the librarian was required to keep the library open for consultation at all proper times. There were no regular hours until 1867, when they were appointed to be from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Occasionally during court the room was open in the evening. On moving into the new building the hours became from 8.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. It is now open evenings when the supreme court and the legislature are in session, or some one from out of town desires especially to consult it.

(f) Expenses.

The first appropriation for the library was in 1823 of $100, to be spent by the governor "as he may think proper," annually, "until the general court shall otherwise order." The amount was not always used. Later a commission assisted in the purchases, if made. Special appropriations of $500 or less were made from time to time for filling up sets; $3,260 were spent in 1867 for fitting up new rooms; the annual appropriation was increased to $500 in 1878, to $2,500 in 1889, and to $3,000 in 1891; $2,000 were appropriated in 1895 for current newspapers and periodicals, for binding, and for filling up gaps in the law department. In 1897 the law was so amended that $5,000 may be used annually for books in all departments; the newspapers and periodicals, binding, and shelving shall be deemed incidentals.

From 1867 to June, 1898, there has been paid in salaries . . .	$33,500
For books, about	56,000
For printing reports and blanks, reprinting pamphlets, and incidental expenses	33,000
For maintenance of building . .	11,000
Total, about	$134,000

The new building cost $314,300.

(g) Reports.

The revised statutes of 1843 required the librarian to report to the governor annually. In 1846 the report was to be made to the legislature. The condition of the library and the lists of books added and lost were to be given. The list of additions was suspended in 1893 until a complete catalogue can be published, after which the list is to be continued as an annual supplement.

The reports for 1890–'94 contain much bibliographical matter, among which may be mentioned the official publications of the state for 1890–'94; bibliographies of Dartmouth College, Manchester, and Dover; statistics and brief sketches of the town libraries

of the state; condensed list of New Hampshire official publications from 1699–1892; index to the New Hampshire registers; and a check-list of New Hampshire laws.

OTHER LIBRARIES IN STATE INSTITUTIONS.

The state asylum for the insane has received $100 annually for books since 1865. The state prison for several years past has usually had an appropriation for reading matter. The Industrial School at Manchester sustains its library from funds given by ex-Governor Frederick Smyth and Miss Louise Penhallow. It has also received appropriations from the state for the same purpose. The state departments of public instruction and health have small libraries.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

In several states library associations are found. The first of these to be incorporated was that of New Hampshire; it dates from 1889. It was organized to secure coöperation among the libraries of the state, to improve their management, to encourage the establishment of new libraries, to render the existing ones more useful as a means of popular education, to facilitate the collection and exchange of matter relating to different parts of the state. It holds meetings from time to time, at which practical methods of library economy are discussed.

STATISTICS AND CONCLUSION.

The special report on libraries of the United States Commissioner of Education in 1876, gives a list of fourteen free libraries in New Hampshire, having 52,663 volumes. Seventy-two other libraries are listed, having 153,080 volumes. In the report of the library commission of this state for 1895–'96 these statistics are found:

		Volumes.
Libraries established without state aid	62	309,129
Libraries receiving incidental state aid	7	17,093
Libraries materially aided by state	122	83,825
Free libraries	5	8,301
Total free libraries distributed in 195 towns	196	418,348

In addition there are other libraries in the state as follows:

		Volumes.
Free libraries	8	7,003
Subscription libraries	33	60,630
Circulating libraries	3	2,050
School libraries	23	43,323
Two college libraries	2	86,000
State and department libraries	5	*42,214
New Hampshire Historical Society	1	15,000
Totals	75	256,220
Making a grand total of libraries	271	674,568

*This did not include 15,000 volumes of public documemts.

Nineteen towns voted, in 1896, the first assessment for a library. These towns are not included in the 195 noted above. Nineteen other towns voted the same year that it was inexpedient to establish a library. Thus the whole state is accounted for with the exception of unincorporated places having a population of 387 persons. The total appropriations by the towns for these libraries are not known, but the sum of $48,607.12 was voted that year at the annual meetings. This does not represent the whole, for some towns pay the running expenses of their libraries without special votes.

The towns from early days have received the state publications. These

often have not been suitably cared for. In some cases they have even been sold. Maine has, as one of the requirements, enjoined upon the towns which receive state aid that they shall keep such books in the public libraries. This insures their preservation and makes them accessible for use.

The association libraries played an important part during the first three-quarters of this century in fostering the love of reading and culture of the people. Free libraries have come to take their place largely, just as compulsory education has been substituted for optional education. Free libraries are accessible to every one in the community, while the association libraries of necessity were restricted. As free district and high schools are the predecessors of technical schools, so we may expect that there will in time be other libraries for the special investigators than those already existing.

The state library, originally in the office of the secretary of state, was intended only for the legislature; then it embraced the needs of the courts; now its aim is to supply such volumes for all readers and investigators on subjects which the free public libraries for the most part are unable to attempt to cover.

The free public libraries are the ones which come nearest to the people, and are the ones which must receive the most careful attention on the part of all. The library problem of the future in this state is not a large multiplication of libraries, but the building up and the fullest use possible of those already existing.

WHAT LILY-BELL TOLD.

By Carl Burell.

"You give me silver,
I'll give you give gold."
Said Orchid to Lily-Bell—
Then the Bell told.
But what did she tell
Down, down in the dell,
With only the winds and the fairies to hear?
Tho' she whispered so soft,
And the winds sighed so oft,
Yet the Yellow Orchid was standing so near
I knew that he heard
At least the one word—
"*You love my silver,*
Then I love your gold."

MR. UNLUKIKUS SHOOTS.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

MR. UNLUKIKUS and Mr. Bildriver went shooting one day last fall. Mr. Bildriver had never before been shooting with Mr. Unlukikus. That was why he went with him this time.

They took an early train out of the city and arrived at a small way station about twenty miles distant just as the sun was rising. Then they started across the country to a large cattle pasture where Mr. Unlukikus said there was an abundance of game. Mr. Unlukikus always knows where there is an abundance of game.

Mr. Bildriver had just climbed the high brush fence surrounding the pasture and was engaged in tightening his cartridge belt when he heard an explosion behind him and the dirt flew up in close proximity to his right foot. Turning, he saw his companion tangled up in the fence with a smoking gun in his hand.

"See here, Unlukikus," cried Bildriver, excitedly, "you want to remember that you are carrying a gun in your hands and not a walking-stick or a crowbar. If you are going to shoot holes in the atmosphere in this promiscuous fashion I want you to give me a chance to hide behind a stump somewhere or crawl into a hollow log. You hear me?"

"Oh, well," said Unlukikus soothingly, "these little accidents will occasionally happen in spite of all the precautions the most careful sportsman can take. I'm glad it's no worse. But say, look at that dog. He's scented a quail or a partridge already. I paid sixty dollars to have him trained to point, and I don't grudge a cent of it. Say, ain't he a dandy?"

The dog came to a point a few rods ahead of them and they advanced cautiously with their guns at full cock. As they came up the dog flushed a little bird about the size of an adult bumblebee.

"Ya-as," said Bildriver in metallic tones; "ya-as, Unlukikus, he is a dandy."

Mr. Unlukikus had nothing to say. They proceeded for a while in silence and then the dog stiffened himself in front of a garter snake that lay coiled on a rock basking in the sun. Then his master rebuked him sharply with a birch withe. For a time after this incident the animal seemed melancholy and depressed in spirits, but presently he rallied and pointed a chipmunk.

"Say, what's the matter with your blamed dog, anyway?" shouted Bildriver in a rage. "Does he think we get up in the middle of the night, make a railway journey, and then walk twelve miles through thistles and underbrush to shoot pee-wees or field mice?"

"I don't know what ails him," said Unlukikus, dejectedly, "I paid sixty dollars"—

"Ya-as," broke in Bildriver, "you paid sixty dollars to have him taught to point and he points all right, but he lacks discrimination. He'll point anything from a circus procession down to a bluebottle fly. What you want to do now is to expend five or six hundred dollars more and give him a thorough course of instruction in ornithology so that he will be able to discern the salient points of difference between a bullfrog and a crested grouse."

Unlukikus kicked the dog five feet in the air, and they started for a small grove which they could see in the distance, Bildriver striding gloomily along ahead. Before long Unlukikus saw the dog stealthily advancing toward a small clump of bushes with his nose in the air and he began fingering the lock of his gun nervously. In a moment there was a report and Bildriver's cap was lifted from his head while Bildriver himself danced up and down like a madman.

"I thought that dog of yours had the least sense of anything on top of this earth," he yelled as he rubbed the place where a stray shot had scraped his bald scalp, "but he's an intellectual giant compared with you. Did you think a wild turkey was roosting on my head? Can't you tell the difference between a feathered fowl and a free born American citizen?"

Unlukikus humbly apologized and spoke soothing words to the injured man and put some court plaster, a quantity of which he always carried with him, on the damaged scalp and finally got him in a condition to proceed.

"I think you are a better shot than I am so you would better go ahead," said Mr. Unlukikus with a feeble attempt at diplomacy.

"Not much, I don't go ahead," said Mr. Bildriver, firmly. "A man has a natural curosity to know what kills him, and so long as you have powder and shot and a gun about your person you'll head the mournful procession and I'll bring up the rear. Next time I go shooting with a dish-binged lunatic with a mania for homicide I'll wear a complete suit of plate armor, and then I won't be so particular."

At this moment their attention was attracted by the actions of the dog, which was pawing away the leaves from under an old log and barking noisily.

"It's a woodchuck," said Unlukikus, as they hurried forward. "It isn't exactly a game animal but we'll take him in," and he caught hold of the log and rolled it over while the dog, with a frantic yelp, rushed in and dragged a small, black and white animal from under it.

"Great scott!" cried Unlukikus, "it's a skunk, isn't it?"

"Naw," snarled Bildriver, "it's a bird of paradise, that's what it is. I knew that college-bred dog of yours would distinguish himself if he got a chance," and grasping his nose in one hand and his gun in the other he made a bee line for the station and was seen no more.

"Well, dear," chirruped Mrs. Unlukikus that evening as she met her husband at the door, "what did you shoot?"

"Shoot," he growled disgustedly, "I shot a valuable piece of real estate, I shot a Scotch tweed cap, I shot the whole scalp off the friend of my bosom, I shot"—

"Uriah," interrupted his wife sniffing the air, "what is that horrid smell?"

"It 's mignonette, Mrs. Unlukikus, it 's mignonette," he responded. "I bagged a conservatory on the way home. Or perhaps it 's oil of wintergreen. I shot a drug store down near the station, I also shot"—

But Mrs. Unlukikus shot out of the room.

"She scents the truth," muttered Mr. Unlukikus, with a mirthless chuckle, as he dragged himself wearily upstairs to the bathroom.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Samuel Hoyt.

So like a dream! Nor twilight 't was, nor day—
A single parting ray of crimson shone
Across a gilded frame and fell upon the face
Of her, a slender girl with all of woman's grace,
The while she struck a low, melodious tone
Upon the ivory keys, and then straightway,
In plaintive voice, to suit her roundelay,
She sang (as sweetly as the angels may)
A tender ballard of a southern zone.

Such songs, I ween, fall on the mellow air
That haunts the pines of Pisa, and distils
From Casentino's forests rare perfumes—
Where the acacia and the ilex plumes
Lie dark against the magnolia-laden hills—
Songs, drifting out from open casements where
Fond lovers dream or sing away their care,
While silver bells chime out the call to prayer,
And spicy scent the passing zephyr fills.

No sly appoggiatura vexed the strain;
No struggling "technique" dinned the unwilling ear
As St. Cecelia might have swept the strings
Of her soft harp and given its passion wings,
(While to my eyelids slowly crept a tear),
So gently fell her notes, as dropping rain
Upon the summer leaves—a sweet refrain—
So sweet it lives with me to-night again,
And haunting memory makes it doubly dear.

A LOOK AT THE OLD FARM.

By Ben Bridge.

IT does n't take much to send your thoughts hundreds of miles away. It may be a face, or a picture you see or a flower, the veriest trifle, and like a flash something is brought back to memory. This time, to me, it was the old farm. And what started it was a boy coming down street whistling "Swanee River." It was n't a musical whistle but it was clear and shrill, and before he had turned the corner I found myself as I walked down town humming the old song,

> " Dere's where me heart is turning ebber,
> Dere's where de old folks stay,"

and my thoughts were up in New Hampshire, at a little house among the hills. But the old folks did n't stay there now; they had passed on years ago, and I wondered how the little house looked and why I could n't go up to the old Granite state, get a breath of the bracing air that came from those hills, and a look at the old landmarks,—for it was in the spring and I had been out of sorts for a while, and a few days outing would do me good. Anyway I would go.

I left Boston a warm morning in May, and the sun was high up when I got off the cars at the little station. How natural it all looked! There lay the village in the distance, the spire on the same old brick church glistened in the sun. And the paper mills, too! I could see them down in a little settlement, as it were, by themselves. Hark! Yes. there was the noon whistle. I knew that whistle. Would I go to the hotel? No, not yet, while in the mood I would start out for the old farm. As I stepped from the platform into the road how many memories of the old days came back to me; for I had traveled to and from school or on errands to the store, or with a load of grain from the grist-mill many a time on the old road. Here is the old mile-stone and guide-board. Half way home, now I stop and take a long breath. The air is warm and I get a whiff of pine from the woods. A squirrel darts over the wall at my side. I used to chase your forefathers, little chipmunk.

Away in the distance I see old Kearsarge mountain. It was our barometer. When the clouds hung low on its summit or the top was capped, as we called it, look out for a storm. I am going over the flat now. And when up this rise I can get a glimpse, way ahead in the hollow, of the little house I used to call home. A few sheep are grazing in the worn-out fields. The old sap orchard has been cut down, and there are big gaps in the stone-walls. They have spared one big butternut tree here beside the road. There 's the old flat stone jutting out of the wall, that I used to sit and crack the nuts on. There are a few old apple trees left in the little orchard. I see my old favorite which bore a famous apple,

the rattle seed, is dead. I don't find any like those now days. I turn here and go up the path. It is grassed over now.

Poor, deserted little house, how worn and shabby you look. You, too, have grown old. The lilac bush under the window is full of blossoms. We used to call this window "mother's window." I can look in, as the glass is all out. Old rooms, how bare you look. I see the fireplace where I sat popping corn and toasting apples. The swallows are flying in and out of the wide chimney. I miss the high chest of drawers, the old clock, the big round table. Where are the faces of those that gave me such good cheer, that made home? I turn away. There is a lump in my throat that I gulp down. All of a sudden I feel tired and old, and it looks a long stretch back to the village. A robin high up in the big maple is calling for rain. I go slowly down the path. A brisk breeze stirs through the trees. The air feels chilly. I turn for a last look and raise my hat. Good-by, old home, good-by, forever.

MY DREAM.

By Annie Rogers Noyes.

Beguiled from care, by slumber soothed,
Fair scenes from childhood's happy day
Come stealing back like soft, glad strains
Of music far away.

I see the loved of other days,
In accents sweet their voices hear,
The touch of gentle hands on mine
Brings years departed near.

A child again! And naught but love
And joy and happiness are mine;
I revel in the sunlight clear,
Which seems alone to shine

For me, to make my play more glad,
To guild the fairy-footed hours,
No care, no sorrow to molest,
My pathway spread with flowers.

And love of kindred hearts and true—
Only excelled by love Divine
Or angels', in the heavenly land—
This love, again, is mine.

I wake alas, the dream dispelled,
The happy vision drifts away,
And Care, unlovely sentinel,
Holds undisputed sway!

THE DIFFERENCE IN GIRLS.

By B. B.

"MISS Beane is an inspiring teacher," exclaimed a wide-awake woman to a friend of hers, one day.

"She was considered a failure in discipline in her last school, though," replied the friend, who was prim.

"What of that?" said the enthusiast. "She was n't appreciated or understood. It all came from putting her into a place too narrow for her. She is an all-around girl, and round pegs never do fit square holes."

"Why do you admire her so much?" inquired the conservative lady.

"She knows how to spend a vacation, for one thing. No sooner is school out, than she is off to New York or Boston, ready to get the rest and refreshment that come from sight-seeing. Then, too, she knows a good picture, and makes a hobby of art. A hobby is a great preventive of discontent and frivolity. Her influence will determine the future of many a boy and girl in Lincoln."

"Yes, I know she has done a great deal in that town. But girls are different. Miss James came to see me last evening, and she was telling me about her new schoolhouse. She is a noble woman, refined, earnest, and pure. But she fails to see how large the teacher's duty is. We spoke of pictures for school-rooms. I thought she would like to know how to get some good ones at little cost, but she took no interest. I was disappointed, for in the world of books that are far beyond the children's grasp, she and I are so congenial. And I know she loves the children, and teaches them faithfully. But she has not found her place, yet."

"Is n't it fortunate we cannot make them over?" asked the older woman, merrily. "Now I know a little teacher-girl who plays games with her children, makes all her friends laugh by successful imitations of the children's baby ways, remembers to enter into all the make-believes of recess time, brings rope from home to make reins for little boys that have n't any, and is altogether such a lovable, original little human being, that her being a teacher at all seems almost a joke. She would never start a Sunday-school, but she made a whole neighborhood happy by a winter picnic of hot chocolate and cake for some country school-children who never went to a party in all their little lives."

"We 're all different, I suppose," said the other. "I like to hear what these girls are doing, for it often encourages me to try again. Miss Rainor was here to-day, and she told me she had come to the city to buy a piano for her school. She has collected some money in the district where she teaches, and she gave



an entertainment at her school that cleared nineteen dollars. She had to arrange everything herself, and her school numbers over fifty. Just imagine how hard she must have worked, and how successfully she must have cultivated public sentiment, to make any money out of it."

"Yes, one succeeds in one way, and another, in another way. There is a great difference in girls."

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

[From the German of Chamisso.]

By Mary H. Wheeler.

King Conrad with his army, his knights and spearmen lay
Before the town of Weinsberg for many and many a day.
The Guelphs had been defeated, their army put to rout,
But gallantly defended, this little town held out.

But hunger came, ah, hunger, that pricketh like a thorn;
And then their plea for mercy was answered but in scorn.
"Nay, you for us have stricken full many a warrior true,
And when your gates are opened the sword awaiteth you."

And then there came the women, "For us too must this be?
We ask but for an out-way, and we from blood are free."
The hero's scorn departed, his anger fled apace,
And pity for the helpless found in his heart a place.

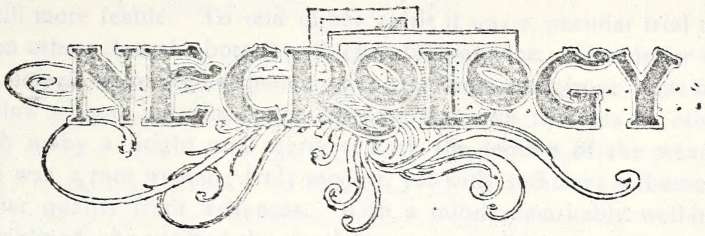
"The women are permitted to pass hereout," said he,
"And each may take her treasures, whatever they may be,
And go forth unmolested with all she choose to bring.
This is the king's decision, the word, too, of the king."

And in the early morning, with first returning light,
The watching camp of Conrad saw an unusual sight.
For lightly, very lightly, the gates were loosed at last,
And ranks of staggering women from out the portal passed.

Low bending with their burdens they moved along the track,
For each wife bore her treasure—her husband—on her back.
"Halt! halt, ye wives!" and chieftains to angry words gave vent.
The chancellor said clearly, that was not the intent.

The good king answered, smiling, "Ah, so 't was understood,
And, were it not intended, still they have made it good.
The king's word must be sacred, what spoken is, is spoken,
Not even by the chancellor may it be turned or broken."

So was the gold untarnished, unstained the royal crown.
From time now half forgotten the legend cometh down.
Eleven hundred forty, we see the record stand,
The king's word yet was sacred in the German fatherland.



SARAH LITTLE STORY.

Sarah Little Story, widow of the late Alfred Story, died at her residence in Goffstown, January 17, 1899. Mrs. Story was born in Goffstown, December 8, 1817, and was the last of the family of eight children of Joseph and Margaret (Moon) Little. In early life she was a successful teacher in the schools of the town and acquired an enviable reputation as such. In 1842 she was united in marriage with Alfred Story, a native of Goffstown, and together for half a century they were identified with the growth, progress, and prosperity of the town. Mrs. Story was a true Christian woman; one to whom the burdened heart could pour out its sorrows with a surety of sympathy; one to whom distress could prefer its suit with a certainty of tangible relief, whose hand was always open to those needing help, and whose heart was expanded by benevolence towards all mankind. She was a valued member of Martha Washington Chapter, O. E. S. She is survived by a son, John W. Story, and a daughter Mardie L. Story, both of Goffstown. In her death Goffstown loses another of her representative people; another landmark has gone.

ELIZABETH M. BUXTON.

Elizabeth McFarland Buxton, daughter of the late Rev. Edward and Elizabeth McFarland Buxton, was born in Webster (then West Boscawen), April 2, 1839, and died in her native place, February 13, 1899. She united with the church, of which her father was pastor, at the age of twelve and at about that age began to play the instrument in church, a service which she continued for years. Her early studies were mainly with her father, though she sometimes attended the district and select schools. She graduated from Mount Holyoke seminary in 1858, and after that was employed in teaching, for a few terms, in the common schools near home, but principally in seminaries for young ladies farther west. With the exception of two years at Bryn Mawr, Pa., in a girls' school of her own, her labors were in Monticello seminary, Godfrey, Ill., in Zanesville, Ohio, and in Steubenville, Ohio. In the last-named place she taught eleven years. In 1890 she went to Minneapolis to be with a friend and was not again employed regularly in school, though she had some private pupils and engaged in other literary work. After a few years a muscular atrophy so enfeebled her hands and arms that she was unable to wait on herself, and she returned in May, 1897, to Webster to spend the remainder of her days in the parish where her father labored so long, and where she was regarded with unbounded respect and affection. The helplessness continued to increase, and a severe illness in the spring of 1898 ren-

dered her still more feeble. To one of her spirit it was a peculiar trial to be so dependent on others, but she bore it with cheerful patience. Unable for nearly a year to feed herself, or to lift her hands, or to rise from a chair, or raise her head from the pillow without aid, she never obtruded her own troubles on others, but relieved with many a bright and merry remark the tedium of the weary days. Miss Buxton was a rare woman; truly modest, yet with sufficient self-assertion to save the other quality from weakness. With a mind remarkably well-informed and well-disciplined, she yet had the gentle courtesy and innate politeness which set others at ease.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Her interest in humanity was not confined to her own community, but she watched public events with an eye keen to see what effect they would have on the world's welfare. The progress of Christ's kingdom was much in her thoughts. Her hearty interest in young people also continued to the last. She was fond of talking with them and anxious to have them choose what was noblest. In a letter dictated to one of her young friends who had large ambitions which seemed likely to be realized, she begged him not to be satisfied with any success which rested wholly in worldly gain or fame but to seek the noblest Christian manhood and become "such a man as the world needs."

"Blessing she was, God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her, noiseless as the snow,
Nor did she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless."

WILLIAM F. JONES.

Wm. F. Jones, a life-long resident and prominent citizen of Durham, died at his late home February 3, 1899. Mr. Jones was a descendant of Stephen Jones, who is known to have been in possession of the Jones homestead as early as 1663, and who was succeeded by his son, Stephen Jones; his grandson, Thomas M. Jones, and his great-grandson, Wm. F. Jones, the subject of this sketch, who was born June 3, 1818, and who was the last male member of his family. Mr. Jones descended from good stock on both sides of the house, his grandmother being Susannah Millet, and his mother, Betsey Chesley; the former from the celebrated English Millet family, and the latter a member of the Chesley family, which was so prominent in the early history of New Hampshire. Mr. Jones was honored by his townsmen by the various offices within their gift, having been sent to the legislature. He was a life-long farmer.

CAPT. EDMUND P. HUTCHINSON.

Capt. Edmund P. Hutchinson died at his home in Milford, February 23, at the age of eighty years. He was one of the oldest and best known residents of his community, where for forty-five years he was a successful auctioneer and trader. Mr. Hutchinson was for many years a prominent Mason, both in the Blue lodge and chapter, and in politics a Democrat.

DR. JOSEPH L. ELKINS.

Dr. Joseph Low Elkins, the oldest practising physician in Newmarket, died early Monday night of the grip. He had been ill but a short time. Dr. Elkins was born in Newmarket, November 19, 1834, and received his education in the public schools, Philips Exeter academy, and Dartmouth college, being graduated from the latter institution in the class of 1856. He later took a course in the medical department of Dartmouth, graduating in 1859, and the following winter attended a course of lectures at the Harvard Medical school. On July 1, 1860, he opened an office in Newmarket, and he was in active practice for nearly thirty-nine years. In politics he was a Democrat, and he had voted that ticket ever since he became of age. He was always actively interested in town affairs, and had often been called upon to preside as moderator at the town meetings. He had also held the office of justice of peace for several terms, and at his death was superintendent of the school board. He was for many years a member of the Congregational church. He leaves a wife.

NATHANIEL H. CLEMENT.

Former State Supreme Court Justice Nathaniel H. Clement, who recently retired from the bench, died March 3, at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., from grip. Justice Clement was a leading Democrat and a member of many clubs. He was born in Tilton, in 1844. His father, Zenas Clement, has served as state treasurer. When old enough he entered the Portsmouth high school, and subsequently Dartmouth college, from which he graduated in 1868. He served from 1861 in the Civil War with a calvary troop composed of college men. In 1863 he became an attaché of the treasury department at Washington, and in 1866 went to Brooklyn and was admitted to the bar. His election as city court justice took place in 1882. He became supreme court justice in 1895 and served in that capacity for two years.

HON. G. W. McDUFFEE.

Hon. G. W. McDuffee died at his home in Keene, March 1, after a short illness, aged fifty-eight. He was one of the most prominent and influential business men in Keene, going there in 1862, and in 1869 established the Cheshire Chair Co., and remained its manager until the time of his death. He was a prominent Republican, had served in the common council, board of aldermen, and represented the city in the state legislature, and served as mayor for two terms, in 1895–'96. He was a member of the board of trustees of the Eliott City hospital and Keene Savings bank. He was also a Knights Templar and an officer in the Order of the Golden Cross, deacon in the Second Congregational church and superintendent of the Sunday-school.

DR. FRANK B. LOCKE.

Dr. Frank B. Locke, of Berlin, died February 17, at the Maine General hospital, Portland, after a succession of nasal hemorrhages lasting several days. He was a native of Stewartstown, and a graduate of Albany Medical college; he was an active member of several fraternal orders,—Masonic, I. O. O. F., Pilgrim

Fathers and A. O. U. W. He was forty-three years of age, and is survived by two brothers, Fred W., of North Stratford, and Porter L., of Waltham, Mass.

REV. CHARLES A. TOWLE.

The Rev. Charles A. Towle died at Grinnell, Ia., February 22. He was born in Epsom, June 20, 1837. At the age of twenty he entered Pembroke academy, and in that school and at Derry, fitted himself for Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated in 1864. He then taught for two years in the Appleton academy at Mount Vernon, after which he entered the Theological seminary at Andover, Mass., staying there two years and finishing his theological studies at Chicago. He occupied a number of western pulpits, until, in 1886, he was appointed superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school Publishing society for the state of Iowa, which position he held at the time of his death.

HORACE A. LAMOS.

Horace A. Lamos was born in Somersworth in 1841, being fifty-eight years old at his death, which occurred at Grand Rapids, Mich., February 16. Originally apprenticed to a printer, he soon tired of his trade and left it to enter the hotel business at Chelsea, Mass. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted with the First Massachusetts and served until he was wounded at Yorktown in 1863. In 1875 he went to Grand Rapids and became proprietor of the hotel and restaurant at Union station, and at the time of his death he controlled all of the restaurants on the line of the G. R. & I. railway. He is survived by a widow and a host of friends.

JOHN W. EASTMAN.

John W. Eastman, a native of New Hampshire, died at Minneapolis, February 20. He was a great traveler and one of the California "Forty-niners," but finally settled in the West and built the first flour mill on Nicollet Island, thus becoming the pioneer miller of Minneapolis. He was seventy-nine years old, and is survived by two sons, Dr. Arthur M. Eastman of St. Paul, and Alfred F. Eastman, who is superintendent of water-works at Skaguay, Alaska.

ELEAZER SMITH.

Eleazer Smith, aged one hundred and one years, who fought in the War of 1812, died at his home in Danbury, February 12. Mr. Smith was born May 16, 1798, in Grafton, of which town his father was one of the early settlers. In the War of 1812 he was a drummer boy, and his most valued relic was the drum which he carried through that memorable struggle. His grandfather was wounded at Bunker Hill. Mr. Smith was a Republican and voted at every presidential election, from that of James Monroe to William McKinley.

ISAIAH DUSTIN.

Isaiah Dustin, captain in the Fifth N. H. Infantry during the Civil War, died at his home in West Derry, March 1, of heart disease.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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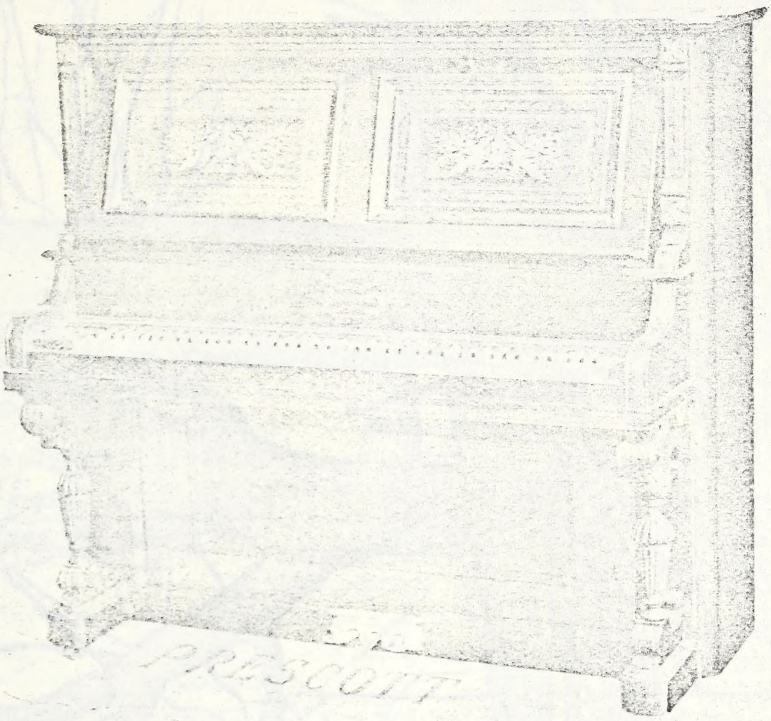
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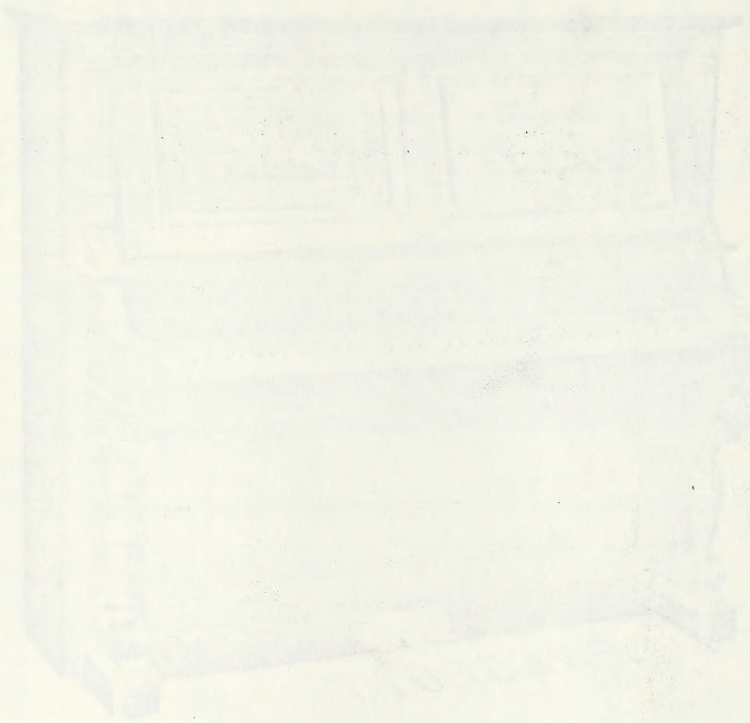
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A TIP-TOP EXPERIENCE ON MOOSILAUKE.

By Ellen E. Webster.

"MOOSILAUKE is the most formidable of the outlying foothills of the White Mountains. Itself it is a mighty spectacle rising with great power from the ranks of its own flanking highlands and pushing its way skyward; but its greatest power lies in the range of view to be had from its summit. The view is comparable only to that from the summit of Mount Washington."

Indeed, some feel that it even exceeds that of Mount Washington because Moosilauke stands more by itself. Its isolation is said to have another advantage—it is not so often cloud-capped as the clustered peaks of the White Hills.

Many are the surprises and pleasures that await the Nature lover as he climbs the five miles of road that winds from base to summit. The way is not only winding, but often reminds one of a giant's stairway, the treads of which are well shown in the view of the last mile.

As more than half the way leads through a dense wood, it is only from a few places that one can get any foretaste of the grand and impressive view that awaits one on the heights.

The trees on either hand have weathered the storms of centuries, and how one longs to hear their history! To be sure, they have written some things in characters which we can interpret, but we long for ears that may hear the story of their victories over rain-famines in summer and the Arctic Ice King's blasts in winter. How many times have these mighty trees of the forest been forced to join hands and, sometimes, even lock arms with one another for mutual support until some tempest has spent its force! Then, again, with what patience and persistence have they had to push and crowd their way—even to the death, be it sorrowfully said, of weaker sisters and kin—all that they might have room in which to toss their sturdy branches! But when gentle breezes stirred their leaves, what tender lullabies have they crooned to the forest children they have nurtured! Birds have

found shelter and rest with them, wild creatures of all sorts have written their autographs on the soil at their feet, and there also may we read thrilling adventures of the red man as told by the arrow-heads he occasionally lost in these solitudes.

Ah! the trees can remember when the pale face first came among them and can point out many a blood-stained spot that marks the battle-ground of these same pale faces and the wild men and wild animals of the forest. Yes, the pale face has robbed these trees of many a boon companion in the animal world—even to the complete extermination of certain resident species.

But we have been slowly climbing as we read, and now we notice that the trees are smaller in size and some kinds have been altogether left behind because they could not survive the rigors of the altitude.

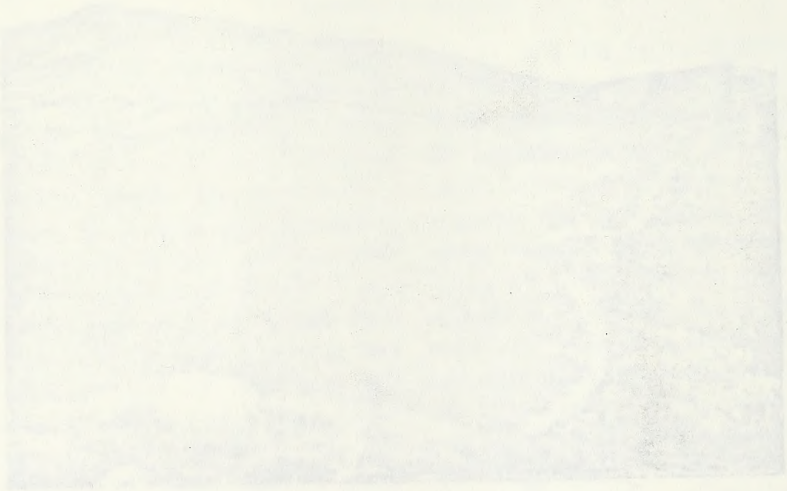
Soon after the four-mile post is passed the only apologies for trees are seen in the dense, scraggy mats of stunted firs, spruces, and birches which lift their heads only a foot or two from the surface, for they "have learned that the only way to live in such a place is to lie flat upon the ground and let the wind blow over" them.

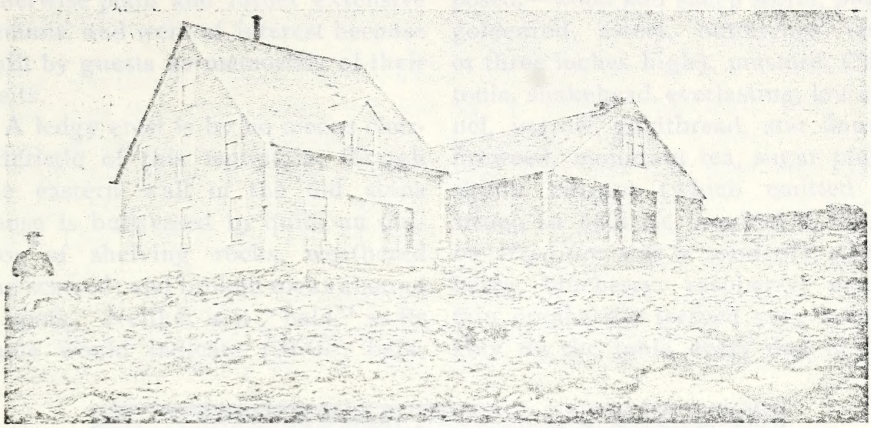
We began the ascent just before sunset when the birds were singing their vesper hymns in cathedrals of their own choosing on different parts of the mountain, and darkness had stalked well over the summit before we reached the Tip-Top House.



The Last Mile of Carriage Road.

The panorama revealed next morning was so far-reaching and complex the effect was for a time bewildering, as if we had come from a darkened room into one brightly lighted. The sublimity of the scene could not at once be appreciated, and we turned





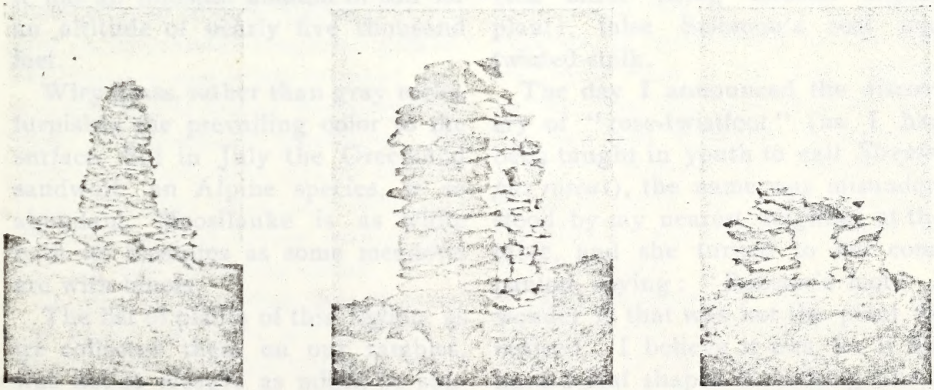
Tip-Top House.

to lesser things—the birds, flowers, rocks, paths, etc.,—waiting four or five days before actual mountain study was attempted, for distant peaks should be observed day after day and hour after hour that the changeable moods may be noted when varying lights and shadows sharpen and bring into prominence their outlines and features.

For instance, although Mt. Washington was seldom concealed by cloud-caps while we were on Moosilauke, it was not until the close of the seventh day that its character was best revealed.

With the hotel as a centre, we gradually widened our horizon. The old, one-storied house, a rude affair, with walls three feet thick, was built of stone in 1860. In this are the dining-room, kitchen, and a few sleeping rooms. The new part, built in 1872, very soon after the carriage road was completed, is of wood, one and a half stories high, and held in place by six large iron rods. This contains the office, parlor, and other sleeping rooms.

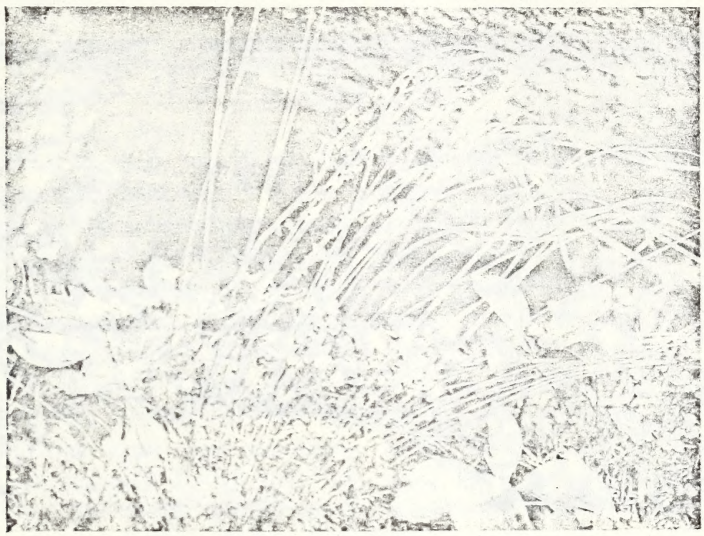
Outside, our attention was directed to the rocky surface, dotted here and there with several monuments made of rocks piled in various ways, that helped to break the monotony of an





otherwise plain and rather extensive summit, and were of interest because built by guests as memorials of their visits.

A ledgy crest is by no means characteristic of this mountain, though the eastern wall of the old stone house is buttressed by quite an outcrop of shelving rocks, weathered and scarred; and broken rocks abound in spots. Neither is it "bald" as its name would indicate (*Moosi*, bald, and *Auke*, a place—bald-place) for it has an unusual amount of soil for an altitude of nearly five thousand feet.



Greenland Sandwort with Low Cornel.

Wiry grass, rather than gray rocks, furnishes the prevailing color to the surface, but in July the Greenland sandwort, an Alpine species, is so abundant, Moosilauke is as white with its blossoms as some meadows are with bluets.

The list of plants of this region, as we collected them on our rambles, was not so meagre as might be supposed,—wood and sheep sorrel, poke, goldenrod, asters, buttercups (two or three inches high), mustard, Clintonia, snakehead, everlasting, low cornel, yarrow, goldthread, star flower, fireweed, mountain tea, sugar plum, skunk currant (which emitted so strong an odor we inquired if *Mephitis Mephitica* was a resident), strawberry, blueberry, raspberry, mountain cranberries (served very acceptably on the table every day of our stay), yellow and white cinquefoils (the latter being another Alpine plant), false Solomon's seal and twisted-stalk.

The day I announced the discovery of "rose-twistfoot" (as I had been taught in youth to call *Streptopus roseus*), the name was misunderstood by my nearest neighbor at the table, and she turned to her companion, saying: "Rooster's foot? I wonder if that was not the plant we noticed. I believe it was, for it did have a leaf shaped something like a



rooster's foot," and I did not dispute her.

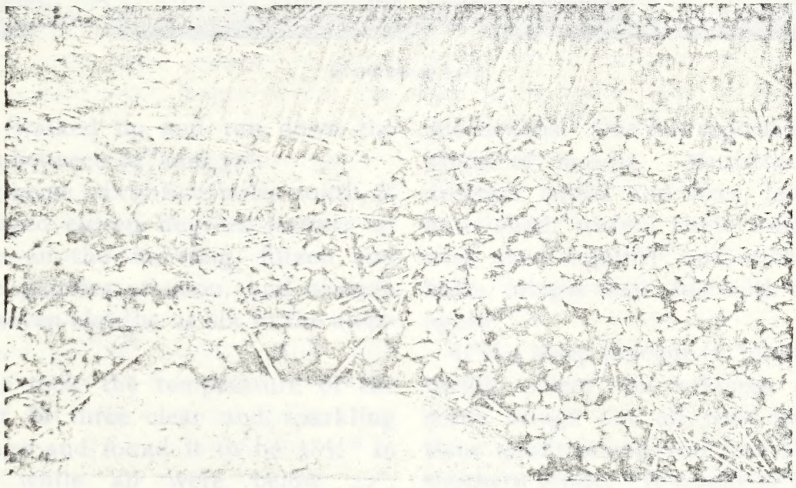
The cranberries grew only two inches or so from the ground, but, in places, covered quite large areas, and the red fruit nearly the size of blueberries, among the glossy, green leaves, was food to the eye as well as the palate.

Birds were numerous, entertaining us on every walk upon the mountain, though on very windy days we had to seek for them in sheltered places. We identified hawks, Hudsonian and black-capped titmice, golden-crowned and ruby-crested kinglets, juncos, red-breasted and white-breasted nuthatches, winter wrens, Peabody-birds, hairy woodpeckers, partridges, and yellow-rumped, blue yellow-backed, black-throated blue, and Magnolia warblers, besides seeing several species we were uncertain about.

Swarms of large flies buzzed about the house and barn and myriads of tiny insects might be met anywhere; but grasshoppers, dragon flies, spiders, and millers were few and far between, so far as we observed.

We saw a toad or two, a red squirrel, a rabbit, and were told that hedgehogs were common. Years ago, bears and wild cats were seen, and moose were hunted on the slopes.

Two domesticated animals spent their summer on the heights,—a white dog, the companion of the manager of the hotel, and a ribby, black cow that supplied the table with an abundance of rich milk. The mountain air made both animals appear lazy, for the dog, though reported as quite lively in the valley, spent most of his time dozing, and the cow has been seen to chew her cud and ruminate for hours at a time. Indeed, one observer declared he found her at dinner time in the identical tracks she had been left in at breakfast.



Mountain Cranberries.

The thermometer was not acquainted with high temperatures in that part of the world, and, during the first week in September, the mer-





In the Dining-Room.

cury walked up and ran down the steps between 64° and 32°.

At home, sixty-five miles south, it averaged eleven degrees warmer at seven in the morning, fifteen and three quarters at noon, and sixteen and seven-eighths at six in the afternoon.

We took the temperature of the water in three clear and sparkling springs and found it to be 38½° in one, while all were below 42°. "Kiosemole," or "Cold Spring," is beside the carriage road, a mile from the Tip-Top House, and probably few pass without refreshing themselves from its living supply. Another, on the path to Jobildunk's ravine, is named "Hanlucima."

There are three or four trails down the side of the mountain, and it is not only unsafe to go far from the beaten paths, but one does not desire to, as it is too hard work to fight a way over uncertain footing and the almost impenetrable thicket of tangled firs.

The paths are carpeted in places with the most beautiful of mosses and lichens. One has reported thirty kinds of mosses. Mushrooms, of different colors and sizes, favorably nourished, unfurl their umbrellas with usual rapidity, and, with equal haste, mingle their dust with the soil again.

It is a steep descent to Jobildunk's ravine where the wildness of the scene brings out all your superstitious qualities and you feel with the southern guide, "It would be mighty skeery to be found on the mountings when the ha'nts come outen their caves," yet the solitude and isolation create as powerful sensations as ghosts could.

I was left at the head of this ravine alone, one day, while my companion went prospecting down the steep sides. I shuddered to look down the sheer precipice for "four hundred feet" with nothing else to be seen but sky, rocks, and trees, unless, perchance, a bird or a wild animal crossed the path. Not a glimpse of a house or the smoke from any dwelling; in fact, not a trace of anything in creation made by the hand of man.



"Stillness and solitude were there, hill and ravine, sky and valley, everywhere magnificent, the outline everywhere bold, grand, and sublime," but it was all Divine handiwork.

The stillness was something to be felt. Absolutely, there was not a sound to be heard from the animate world while I waited, not even a car whistle to reverberate among the hills; nothing to be heard but the laughing brook at my feet as it leaped forward, sometimes above and sometimes under ground, to plunge at last over the precipice and join its waters with other rivulets to make what is now called Baker's river, but in Indian times was named "Asquamchumauke," "mountain-water-place." Its music was like voices of merry children at play, their feet dallying over the pebbles, their fingers fondling the most beautiful specimens along the stony way, while in childish trebles they shouted with glee and pleaded for a longer holiday, at which the deep underground current remonstrated in rumbling tones, urging them on "to work, to work."

Many of the trees on the wooded hills were so old their branches were bleached almost white and streaked the hillside with silver like the gray hairs of a hoary head. Some one speaks of them as "standing like skeletons down on the shoulders of the mountain, just as though a great graveyard had been shaken open by an earthquake."

The wonderful and varied cloud effects were a source of never-ending pleasure. To see for ourselves layers of clouds was a new meteorological experience. We awoke several mornings to find ourselves as on an island in mid-ocean with a sea of clouds surging about us that covered everything from Moosilauke to the Green Mountains, while above us were other strata, one of which just capped Mt. Washington.

Upon inquiring later about the weather from the people in the valley, we learned that they had not been in a fog, but supposed we had soaked in it! It was strange, too, to see large, fleecy clouds floating below us which would have looked natural enough "down on earth," though I had always supposed them more distant than these were; and to see the valleys below during a thunderstorm, looking down, not up, at the play of the lightning, with a bright sky overhead,



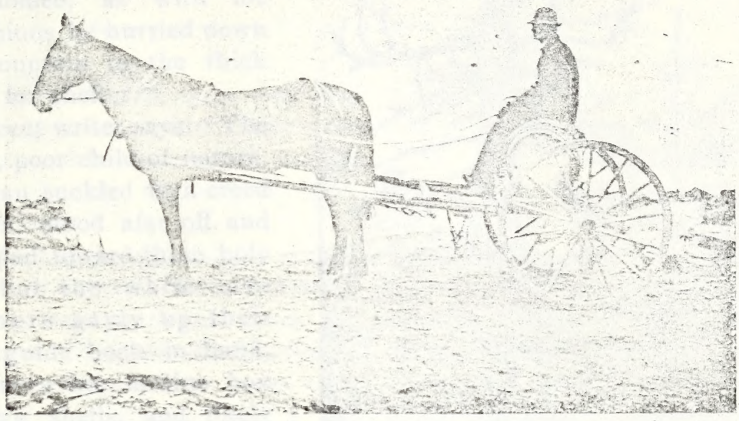
The Barn.



was an experience we longed for but did not have, yet such a sight is not uncommon. No wonder such a scene filled the Indians with superstition, especially as they believed the mountain to be the abode of their Great Spirit, "Gitche Manito."

Mr. William Little in his "History of Warren, N. H.," tells us of the experience of an Indian chief and a few followers who pushed on to the top of Moosilauke: "Not often did the Indians climb this mountain, and they only did it now to save time and distance. It was a hard ascent for their moccasined feet, over the stones and through the hackmatacks, as they called the dwarf firs and spruces; but upon the bald mountain crest the way was easier, and the little birds were whistling and singing among the lichens and rocks. When they reached the summit, the heaven was cloudless, and the view was unobscured.

"It was a sight, the like of which they had never seen before. Great mountains were piled and scattered in the wildest confusion in all the land, the silver lakes were sparkling, the bright rivers were gleaming from the forest. As they sat upon that topmost peak the wind was still, and they could hear the moose bellowing in the gorges below, could hear the wolf howling, and now and then the great war eagle screamed and hurtled through the air. A feeling of superstitious reverence took possession of those Indians as they drank in the strange sights and wild sounds. . . .



The Mountain Water Team.

"The untutored savage was filled with awe as he stood in the very dwelling place of his God, afraid that the diety would be angry at the almost sacrilegious invasion.

"As the sun was going down the western sky a light mist collected around the eastern peaks, and above all the river valleys in the west, clouds, at first no larger than a man's hand, began to gather.

"Soon hanging over every valley was a shower—the heavens above them clear—the sun shining brightly



upon the vapor. Quickly the wind freshened, and the great clouds, purple and gold and crimson above, black as ink below, hurried from every quarter towards the crest of Moosilauke. Then thunder began to bellow, and the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud and streamed blinding down to the hills beneath while the great raindrops and hailstones, crashing upon the infinite thick woods, sent up a roar as loud as a hundred mountain torrents. 'It is Gitchie Manito coming to his home angry,' muttered Waternomee, as with his companions he hurried down the mountain to the thick spruce for shelter."

A recent writer says: "The Indian, poor child of nature, 'a pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' stood afar off and worshiped toward these holy hills, but the white man clambers gayly up their sides, guide book in hand, and leaves his sardine box and egg shells, and likely enough his business card, at the top." This is true enough of many a tourist, but the real child of nature, whatever his color or creed, worships still.



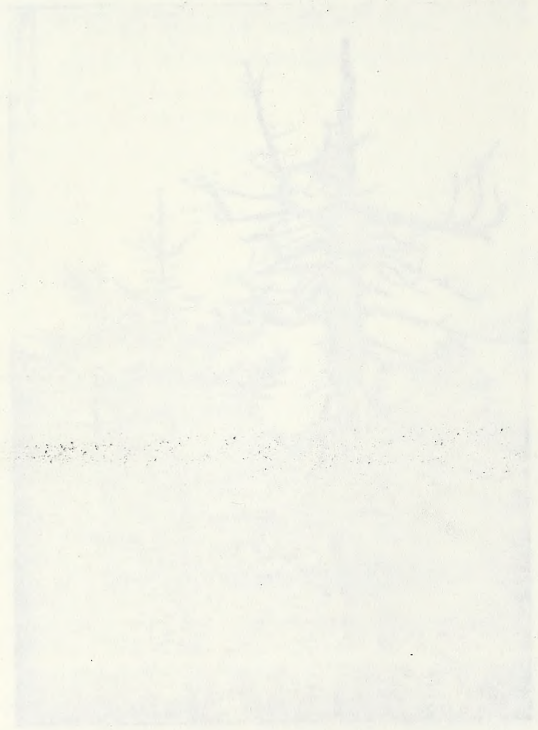
A "Skeleton" on the Path to Jobildunk's Ravine.

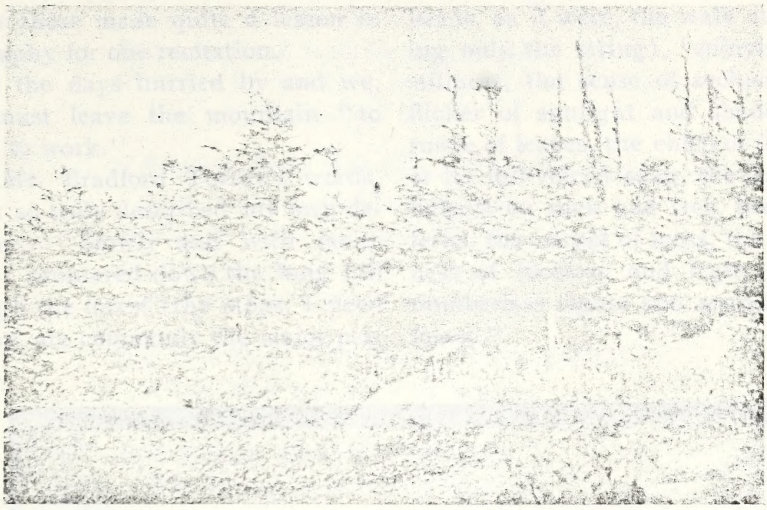
Of course there were sunrises and sunsets that defied anything like an adequate description, but one sunset, in particular, was so unique, an attempt will be made to give some idea of it.

A thin vapor, close by, but between us and the sun, reflected rainbow tints, "as though the hand of the Divine Artist had woven together myriads of gorgeous rainbows," of which the wind made havoc, separating them from time to time into tongues of red, yellow, green, and blue flame, and hustling them past so quickly only shifting glimpses of the foothills and valleys could be seen between.

Through the vapor, at times, the sun looked as flat as a plate, and as devoid of interest as a round piece of yellow paper plastered on a wall, but as it neared the horizon, on a lurid background of magenta sky, it peeped from behind narrow bands of dark clouds like a face through prison bars.

In all these studies of nature we had become more and more familiar with the mountains and toward the





Beside the Carriage Road, Three Fourths of a Mile from the Summit.

close of our stay we gave one day to learning their names. The task seemed almost hopeless as we looked upon tier after tier climbing skyward on every hand.

It had taken several days to realize the distance of the horizon, especially the sweep from northwest along the west and south as far as the southeast, where several of the peaks were one hundred miles away and a few at even a greater distance.

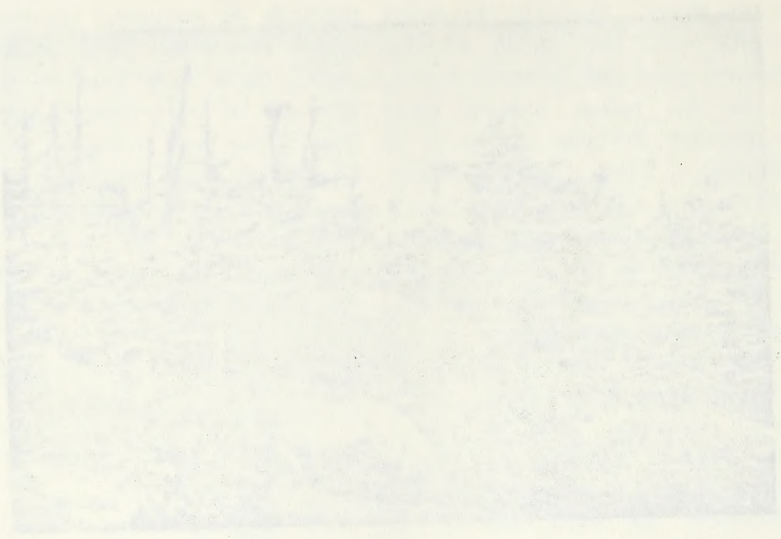
The sun went down every night behind the Adirondacks in New York and we learned to find Whiteface among their peaks. Most noticeable of the Green Mountains were Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield, the former being especially beautiful when penciled against a sunset sky. On clear days Jay's peak in northern Vermont and Mt. Royal in Canada could be seen.

To the north and east the view was very impressive as it was near enough to be carefully studied. Because of numbers, it took patience to learn to call our dear old Granite hills by name.

The most prominent peaks studied were Kinsman, Cannon, Lafayette, Lincoln, Liberty, Flume, South Twin, Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Washington, Monroe, Pleasant, Willey, Carter's Dome, Wildcat, Baldface, Sable, Eastman, Nancy, Carrigain, Hancock, Conway Kearsarge, Table, Moat, Osceola, Tripyramid, Chocorua, Paugus, Passaconaway, Tecumseh, and others, while beyond, Bonnyberry and Green Mountains in Maine were faintly delineated.

Near Lake Winnipesaukee were Morgan Mountains, Cropple Crown, Red Hill, and Gunstock, with Agamenticus in Maine for a background.

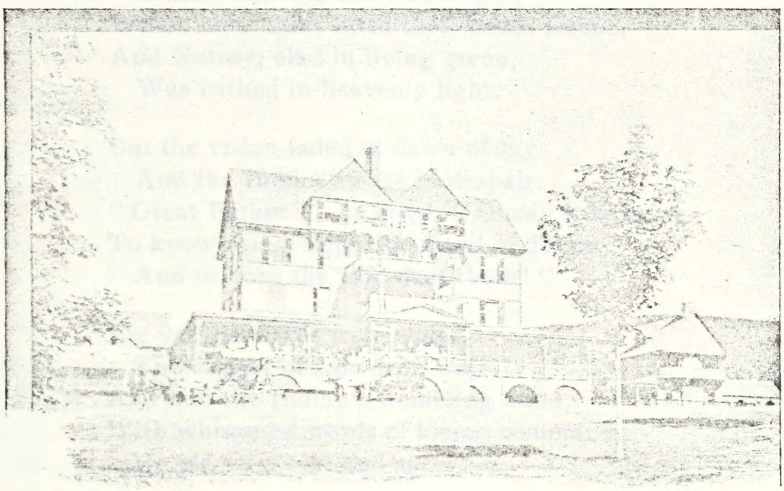
Toward the south were the Uncanoonucks, Jo English, Wachusett, Ragged Mountains, Warner Kearsarge, Cushman, Kineo, Carr, Cardigan, Monadnock, Croyden, Ascutney, Hoosac Tunnel Mountain, Killington Peaks, etc., representing heights in New Hampshire, Ver-



mont, and Massachusetts. Altogether these made quite a lesson in geography for one recitation.

But the days hurried by and we, too, must leave the mountain "to work, to work."

In Mr. Bradford Torrey's words, which so truly described my own departure,—"Slowly and with many stops I sauntered down the long hill through the forest (the stops, I need not say, are commonly the major part of a naturalist's ramble, the golden beads, as it were, the walk itself being only the string), 'enjoying' the stillness, the sense of seclusion, the flicker of sunlight and shadow, the rustle of leaves, the chirp of the bird, or its full-voiced song, the tracery of lichens on rock and tree, the tuft of ferns, the carpet of moss, the brightness of blossom and fruit,—all the numberless sights and sounds of the forest."



The Moosilauke.

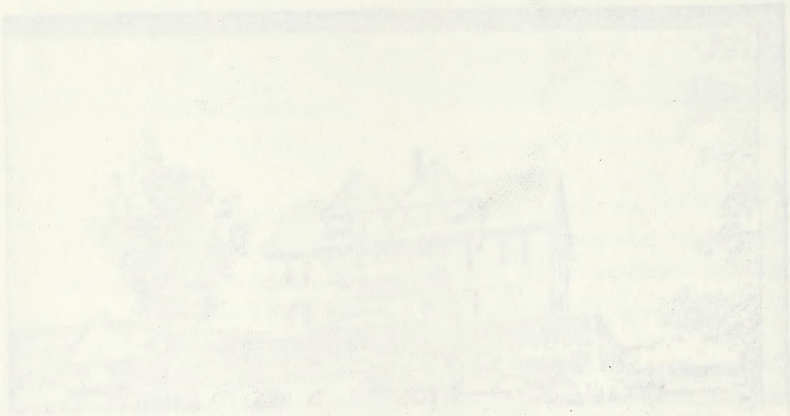
THE BIRTH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A LEGEND.

By Elizabeth B. Dyer.

'T was up in the far North Country
Where the wintry winds blow shrill,
And the forest echoes the tempest shriek
When the thunder birds their vengeance wreak,
And their deadly lightnings kill.

'T was a wild mad night in the ages past,
And the storm spirits filled the air,
They lashed the trees with their ugly whips,
And tore the branches in splintering strips,
While the heavens shone with a lurid glare.



Red Cloud, the hunter, had wandered far,
  Seeking in vain for deer,
Till weary and faint he sank at last
With a wail that rang through the wintry blast,
  And told of a mortal fear.

"Great Father! Red Cloud, the hunter, dies
  This night in the blinding snow.
His lodge in the far away Southern land
Shall evermore silent and empty stand
  And his fate shall no one know."

But Red Cloud slept and in dreams beheld
  A land that was fair and bright,
Where mountains lifted their heads serene,
And Nature, clad in living green,
  Was bathed in heavenly light.

But the vision faded at dawn of day
  And the Indian awoke in despair.
"Great Father!" he cried, "O may it be mine
To know where lieth this Land of Thine,
  And to hunt the wild deer there!"

Ere yet the words were ended
  The Master of Life drew near
And into the Indian's trembling hand,
With whispered words of loving command,
  He placed a coal and spear.

"Thy feet shall wander these forests through,
  This spear shall bring thee food,
This coal shall kindle a gentle heat
That shall fill thy being with comfort sweet
  And scatter thy gloomy mood."

The fingers clutched but could not hold,
  And the glowing fragment fell.
A moment it rested amid the snow
Then kindled and burned with a steady glow
  That no human power could quell.

The rocks were melted, Earth tossed and heaved,
  And out of the midst of the smoke
Came in thundering tones, "Ye hills arise!"
And Red Cloud, covering his awe-filled eyes,
  Knew 't was God himself who spoke.

And the hills uprose in their majesty
Till the clouds their summits crowned;
While again that Voice from the loftiest height,
Which towered beyond man's feeble sight,
Made Heaven and Earth resound.

"Behold! these hills shall eternal stand,
For the Great Spirit dwelleth there!
And lo! he bendeth in love to hear
The prayers of the children whom He holds dear,
And guard them with kindly care!"

And then a sudden blaze of glory
Shone full on the Indian's face.
Trees burst in bloom, and wild-bird trills
Joined with the music of brooks and rills,
And God was in His dwelling place!

MR. UNLUKIKUS HAS RHEUMATISM.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

MR. UNLUKIKUS had rheumatism.

Men have had rheumatism before, and men will continue to have rheumatism until the last syllable of recorded time, but few men have ever been so thoroughly and so unanimously rheumatic as was our genial friend, Unlukikus, upon the occasion to which we refer.

Some men bear their troubles meekly and in silence.

Mr. Unlukikus is not one of these men.

Ever and anon a twinge of pain would catch him in the leg and skate playfully up and down his sciatic nerve, and then he would converse in a manner calculated to freeze the blood of an East Indian pirate, or the foreman of a job printing office that is five days behind its orders. Whenever anyone approached within five feet of his game shoulder he would emit a yell that could be distinctly heard by every inmate of the deaf and dumb asylum over in the next ward.

"Shan't I rub some of the lotion to your knee, love?" inquired Mrs. Unlukikus.

"No, you shan't rub some of the lotion to my knee, love, by a dumb sight," gritted Mr. Unlukikus between his teeth; "I have had horse liniment and fluid extract of eternal punishment sopped on to that knee until it has soaked all through my system and made me smell like a bottle of coffin varnish. If you have got to rub that blamed liniment on

something in order to ease your mind and employ your hands, please practice on the piano leg for a while, or try and limber up the joints of the stove pipe with it, and give me a rest,"—and he concluded his sentence with a groan and tried to shy a book at the dog.

"Are you in pain now, dearie?," inquired his wife.

"Naw," responded "dearie," sarcastically, "of course not; what put that idea into your head? I was just groaning to keep in practice. Ouch!-ow!-whoopee!" he yelled as the cat, purring good-naturedly, jumped on the bed and walked over him, "take him off can't you? wow! wow!—are you going to stand there with your thumb in your mouth and see this consarned cat amble up and down my pain-racked anatomy from June till Judgment? Do you think I'm a back fence? Do you have an idea that I'm laid out in walks especially adapted for Tom-cat promenades? Scat, you brute!" and the sufferer laid back and groaned while the frightened feline ran frantically around the room and tried to hide behind the coal scuttle.

"Oh, dear! can't I do something to relieve you?" asked the patient wife fluttering about with a world of sympathy in her eyes.

"Yes, you can do something to relieve me," snarled the invalid. "You can take that dod-rotted cat by the tail and carry him out and knock his pesky head against the brick pavement seventeen or eighteen times, and then throw the mutilated remains over on to lot 17 in block 49 of Mulligan's Addition to the City of Wahtunket."

The cat was expelled and Mrs. Unlukikus announced that it was time for him to take his medicine, which she carefully measured out in a teaspoon and gave him, inadvertently spilling about two drops on his neck as she did so.

"Look a-here," he shouted getting blue in the face, "I don't think you quite grasp the doctor's idea. This medicine is for internal use. He didn't instruct you to give me a bath, as I understood it, but merely to smuggle a teaspoonful of this dose down my neck every two hours. It may be all right theoretically for you to deluge me with a quart or so of that stuff every few minutes, but when it comes to practical experiment you can't get enough of it into my system by pouring it over my wishbone to do me any real good if you try four years. I believe if the rheumatism don't kill me, you will."

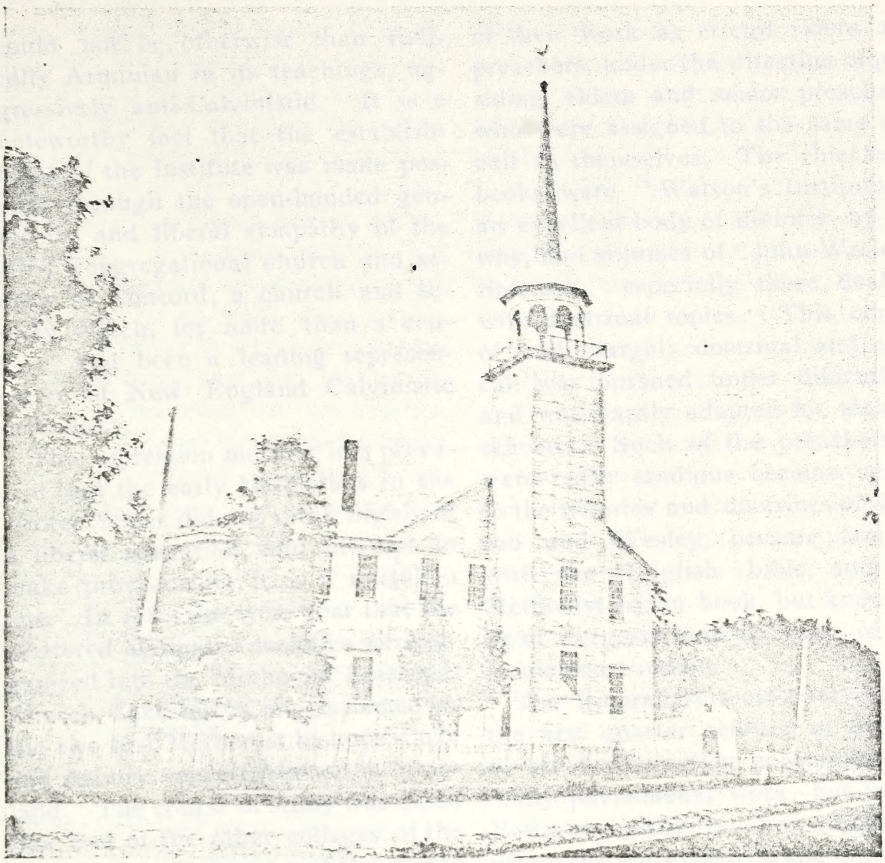
"If something don't kill you before long I guess you will kill me," said his wife with a tired look, "and if you are this way much longer I shall want to die."

"Yes," snapped he, "of course you want to die just at this particular time, and leave me hung up here in this way with an expensive funeral on my hands. Haven't I genuine trouble enough without any petty annoyances?"

"You deserve to die, you brute," said Mrs. Unlukikus flaming up for the first time,—"to talk like that to me after all I've done for you. I hope you won't, though," she added, softening a little, "for if you died in your present state of mind you'd be eternally lost."

"Likely enough," grunted Unlukikus; "it would be just my durned luck!"

The cat was expelled and Mrs.



Old North Church—Methodist General Biblical Institute.

THE BEGINNING OF METHODIST THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By William F. Whitcher.

IN the spring of 1847 the Methodist General Biblical Institute was established at Concord. After nearly twenty-one years of honorable and useful activity it was removed to Boston, and as the School of Theology of Boston University, it became the nucleus around which that institution with its College of Liberal Arts and various professional schools has since been built up.

The Institute was the only educational Institution ever chartered in New Hampshire for the sole purpose of fitting young men for the Christian ministry; in other words it was New Hampshire's only theological seminary.

It embodied the first successful attempt on the part of the Methodist Episcopal church, now the largest numerically, and one of the most influential, of the Protestant denominations of the United States, to establish a theological school or seminary separate or apart from any other educational institution.

A Methodist theological school



could not be otherwise than radically Arminian in its teachings, aggressively anti-Calvinistic. It is a noteworthy fact that the establishment of the institute was made possible through the open-handed generosity and liberal sympathy of the First Congregational church and society of Concord, a church and society which, for more than a century, had been a leading representative of New England Calvinistic orthodoxy.

The impression more or less prevalent that the early Methodists in the United States did not think highly of a liberal education, and attempt to make provision for it, is a mistaken one. In 1784, the same year that the scattered Methodist societies were organized into the Methodist Episcopal Church, Cokesbury College, named for the two first Methodist bishops, Coke and Asbury, was established in Maryland. The course of study was much like that of the other colleges of the time, Greek, Hebrew, and the sacred languages being emphasized, with a view of giving special preparation for the ministry. This college was the pride of the young and growing denomination, but in December, 1795, the buildings were burned. Other buildings were soon erected at Baltimore, but hardly were they finished when they were burned, and Cokesbury college, with its semi-theological department, went out of existence.

For years thereafter such theological training as Methodist ministers received as a preparation for their work was obtained from a prescribed course of study to be pursued by the young men during the first four years of their itinerant ministry. This was pursued by them in the midst of their work as circuit riders and preachers, under the direction of presiding elders and senior preachers, who were assigned to the same circuit as themselves. The chief text-books were "Watson's Institutes," an excellent body of divinity, by the way, and volumes of "John Wesley's Sermons," especially those dealing with doctrinal topics. This course of study, largely doctrinal and ethical, was pursued under difficulties, and was hardly adapted for making scholars. Such of the preachers as were really studious became versed in the theories and doctrines of Watson and Wesley, became familiar with the English bible and the Methodist hymn book, but knew little of exegesis, and still less of sermonic construction.

The itinerant circuit-rider during the first quarter century of the life of his denomination accomplished a really phenomenal work, but in the East, especially in New England, where the clergymen of the other denominations, and especially the Congregational clergy, were the scholarly men of their respective communities, there was felt on the part of the more thoughtful of the Methodists the need of a more critical, scholarly, and thorough training for the ministry, than was supplied by the conference course of study.

The first step in the direction of securing such training was taken in connection with the founding of the Wesleyan academy at Newmarket, N. H., in 1818. This institution, the first founded by the denomination in New England, was to furnish not only the regular academic course of study but instruction was also to be given in rhetoric, logic, philoso-

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phy, ecclesiatical history, divinity, Hebrew, the Chaldee of the Old Testament and the Syrian of the New. Martin Ruter, a minister of the New England conference, was made by the trustees of the academy the first principal, and Moses White, A. M., preceptor. For much of the time the latter was not only preceptor, but entire faculty as well. In 1820–'21 Joseph A. Merrill, who was a trustee of the academy and also one of the preachers stationed at Newmarket, received some of the students of the academy who were licensed preachers into his family as boarders, and gave them instruction in sermon making, the doctrines of Methodism, and in controverted points of Calvinism, Universalism, and Socinianism. This may be set down as the germ of a Methodist theological seminary, a not over-promising one, however. Among the Newmarket students were E. T. Taylor of subsequent Seaman's Bethel fame, Rev. Charles Adams, D. D., subsequently professor in the institute at Concord, and Rev. W. C. Larrabee, for many years a prominent educator in the West.

In 1824 the academy was removed to Wilbraham, Mass., where instruction was given in theology by the principal, Wilbur Fisk, to the "Theological Association," composed of students in the academy who were contemplating entering the ministry. Wesleyan university was founded at Middletown, Conn., in 1831, and Dr. Fisk became its first president. In this new institution he continued to give some general theological instruction to an association of students composed of licentiates and of those who intended to enter the ministry, but this was only desultory and general. There was never a theological department at Wesleyan, though under its university charter such a department or school might have been established.

After the founding of Wesleyan university, the question of the establishment of a theological school was agitated more strongly than ever, and the discussions of the question were earnest and frequent at the annual sessions of the different New England conferences. Wesleyan university was doing simply the work of the typical New England college, and this work emphasized the need of professional training for ministers, especially in the exegetical study of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, in systematic and biblical theology, in ecclesiastical and doctrinal history, and in the structure and delivery of sermons. In the absence of Methodist theological schools, some young Methodist ministers resorted to the theological seminaries of other denominations, and in most cases were lost to Methodism. The example of the Congregationalists and Baptists in founding seminaries, both in and out of New England, with frequent hints thrown out concerning Methodist inferiority, had also marked influence.

The great majority of the Methodist ministers, however, set their faces steadfastly against theological schools, arguing that all needed theological training could be obtained in the course of regular itinerant work. They pointed to results accomplished without the aid of theological schools, in justification of their position.

Several of the members of the New England conferences, however, organized what they termed a "Wesley

Institute Association," the object of which was to promote theological training for young ministers. Among its members were: Abel Stevens, Joseph A. Merrill, Orange Scott, Jefferson Hascall, Osmon C. Baker, David Patten, Charles R. Lowe, Edward Otheman, Charles Adams, and Elijah Hedding, all of whom were to make themselves felt as leaders and educational forces in their denomination. In 1840, the first attempt was made to found a school under the name of "The Wesleyan Theological Institute," in connection with the Methodist academy at Newbury, Vt. It was located at Newbury, with the understanding that the citizens of that town were to furnish a building equal to the academy, and that the association should raise an endowment fund of $15,000. Two professors were elected; Rev. John Dempster, A. M., of theology, and John W. Merrill, A. M., of sacred literature. Mr. Dempster was at this time a missionary in South America, and did not return to the country until 1842, and then took pastorates in New York city until 1846, when he entered on the service of the institute as an agent to solicit funds. From 1840 to 1846 instruction was given in theology, to such students as availed themselves of the meagre opportunities of this experimental embryonic school, by Osmon C. Baker, principal of the academy, and in Hebrew by W. M. Willets. The experiment at Newbury was not, however, a success. The building for the use of the school was not furnished, and efforts to raise an endowment fund had met with little or no success. It was also recognized that if the experiment of a theological seminary was to have a fair trial, it must be in the form of an independent school.

Near the close of 1846 it was determined to abandon the Newbury experiment, and establish in some more favorable locality an institution with professors of its own, and with a course of study similar to that of the theological seminaries of other denominations.

Several places were considered by those having charge of selecting a location, and, in the spring of 1847, Concord was selected. The faith of those who determined to found the school was little less than sublime. When Andover Theological seminary was founded, forty years previously, its founders and associate founders gave it some $60,000 with which to begin its work, and in their wills provided for some $250,000 more, but this association of Methodist preachers, who now proposed to found a theological school, were not only themselves destitute of money, but there were no wealthy Methodist laymen to whom they could look for money to erect buildings or endow professorships. Besides this, their denomination, for the most part, looked with decided disfavor upon the project of a theological school. Events, however, justified their faith.

The one thing which, above all others, led to the selection of Concord as the location of the school, was the munificent offer made by the First Congregational society of Concord to give to the association, gratuitously, their meeting-house on Main street, known as the Old North church, for the purposes of a theological school, together with the lot of about an acre and a half, upon which it was located. This offer

was supplemented by that of public-spirited citizens of the town to so remodel the house as to suit the new purpose to which it was to be devoted.

This house, the erection of which was begun in 1751, and which was completed in 1783, stood in a commanding position on a small plain at the north end of the town, now the site of the Walker school. It had been abandoned by the society in 1842, as a house of worship, for the new and more commodious house which had been erected, but it was a building rich in historical associations, indeed, there was none more so in the state. The frame was erected in 1751, and was partially completed, so that it was used for purposes of worship, but it was not completed and furnished with pews until 1783, when it contained forty-seven pews on the ground floor, and twenty-six in the gallery. The pews were then sold at auction, and the building became the joint property of the town and the pew-holders. It was enlarged in 1803, and again in 1828, at which time the town sold its interest in the house to the First Congregational society. It would then seat 1,200 people in its pews and galleries.

The original building was 60 feet long, 46 feet wide, and two stories high. The addition made to the south side in 1803 was in the form of a two-story semi-polygon, 60 feet in length, and with a middle width of 30 feet. There was an entrance porch at each end, and the east porch was surmounted by a belfry and steeple, upon the spire of which stood, 123 feet from the ground, a gilded weather-cock of copper. This bird was four feet in height, weighed about 60 pounds, and with its proudly expanded tail and glass eyes, was a truly heroic looking bird.

It was in this house that the New Hampshire state convention was held June 21, 1788, and which by its ratification of the Federal Constitution gave life to that instrument, and made the constitutional government of the United States an actuality. Previous to this, in 1778, a convention was held in the building to form a permanent plan of government for the state. The legislature met here March 13, 1783, but on account of the cold it was forced to adjourn to another building. The next year, however, the house had been completed, and previous to 1790 no less than fifteen sessions of the general court were held in it. It was also the scene of the conventions of 1791–'92, held for the purpose of revising the state constitution. From 1784 to 1806 the legislature assembled in this meeting-house to listen to the annual election sermon, and thence forward every year until 1831, when the custom was discontinued. Of the entire number of New Hampshire election sermons thirty-nine were delivered in this building destined to pass into the possession of the "New Lights" or Methodists.

In his history of the meeting-house of the First Congregational society, Joseph B. Walker says of this house: "From 1765 to 1790, a period of twenty-five years, all annual and special town meetings were held in this meeting-house. Here our townsmen, many of whom rarely, if ever, met on other occasions, except for divine worship, assembled to exchange friendly greetings and dis-

charge their civil duties as American citizens. Here, also, protracted religious meetings were held from time to time, the most memorable of which was in 1831. Here important addresses were delivered to large assemblies on Fourth of July and other occasions of general interest. Here in 1835 was delivered before the general court a eulogy on General Lafayette by Nathaniel G. Upham. Here were held conventions for the promotion of temperance. Here occurred in 1834 and 1835, the memorable trials of Abraham Prescott for the murder of Mrs. Sally Cochran of Pembroke. Here was held that sharp political encounter between Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale upon the latter's leaving the Democratic party in 1845. The walls of no other house in New Hampshire resounded to so many lofty flights of eloquence as did those of our second meeting-house from 1751 to 1842."

The pulpit of this church had been the throne of New Hampshire Calvinistic orthodoxy for more than a century. The building was hallowed for its associations. It was offered by its owner as a gift to be used for a school in which should be taught the tenets of Arminianism. It is to be doubted if ever before such a gift had been made by Congregational Calvinistic body to Methodist Arminian denomination. This gift and its acceptance marked an era in the ecclesiastical history of the state. The Methodist association agreed to use the property for a term of at least twenty years for a theological school, and should they thereafter abandon it, it should revert to its former owners.

The building thus given was by the generosity of the citizens of Concord fitted up for its school use. It was divided at once into two stories, little or no change being made in its exterior. In the northwest part of the second story a chapel was arranged with a seating capacity of 150. Two wide halls ran through the middle of the building from north to south in each story, and on either side of these were rooms for recitation and occupancy of students. There were two lecture rooms on the ground floor near the west and east entrances. On the second floor over the east lecture room was a reading room, and next south of this a library.

In June, 1847, the legislature gave an act of incorporation to Charles Adams, Osmon C. Baker, Abel Stevens, D. S. King, Elisha Adams, Ralph W. Allen, Miner Raymond, Lorenzo D. Barrows, David Patten, James Porter, Silas Quimby, Sanford Burton, Jefferson Hascall, and Newell Culver, under the title of "The Trustees of the Methodist General Biblical Institute." By the act of incorporation, approved July 3, the trustees were empowered to hold property to an amount not exceeding $100,000, a limitation which it need not be said was entirely unnecessary.

Bishop Elijah Hedding, who had given his hearty coöperation in the work of establishing the institute, was elected its president, though it was understood that his Episcopal duties, and the fact that his home was in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., would prevent him from rendering any actual service. He lent, however, the influence of his great name to the experiment, at which his Episcopal

colleagues looked askance, and he was continued in the office of president until his death, April 9, 1852.

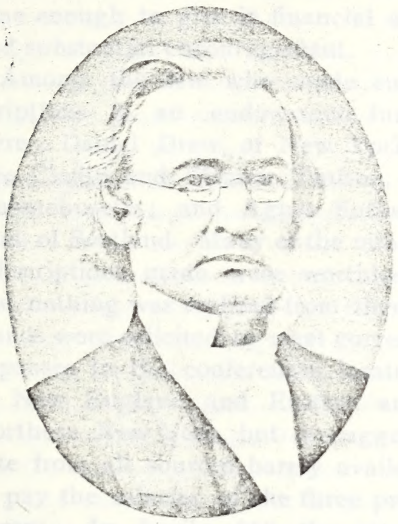
Rev. John Dempster, who had been elected a professor when the attempt was made to establish the institute at Newbury, Vt., was elected professor of theology and ecclesiastical history, and at once entered on the work of organizing the new institution. Mr. Dempster may fairly be called the father of Methodist theological seminaries. No man in Methodism was a more ardent believer in the need of a thoroughly equipped and trained ministry. He deemed the ministry to be not only a divine calling but a profession as well. He was born in Fulton county, New York, January 2, 1794, the son of Rev. James Dempster, who had been bred a Presbyterian, and had been educated at the university of Edinburgh. He became associated with John Wesley, and was sent by him to America as a missionary. He died while John was a child, and the boy was left to gain his livelihood as a tin peddler.

After his conversion, at the age of 16, he began to study diligently, and at the age of twenty entered the Methodist itinerancy, early distinguishing himself as a powerful preacher. His field of labor was for some years in Western New York and Canada, when he went in 1835 to Buenos Ayres as a missionary, returning in 1842 to take pastorates for three years in New York city. For the two years preceding his coming to Concord he had devoted himself to collecting books for a library and funds for the theological school, to aid in founding which had become his one ambition. The institution at Concord was fortunate in securing Dempster for its chair of theology, which he filled with marked ability, compelling the admiration of a half reluctant church, until 1854 when he resigned in order to found another seminary—the Garrett institute at Evanston, Ill., where he remained as the senior professor until his death in 1863. He had formed plans for establishing still other institutes, which failed owing to the financial disasters of 1857, and the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. Wesleyan university gave him the degree of D. D. in 1848. Though deprived of the advantages of a collegiate education, Dr. Dempster was one of the most successful educators of his denomination.

Rev. Charles Adams, D. D., who was appointed to the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal church in Concord in the spring of 1847, was elected professor of biblical literature and pastoral theology, and filled this chair during the two years of his Concord pastorate. He was born in Stratham, N. H., January 24, 1808, had been a student at the old Newmarket academy, and was graduated at Bowdoin in 1833. He was one of the popular preachers of the day, and preferred the pulpit to the professor's chair. On the expiration of his Concord pastorate he resigned his professorship to devote himself entirely to pulpit and pastoral work. He died in Washington, D. C., January 19, 1890.

Rev. Osmon C. Baker, A. M., was elected professor of New Testament Greek, homiletics, church government and discipline, and it is not too much to say that no better or wiser choice could have been made. He

was, like Dr. Adams, a native of New Hampshire. He was born at Marlow, July 30, 1812, and at the age of fifteen entered the academy at Wilbraham, remaining there as a student for three years. When Wesleyan university, at Middletown, Conn., was chartered, and opened in 1831, Baker entered as one of the first class, but left shortly before graduation, owing to failing health. In 1834, he accepted a position as teacher in the academy at Newbury,



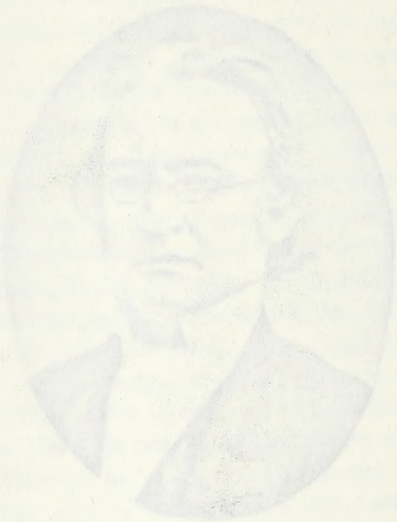
Bishop Osmon Cleander Baker.

Vt., and was principal of that institution from 1839 to 1844, when he resigned, to enter upon the active work of the itinerant ministry in the New Hampshire conference. He filled pastorates in Rochester and Manchester, and in 1847 was appointed presiding elder. Shortly after, he was elected professor in the institute, and, after considerable hesitation, owing to his devotion to the pastoral work, and his reluctance to leave it, he accepted the election. A man of scholarly tastes and disposition, of devout piety, of unusual administrative ability, and with a genius for teaching, Baker became at once a force and power in the new institution. Like Dempster, he thoroughly believed in the necessity of theological training as a prerequisite to the highest success in the ministry.

In 1852, he was elected to the Episcopacy, but continued to make Concord his home until his death, in 1871, and, though burdened with his Episcopal cares and responsibilities, he was, even after his resignation of his professorship in 1852, recognized as the guiding spirit of the institute. In one respect, the influence of Bishop Baker upon his denomination was remarkable. His "Guide-Book in the Administration of Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church," published in 1855, became recognized as the standard authority in Methodist ecclesiastical law, and in interpretation of the book of discipline. While it has been enlarged and revised by Bishop Merrill, "Baker on the Discipline" remains, to-day, the basis of authoritative interpretation of the law of the greatest of Protestant denominations. New Hampshire made a large gift to Methodism in the person of Osmon C. Baker.

With these three professors, and with the Old North meeting-house remodeled, as already outlined, the institute, in the late summer of 1847, was opened to students, and began its work.

The financial resources of the new institution were of the scantiest. The trustees were all poor clergymen, and able to do little or nothing themselves, even had some of them been willing. The institute was new, but



it lacked the favor which is often accorded to things new. Professorships were not sought, but were coldly declined by some of the best and ripest scholars of the denomination.

A large class of both ministers and laity, not to say the majority of the bishops of the church, looked with suspicion upon the school as a dangerous experiment. There was a general unspoken sentiment, that, when a theological school had demonstrated that it was a needed power in the church, there would then be time enough to give it financial aid and substantial encouragement.

Among the few who made subscriptions to an endowment fund were: Daniel Drew, of New York; Lee Claflin and Eleanor Trafton, of Massachusetts; and Agnes Sutherland, of Scotland. Many of the minor subscriptions made were worthless, and nothing was realized from them. Funds were solicited to meet current expenses in the conferences located in New England and Eastern and Northern New York, but the aggregate from all sources barely availed to pay the salaries of the three professors. In April, 1868, the treasurer was able to report all professors' salaries and other obligations paid, and had a balance of $483 income in his hands, which he paid over to the treasurer of Boston university. The invested funds and movable property were also transferred to the latter institution. The invested funds amounted to $24,468.68, besides notes, etc., of doubtful value, to the amount of $5,948. This, aside from small sums realized from collections taken in the churches, was the sole source of income of the institute, after twenty-one years of life and usefulness. What the income from all sources was, during the first few years, and how stable it was, may be judged from certain votes passed by the trustees at various times.

In October, 1847, shortly after the opening of the institute, the salary of each professor was fixed at $500. In June, 1852, a committee of the trustees was authorized to say to a newly-elected professor that, as soon as the funds would justify, the salary of each professor would be raised to $750, and, in the meantime, the salary of each would be one third the entire income. At a meeting of the trustees, held November 4, 1852, it was resolved, "that the treasurer be instructed, in the final settlement with the professors, to pay them equally, according to services rendered, the funds which may accrue to the institute for that purpose, during such service, if on hand, otherwise, when available, provided they do not exceed the aggregate salaries." The vote passed in June was rescinded at this meeting. November 1, 1853, the salaries of professors were increased to $800, provided the funds were sufficient, and, November 8, 1856, another increase was made, making them $1,000 each, with the usual provision concerning sufficiency.

Though the institute was, at first, regarded with cold indifference, or with open disfavor, by a large part of the ministry and laity of the denomination, its accommodations for students were in demand from the beginning. It was soon found that provision outside the building must be made for the increasing number of those who were seeking a distinctive theological training. Plans were devised, and a boarding-house was

erected in 1852, a little north of the old church on the west side of State street. It was a two-story structure, and when completed, cost, with the land, $3,410.38. This was paid for on completion, January 20, 1853, except $214.47, and this indebtedness was soon after paid. The erection of this building greatly aided students in obtaining board at actual cost. Some of the students preferred to board themselves, in their own rooms, or to take rooms or board with families in the city, and this was permitted by the faculty. Some of the students had families, and quite a number of these rented tenements, and took boarders to aid in meeting their expenses. The professors opened the doors of their own homes, and rented to students, at nominal rates, rooms of which they were not themselves in actual need. For the rooms in the institute building, only such rent was charged as would pay for their care, and for keeping them in fair repair. Individual churches were appealed to, to furnish the rooms, and some responded. Now and then, one of the larger of the Methodist churches in New England would arrange to take a single room and furnish it in whole, or in part, and keep it replenished.

Whatever may be said as to high thinking, plain living was the order of the day, at the institute. It had to be. There were absolutely no funds to aid indigent students in the way of securing board, clothing, and books, and, with few exceptions, the students were all indigent. There was something pathetic in the methods adopted to secure money enough to pay for the bare necessities of life during a three years' course at the institute. Some, wishing to devote their whole time to study, found friends who loaned them money at a low rate of interest, to be paid in instalments, after admission to some annual conference. The prospect of ever securing freedom from the burden of debt may be imagined, when the fact is kept in mind that the average salary of a Methodist minister in New England, at that time, was only about $300. Others, not daring to trust the future, undertook to pay expenses by undertaking to supply, with preaching, small churches from ten to fifty and seventy-five miles distant, receiving as compensation, besides traveling expenses, $2 or $3 for Saturday evening and Sunday services. Their pulpit preparation had to be made in addition to their student work.

Still others engaged in manual labor, or plied some art or trade in the city a part of the time, working one week outside, and then doing two weeks' school work in one. All this was an excellent seasoning preparation for such as did not fail, or die in the seasoning. Many broke down, or became discouraged and left the school without completing the course. Appeals made to the churches for student support produced little; the churches were waiting for theological schools to justify their existence. The students, however, were not wholly friendless. There were devout women—veritable Dorcases—who, with their own hands, made articles of clothing, accompanying these, sometimes, with cash gifts, which were placed in the hands of the professors' wives for distribution among the most needy. It may be questioned whether this was

not a service of doubtful value; whether it did not tend to create a feeling of pauperish dependence on the part of the recipient, detracting from his manliness. The clergyman ought to be a man, as well as a minister.

The qualifications for admission were for Methodists, a certificate from the quarterly conference of which the applicant was a member, testifying to a belief that he was called of God to the work of the ministry, and a like certificate from the pastor of applicants from other denominations. Applicants were required to be well versed in the higher branches of an English education, and if intending to take the exegetical course they were required to be able to read New Testament Greek at sight.

The course of study was similar to that in other theological seminaries, the full course extending over a period of three years. As there were never but three professors in actual service, the work of each was arranged at first with reference to the convenience of the instructors, though later this work was grouped on a more scientific plan, one professor having exegesis and kindred topics, another theology, systematic and historical, and the third ethics and homiletics. The institute was never entitled to confer degrees. Those who completed the full three years' course and passed creditable examinations were entitled to a diploma signed by the faculty and president of the board of trustees, while those who pursued but a partial course received certificates of character with a statement of the student work accomplished by them while members of the school.

There were various societies and associations connected with the institute, the two most prominent being the "Adelphian Theological Association," and the "Philosophical Society," each holding meetings once a week. There was also a "Normal Sabbath School Association," besides various smaller circles or clubs, with more or less of organization for the promotion of personal piety or to cultivate skill in singing.

Previous to 1855 there was a preaching service once a week in the chapel conducted by undergraduate students in turn. All the students were expected to attend this service, and one professor was always present from whom the student preacher expected to hear comment and criticism subsequent to the service.

The three first professors remained but comparatively a little time with the institute, but the vacancies caused by their resignations were worthily filled, and their successors remained with the institute until its removal to Boston.

Rev. Stephen M. Vail, D. D., who was elected professor of Biblical and Oriental literature on the resignation of Professor Adams, entered on his service July 1, 1849. He was born in Union Dale, Westchester county, N. Y., January 10, 1818; was graduated at Bowdoin college in 1838, and at the Union Theological seminary in 1842, having in the meantime been licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal church. He became professor of languages at Amenia seminary in 1843, and in 1847 president of the New Jersey Conference seminary at Pennington, that state. While holding this position he at-

tracted attention to himself by inducing the trustees of the institution to admit young women as pupils, and for being tried before the ecclesiastical courts of his church for the grave offence of advocating in his writings the cause of an educated ministry. To the credit of the court he was absolved from blame. Professor Vail came to Concord an enthusiastic believer in the need of theological schools, and by his accurate scholarship and enthusiastic devotion to his work, he did much to give the institute a character and reputation among scholarly institutions. He was pronounced in his anti-slavery views, and a controversy in which he engaged with Bishop John H. Hopkins on the subject of human slavery attracted wide notice at the time. He published essays on slavery and church polity, "Outlines of Hebrew Grammar," and other educational hand-books, and "Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church." Of the professors connected with the institute during its history, Dr. Vail was preëminently the student and scholar. Failing health induced his resignation in 1868, and in 1869 he accepted the office of United States consul for Rhenish Bavaria. He traveled extensively in the East and Palestine, and on his return settled in Southfield, Staten Island, devoting himself to literary pursuits until his death, November 26, 1880.

Rev. David Patten, D. D., a presiding elder of the Providence conference, was, in 1853, elected professor of theology to take the place of Baker, who had been elevated to the episcopacy. Dr. Patten was born in Boston, October 15, 1810, and was graduated at Wesleyan university in 1831, and immediately became principal of the Wesleyan academy at Wilbraham. In 1841 he resigned to take pastoral work, and during the next ten years filled important pastorates in New Bedford and Fall River, Mass., and Warren and Providence, R. I. In 1852 he was appointed presiding elder of the Providence district, and resigned this office to enter upon his work at Concord in December, 1854. His department covered the field of systematic theology, homiletics, pastoral theology, and church government and discipline. When the institute became the school of theology in Boston, Dr. Patten was continued in the professorship of homiletics and pastoral theology, and remained connected with the school until his death March 26, 1879. Dr. Patten was a man of fine presence, charming manners, sound learning, and of great influence with young men in moulding character and forming pulpit style.

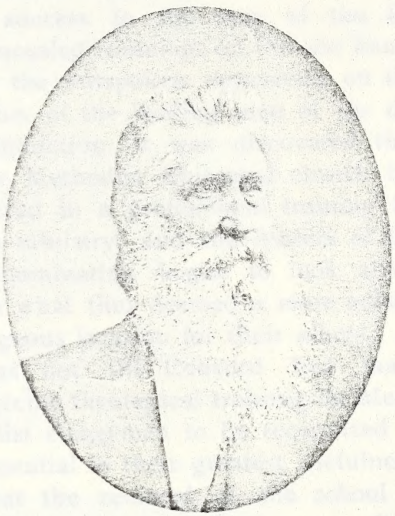
Rev. J. W. Merrill, D. D., was elected professor of ethics, metaphysics, natural and historical theology in 1853, and though he entered upon his work some months before the resignation of Dr. Dempster in 1854, in the assignment of the work of the professors he was recognized as the successor of Dempster as was Patten the successor of Baker. Professor Merrill was born at Chester, N. H., May 9, 1808, the eldest son of Rev. Joseph F. and Hannah J. Merrill. He prepared for college at Wilbraham, entered Bowdoin college in 1830, where he remained two years, when he entered the junior class at Wesleyan university and was graduated, a classmate of Patten, in 1834. It is worthy of note that this

Wesleyan class of eight members furnished the institute with two of its professors during the larger portion of its Concord history. The field of instruction assigned to Professor Merrill was a wide one, and he was noted for his faculty of inspiring young men with enthusiasm in their student work. On the removal of the institute to Boston, Professor Merrill spent several years in various pastorates in the New England Conference, retiring at last to his home in Concord, where with his mental faculties still active, and with a fair degree of physical health, he still resides, taking a keen interest in current events, honored by his ministerial brethren, and respected as a man and citizen.

Rev. Elisha Adams was never an instructor at the institute, but he was closely identified with its interests, serving as treasurer of the trustees from 1852 to 1868, and by his devotion to the duties of his office, and unceasing endeavor in behalf of the school, kept it free from debt and was able to turn it over to the new trustees, when it was removed to Boston, with a small sum on the right side of the balance sheet. He believed in the institute and labored unceasingly in its behalf.

The Methodist Episcopal church was slow in recognizing the existence of this its first school of theology. In the Methodist almanac, the official year book of the denomination, brought out by the denominational publishing house, there appears a list of the academies, seminaries, colleges, and other institutions of learning under the control of the denomination, but it was not till 1854, nearly two years after one of its professors had been elected a bishop, and nearly seven years after it was founded, that the name of the Biblical institute appears in the list.

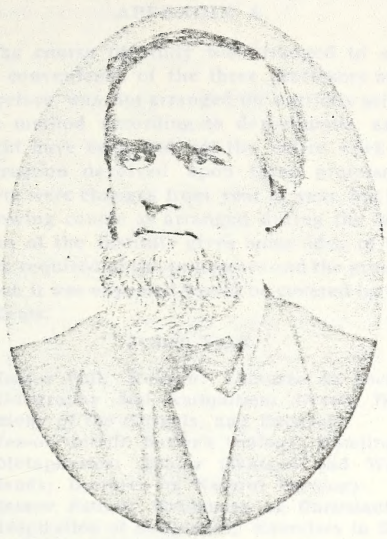
During the twenty-one years the school was located at Concord 570 students received instruction within its walls for a greater or less length of time. Of this number 211 completed the three years' course of study and were graduated. The number of graduates during the first seven years was 34; the next seven,



The Rev. John W. Merrill, D. D.

83; and the last seven, 94. These men went out from Concord into all sections of the country, and into foreign mission fields to vindicate by a usefulness increased by professional training the value to the church of such training.

Among the men Concord sent out to mission fields special mention should be made of Albert L. Long of the Bulgarian, Stephen L. Baldwin and Carlos R. Martin, of the China, and Edwin Parker of the India missions. A few of the Concord grad-

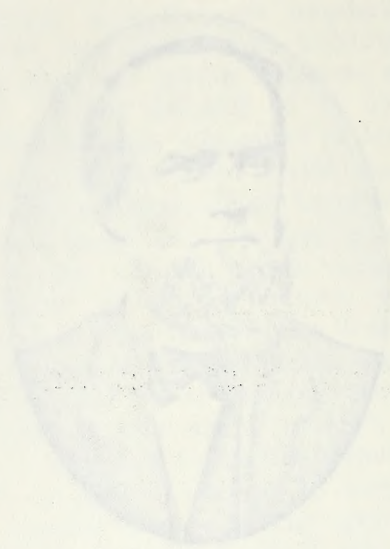


The Rev. John B. Foote, D. D.

uates and students who have won an enviable reputation as pastors or educators are George Prentice, Wilbur F. Watkins, John Cookman, Lewis P. Cushman, Dudley P. Leavitt, Orlando H. Jasper, James O. Knowles, M. M. Parkhurst, Elijah Horr, Richard Harcourt, N. T. Whitaker, Norman J. Squires, Nathan G. Cheney, William F. Hatfield, and William V. Morrison.

As compared with the school of theology of Boston university with its ample endowment, splendid building on Mt. Vernon St., its corps of 12 professors and instructors, its more than 150 students, to nearly every one of whom has been given, previous to entrance to the school, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and with five other well appointed theological schools in other sections of the country, to say nothing of theological departments in a score or more of Methodist colleges and other educational institutions, the Biblical institute at Concord was a small affair. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that no other educational institution accomplished so great a work for Methodism as did the institute, located in a state and in a community where, as compared with others, the denomination never obtained a strong hold or exercised a commanding influence.

It legitimatized theological schools in Methodism. After devoted men like Dempster, Baker, Vail, Merrill, and Patten had with heroic self-sacrifice made the Concord institute a success in the face of the ill-concealed contempt on the one hand, or the outspoken opposition on the other of the leading men of the denomination, it was discovered that the Methodist Episcopal church believed in a professional training for its ministry, and the leaders of the denomination began to look about for what they deemed a more advantageous location for their school. It was not till Concord had made specific theological training for Methodist clergymen to be recognized as essential to their greatest usefulness, that the removal of the school to Boston was determined upon. Concord paved the way for Boston university, and the theological seminaries at Evanston, Ill., Madison, N. J., Atlanta, Ga., Greencastle, Ind., and San Fernando, Cal., and the Concord school was made possible by the generous helpfulness of the historic First Congregational society of Concord supplemented by the generosity of Concord citizens. These opened the way for Dempster and Baker and their successors, enabling them to make their priceless contributions to the growth and development of Methodism.



APPENDIX A.

The course of study was arranged to suit the convenience of the three professors and, therefore, was not arranged on a strictly scientific method according to departments, as it might have been had not the entire work of instruction devolved upon three professors. There were changes from year to year, but the following course as arranged during the later years of the institute gives some idea of the work required of the professors and the ground which it was expected would be covered by the students.

Junior Year.

Professor Vail: Hebrew; Lectures on Sacred Geography and Antiquities; Greek, Harmony of the Gospels, and Exegesis.

Professor Merrill: Butler's Analogy; Hamilton's Metaphysics; Ethics (Watson and Wayland); Lectures on Natural Theology.

Professor Patten: Evidences of Christianity; Inspiration of Scriptures; Exercises in Elocution and Preaching.

Middle Year.

Professor Vail: Hebrew, Poetry and Exegesis; Lectures.

Professor Merrill: The Will (Whedon); Acts of the Apostles, with Greek Exegesis: Ecclesiastical History.

Professor Patten: Revealed Theology, with Lectures; Pastoral Theology, with Lectures; Structure of Sermons with Delivery.

Senior Year.

Professor Vail: Institutions of the Church; The Epistles and Apocalypse; Hebrew Minor Prophets; Chaldee, Arabic, and Syriac.

Professor Merrill: Eccleiastical History from the Reformation; History of Methodism; History of Christian Doctrine.

Professor Patten: Polemics; Church Government; Methodist Discipline; Pastoral Theology; Sacred Rhetoric and Logic, and Sermons.

Lectures on Elocution were given during the senior year by Professors Murdock, Russell, and other masters.

APPENDIX B.

The first class graduated at the institute consisted of three members, who received their diplomas in June, 1850. The last class, that of 1867, consisted of twelve members. In the list of classes given herewith, the name of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church with which each member connected himself is given, as far as can be ascertained, and when members became clergymen in other denominations, this fact is also indicated.

Class of 1850.

John B. Foote, Central New York.
E. F. Hinks; died Feb. 12, 1886.
John Paulson, South Kansas; d. March 4, 1893.

Class of 1851.

S. L. Bowman, New York.
William Kellen, N. E. Southern.
Samuel McKean, Troy.
Charles Nason, N. E. Southern; d. May 28, 1885.
O. P. Pitcher, Northern New York.
L. B. Tower.

Class of 1852.

B. S. Arey, East Maine; d. Oct. 9, 1894.
Horatio Arthur.
Lorenzo Barber.
Alfred Brigham.
Oloff H. Call, Kansas.
Geo. W. Cheeseborough, Erie.
I. S. Cushman, Maine; d. Sept. 16, 1871.
Alonzo Flack, New York; d. Mar. 1, 1885.
J. P. French, East Maine; d. Aug. 6, 1862.
Rodney Gage, Michigan.
C. C. Goss; d. July 22, 1891.
Austin F. Herrick, New England; d. Sept. 2, 1896.
Dugald Thompson, Des Moines; d. May, 1896.
Alfred Welch.
Ira S. Watkins.
Henry S. White, Detroit.

Class of 1853.

Carlos Banning, N. E. Southern.
Andrew J. Church, N. E. Southern.
H. M. Church, Northern New York.
Lewis E. Dunham, N. E. Southern.
F. D. Hemenway, Michigan; d. April 19, 1884.
L. H. Hooker, Vermont; d. June 21, 1863.
Charles H. Smith, New Hampshire.
Ezekiel Smith, Maine.
R. S. Stubbs, Puget Sound.
Wesley P. Wright.

Class of 1854.

G. R. Bent, New England.
John Capen, New England.
J. K. B. Clayton.
H. T. Giles, Central New York; d. Oct. 4, 1894.
A. F. Morey, Genessee.
Oliver Springstead.

Class of 1855.

Jarvis A. Ames, New England; d. July 15, 1885.
Andrew Carther, Philadelphia.
Andrew K. Crawford, California.
Charles U. Dunning, New Hampshire.
Joel W. Eaton, Troy.
Wm. S. Edwards, Baltimore.
Geo. W. E. Ellis.
Elon Foster, New York.
Nelson Green, Northwestern Indiana.
J. S. Hannah, Presbyterian.
C. E. Harris, N. E. Southern.
Enos E. Kellogg, Northern New York; d. July, 1883.
Jonathan A. Knowles.
Alex McLean, New York, East,
Chas. A. Merrill, New England; d. Jan. 6, 1896.
Munson G. Wadsworth, Northern New York.
Charles Young, New England; d. 1893.

Class of 1856.

Benj. F. DeCosta, Protestant Episcopal.
H. F. DeForrest, Vermont.
Wesley I. Pond, Troy.
A. R. Sylvester, Maine.
Samuel Wilson.

Class of 1857.

Thomas J. Abbott, New England; d. Nov. 7, 1878.
Robert J. Andrews, New Jersey.
G. T. Barnes.
Edgar F. Clark, N. E. Southern.

Tertullus Davidson.
Abraham I. Dobbs.
Geo. M. Hamlen, N. E. Southern.
Albert M. Long, Pittsburg.
Henry M. Loud.
Wm. V. Morrison, N. E. Southern.
John Pinkerton, New York, East.
Joseph Scott, New England.
James T. Tucker, New Jersey.
W. F. Ward; d. Jan. 30, 1883.
William Wilmot.
Thos. S. Wilson, M. E. Church, South.

CLASS OF 1858.

Joseph Baker.
Stephen L. Baldwin, Newark.
Chas. W. Blackman, Maine.
Wm. Glass.
Chas. E. Glover, New York, East; d. Sept., 1883.
Edward H. Hynson, Baltimore.
John J. Millsaks, M. E. church, South; d. 1861.
Charles Morgan, Congregational.
Benjamin Reeves.
Henry D. Robinson, N. E. Southern.
Gustavus Silversteen.
James B. Stevens; d. Dec. 24, 1874.

CLASS OF 1859.

Nicolas M. Browne, Wilmington; d. Feb. 1895.
Nathan F. Colver; d. June, 1895.
Thos. Elliott, New York.
James B. Faulks, Newark.
Samuel M. Hammond, New York, East.
Malcom D. Herrick, Florida.
Carlos R. Martin, Foochow.
Charles Miller.
Edwin W. Parker, North India.
Matthew M. Parkhurst, Rock River.
Hiram P. Satchwell, Oregon.
William Silverthorn, New England.
Ebenezer A. Smith, New England.
Sidney K. Smith, New York, East.
Aram Vielle, Troy.

CLASS OF 1860.

John W. Ackerley, New York.
George W. Barber, Maine.
Alexander N. Fields, Southern California.
Josiah Fletcher, Northern New York.
Chas. E. Little, Newark.
John G. Slevin, Baptist.
Daniel J. Smith, New Hampshire.
Theophilis Stevens, Philadelphia.
Geo. C. Thomas, Vermont.
Edwin W. Virgin, New England.
Benajah E. Whipple, Protestant Episcopal.
W. De M. Weeden; d. June 1, 1893.
Noah Wood.

CLASS OF 1861.

James M. Bean, New Hampshire.
George W. Brown, Troy.
Daniel D. Cook, Genessee.
Oliver M. Cousens.
Clement T. Frame.
Elam Marsh, Troy.
Thos. C. Potter, Presbyterian.
Abel W. Pottle, Maine.
Alexander C. Reynolds, Minnesota.
Nathan F. Stevens, New England; d. June, 1879.
James S. Thomas, N. E. Southern.
C. H. Vinton, New England.
Jesse Wagner, New England.
Henry S. Ward.
Edwin Warriner, New York, East.
Robert Wilder.

CLASS OF 1862.

Watson M. Ayres, New England.
Wm. W. Baldwin, New England.
Geo. W. Brooks; d. Mar. 20, 1883.
Moses T. Cilley, New Hampshire.
John G. Gooding, Troy.
William F. Hatfield, New York.
Chas. H. Newhall; d. Mar. 10, 1894.
William H. Simonson; d. Jan. 18, 1889.
Henry F. Spencer; d. Nov. 28, 1885.
Church Tabor, Vermont; d. June 30, 1896.
John Warthman.

CLASS OF 1863.

Miles R. Barney.
Edwin L. Chase, Southern California.
Anson C. Coult, New Hampshire.
Edward Davies, New England.
Adelbert Gaylord, New York; d. Sept. 3, 1882.
Elijah Horr, Congregational.
Chester J. Hoyt, New York.
John H. Lane, New York.
Chas. C. Miller; d. Dec., 1892.
Hiram D. Opdyke, Newark.
Isaac D. Peaslee, Northern New York.
Ezekiel Richardson, Baltimore.
Jas. V. Sanders, New York, East.
Wm. E. Smith, New York, East.
Wm. Stout, Newark.
Newton H. Van Deusen, Wyoming.

CLASS OF 1864.

Henry W. Ackerly, New York.
Daniel C. Babcock, New Hampshire.
Sylvester Donaldson, Vermont.
J. Wesley Hawkins, Philadelphia.
Richard Harcourt, Philadelphia.
John H. Hillman, New Hampshire.
Joseph H. Owens, New England.
Cornelius M. Pegg, New York, East.
Raphael M. Roberts, New York.
Watson W. Smith.

CLASS OF 1865.

Samuel R. Bailey, Protestant Episcopal.
Daniel M. Birmingham, California.
J. Wesley Cole.
James Esgate, Wilmington.
Edwin F. Hadley, New York, East; d. Nov. 23, 1872.
Joseph T. Hand, New York; d. Jan. 20, 1867.
Wesley C. Johnson, Philadelphia.
Orren C. Lane, New York, East.
John A. Lansing, New England.
Norman J. Squires, Congregational.
William E. Tompkinson, Wilmington.
Albert Van Deusen, Newark.

CLASS OF 1866.

Nathan G. Cheney, New York, East.
Thomas Chippsfield, Central Illinois.
Otis Cole, New Hampshire.
R. James Donaldson.
Alfred E. Drew, New Hampshire.
Horatio B. Elkins.
Theodore S. Haggerty, Newark.
James R. Hammond, Oregon.
Sullivan C. Kimball.
John Keogan, New York.
Edmund Lewis, New York.
George C. Moorehouse, Troy.
Samuel J. Robinson, Troy.
LeRoy S. Stowe, New York, East.
J. O. Thompson, N. E. Southern.
W. H. Washburn, Troy.
Lorenzo D. Watson, Genessee.

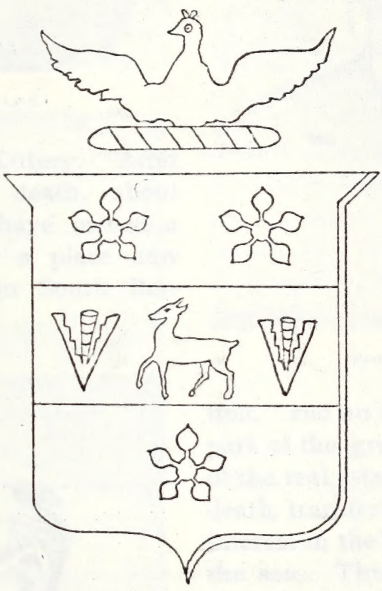
CLASS OF 1867.

George W. Anderson, N. E. Southern.
James A. DeForrest, New England; d. Nov. 28, 1875.
Charles E. Hall, New Hampshire.
Allen J. Hall, New England.
S. J. MacCutcheon, New York.
Chas W. Millen.
E. Frank Pitcher, Philadelphia; d. May, 1876.
Samuel Roy, New England; d. October, 1874.
George W. Ruland, Congregational.
Edwin R. Sullivan.
Nicholas T. Whitaker, New England.
True Whittier, Maine.

THE LORD ESCUTCHEON.

By C. C. Lord.

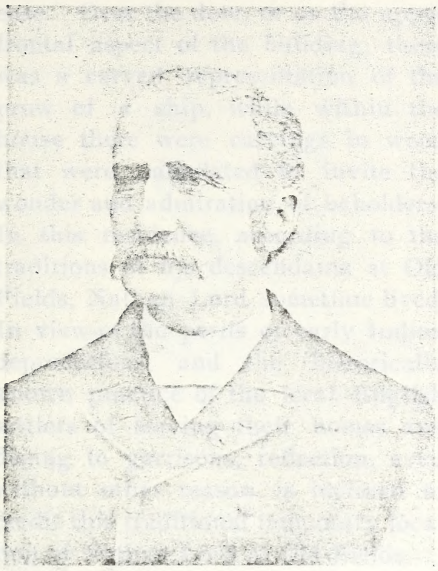
ON Thursday, August 1, 1895, at South Berwick, Me., there was effected an organization of the "Sons and Daughters of Nathan Lord." The conditions of the organization implied that, subject to a possible intervention of its executive committee, there should be an annual meeting at South Berwick on the first Thursday in August. In compliance with this arrangement, the fifth annual gathering will regularly occur on August 3, 1899.



Nathan Lord, thus commemorated, was an Englishman and an early settler in ancient Kittery, Me., of which South Berwick was once a part. The English locality from which Nathan Lord came to America does not appear to be certainly known. The date of his arrival in ancient Kittery is also an uncertainty. When, in 1652, four commissioners from Massachusetts arrived at the house of William Everett, in Kittery, to confer with the inhabitants upon matters relating to the affirmed jurisdiction of the colony represented by the commissioners, after deliberation, forty-one residents, among them Nathan Lord, signed the following declaration:

"We whose names are underwritten do acknowledge ourselves subject to the government of Massachusetts Bay, in New England."

Practically speaking, the date 1652 marks the beginning of the history of Nathan Lord in ancient Kittery. A "planter," he appears to have dealt somewhat in real estate, as if he had a mind to the increase of values in consequence of the improvements of civilization. Till 1662 he was located in a district which appears to have been named for Sturgeon creek, a tributary of the Piscataqua river, which marks the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire and empties its waters into the Atlantic Ocean, seeking the sea between Portsmouth, N. H., and the present town of Kittery, Me. Sturgeon creek is now in the town of Eliot, Me., once



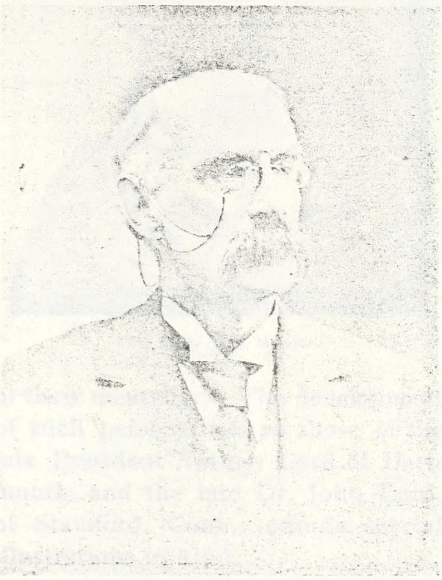
Rev. Orlando M. Lord.

a part of ancient Kittery. After 1662, and until his death, about 1690, he appears to have owned a homestead at or near a place now called Mt. Pleasant, in South Berwick.



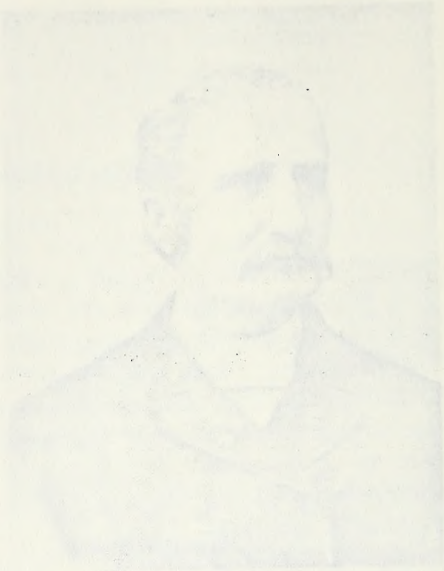
C. C. Lord.

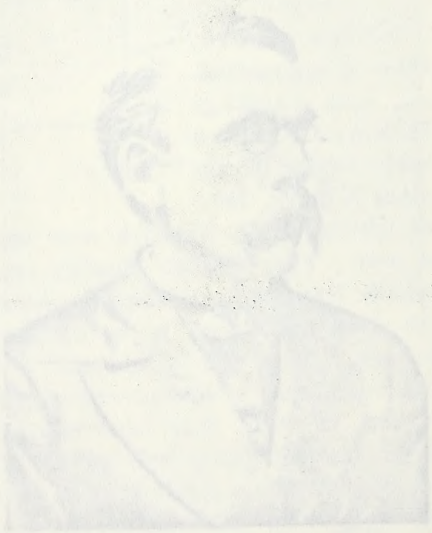
In 1676, Nathan Lord and his eldest son, also Nathan, took possession of an estate of seventy-seven acres of land, on which was a house and barn, and held the joint ownership about five years, and then the father, for the consideration of "love and affec-



Prof. John K. Lord.

tion," and an implied promise on the part of the grantee not to claim any of the real estate of the grantor at his death, transferred his right, title, and interest in the seventy-seven acres to the son. This estate was located in the so-called district of Old Fields, in South Berwick. It is worthy of notice in this connection that the Lords, in the issue of the early perils of Indians, had a garrison at Old Fields, the structure being occupied as a residence as late as about the year 1816. This original fortress and subsequent home was a unique and elaborate edifice. Its space afforded a door so large that a yoke of oxen and a cart could enter with

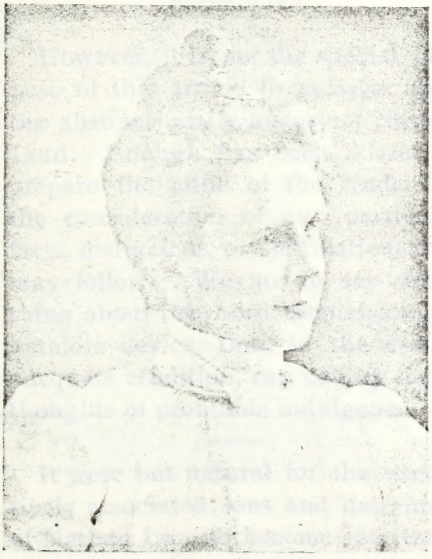




ease. Over the door, or on the upper frontal aspect of the building, there was a carved representation of the prow of a ship, while within the house there were carvings in wood that were calculated to invite the wonder and admiration of beholders. In this residence, according to the traditions of his descendants at Old Fields, Nathan Lord sometime lived. In view of the perils of early Indian depredations, and the historically known practice of the local English settlers of leaving their homes and fleeing to garrisons, reflection, even without other reason, is inclined to credit this traditional temporary location of Nathan Lord at Old Fields.

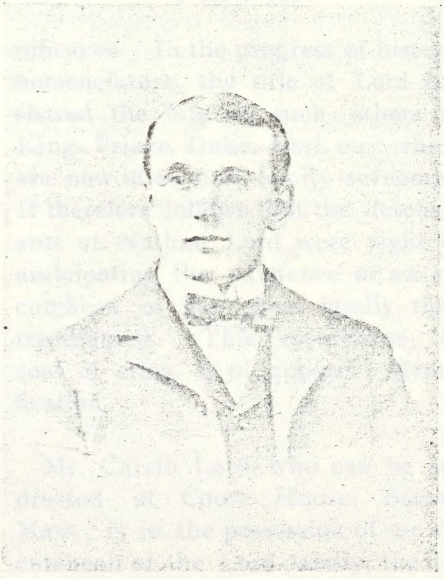


Mrs. Annie Lord Marston.

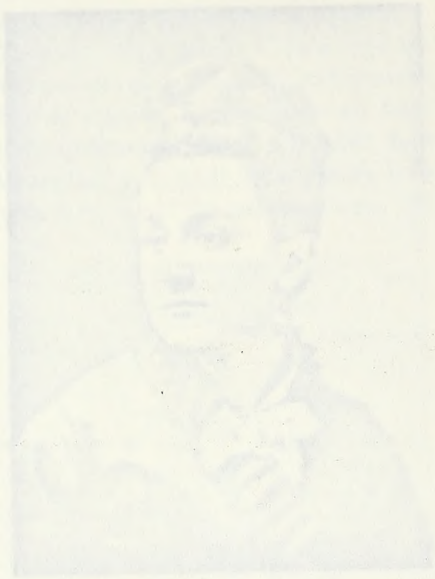


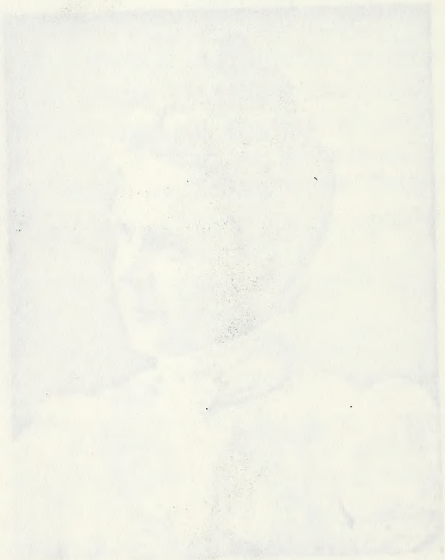
Mrs. May Lord Nutter.

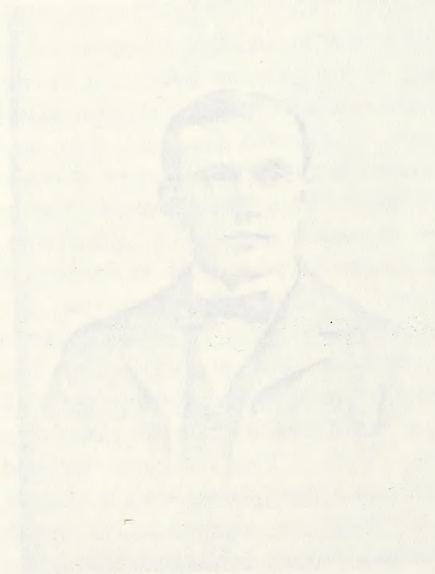
Nathan Lord was twice married, and begat sons and daughters, his progeny being now extensively distributed over the United States. His offspring have exhibited in a large degree the special characteristics of the English mind. Strength of intellect has been a prominent feature of their mentality. The development of such personalities as those of the late President Nathan Lord of Dartmouth, and the late Dr. John Lord, of Stamford, Conn., affords special illustrations in kind.

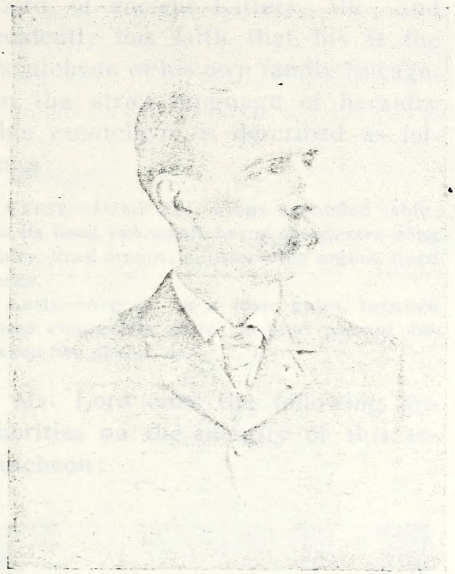


Frederick L. Keays.





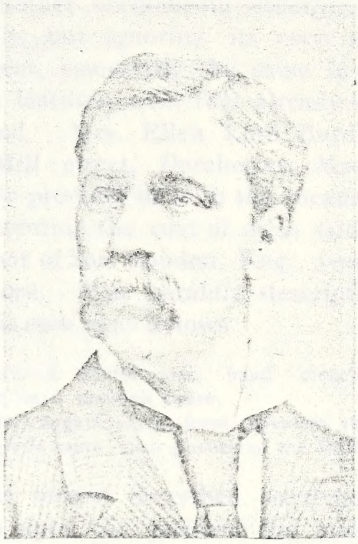




Winfield S. Lord.

However, it is not the special purpose of this article to enlarge upon the abstract family history of Nathan Lord. Enough has been related to prepare the mind of the reader for the consideration of any particular facts, deductions, or speculations that may follow. We are to say something about the Lord escutcheon, an heraldic device, that, to the eye of adequate erudition, can convey many thoughts of profitable indulgence.

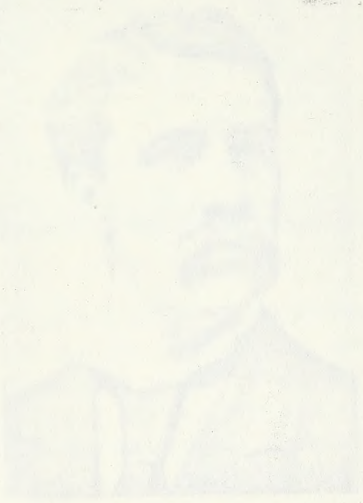
It were but natural for the executively associated sons and daughters of Nathan Lord to become interested in the identity of their family escutcheon. The presumption that the Lords had an escutcheon was legitimate. The family of Lord is in historic origin a noble one. In the parlance of the English nobility the name Lord was originally given to peers and other high officials by virtue of their office. The intelligent reader knows that to-day, in the upper house of the English parliament are both peers temporal and peers spiritual, every one of which must be courteously addressed as "My Lord." In long periods of time, and by an easy colloquial transition, an official title has often passed into a common family cognomen of only titular sig-



J. Everett Lord.

nificance. In the progress of historic nomenclature, the title of Lord has shared the fate of such others as King, Prince, Duke, Earl, etc., which are now often only family surnames. It therefore follows that the descendants of Nathan Lord were right in anticipating the existence of an escutcheon of the great family they represented. This escutcheon, or coat of arms, is of apparent identification.

Mr. Calvin Lord, who can be addressed at Court House, Salem, Mass., is in the possession of an escutcheon of the Lord family, the device being represented on page 227.

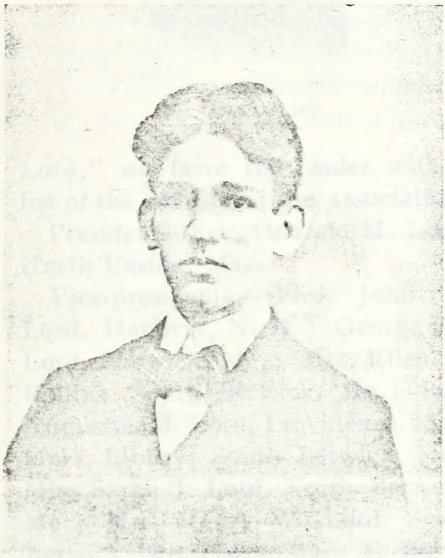


Mr. Lord is a descendant of Nathan Lord, of ancient Kittery, Me., and evidently has faith that his is the escutcheon of his own family lineage. In the strict language of heraldry this escutcheon is described as follows:

CREST.—Demi bird, wings expanded sable; on its head two small horns or; dexter wing gules, lined argent; sinister wing argent, lined gules.

ARMS.—Argent, on a fesse gules, between three cinquefoils azure: a hind passant between two pheons or.

Mr. Lord cites the following authorities on the identity of this escutcheon:



Calvin Lord.

"Heraldic Journal," Vol. 1, *p.* 43.
"Salisbury Memorials."
Sir Bernard Burke's "General Armory of England," 1883.
"The Book of Family Crests," Vol. 2, *p.* 279.
"Hyde Genealogy," 1864.

Mr. Lord also cites what claims to be "sufficient authority" that the described escutcheon is that of the families of William Lord of Salem Mass., Thomas Lord of Hartford, Conn., and Robert Lord of Ipswich, Mass., each of which was settled in New England as early as 1635, as well as those of Nathan Lord and others.

For further illustration of our present subject we present a copy of another escutcheon, differing in details, but ignoring its crest and pendent, essentially the same in its main features, with that already described. Mrs. Ellen Lord Burditt, 42 Mill street, Dorchester, Mass., kindly provides us with the means of representing the coat of arms said to be that of the London, Eng., family of Lord. The heraldic description in this case is as follows:

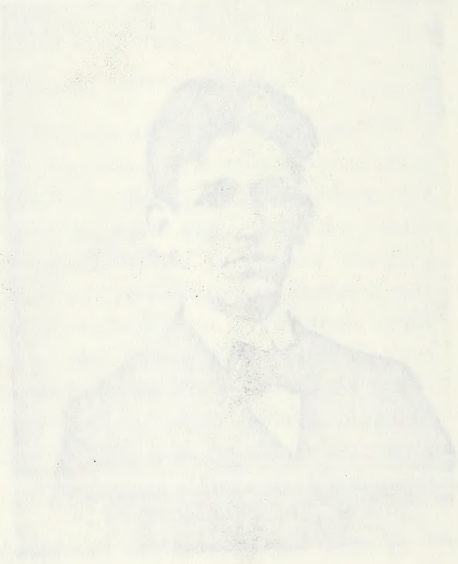
CREST.—A dexter arm, hand clenched, proper, in a maunch azure.

ARMS.—Argent on a fesse, between three cinquefoils azure; two pheons of the field.

The second described escutcheon bears upon the pendent the motto, *Invia virtuti nulla est via.*

The intelligent reader will readily conceive how, in the progressive his-





tory of a large family, its different branches would naturally vary the details of their distinctive armorial bearings. The two escutcheons presented tend to confirm the idea of an historic unity of the great English family of Lord.

Mindful of the existence of the "Sons and Daughters of Nathan



Rev. Howard F. Hill.

Lord," we favor the reader with a list of the officers of the association:

President—Rev. Orlando M. Lord, North Easton, Mass.

Vice-presidents — Prof. John K. Lord, Hanover, N. H.; George W. Lord, Berwick, Me.; Mrs. Ellen A. Rollins, South Berwick, Me.; Rev. Augustus M. Lord, Providence, R. I.; Mark Libbey, South Berwick, Me.; Miss Sarah J. Lord, North Berwick, Me.; Mrs. Henry W. Lord, South Berwick, Me.; Mrs. Mary E. Borthwick, Portsmouth, N. H.; Rev. Howard F. Hill, Concord, N. H.; R. W. Lord, Kennebunk, Me.; Mrs. Martha M. Lord Batchelder, Rye Beach, N. H.; Prof. E. H. Lord, Wolfeborough, N. H.

Recording secretary — Mrs. May Lord Nutter, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Corresponding secretary — C. C. Lord, Hopkinton, N. H.

Treasurer—J. Everett Lord, North Berwick, Me.

Auditors — Frederick L. Keays, New York city, N. Y.; Charles E. Lord, Salmon Falls, N. H.; Mrs. Annie L. Shaw, Kittery Depot, Me.

Executive committee—Winfield S. Lord, Portsmouth, N. H.; J. Everett Lord, North Berwick, Me.; James Lord, Lebanon, Me.; Jeremiah Lord, Somersworth, N. H.; Miss Nellie F. Lord, Salmon Falls, N. H.; Miss Mary J. Lord, Eliot, Me.; Charles E. Lord, Salmon Falls, N. H.; Archie T. Jewell, Dover, N. H.; Miss Edith M. Raitt, Eliot, Me.; the president and secretaries *ex-officio*.

Historical committee—C. C. Lord, Hopkinton, N. H.; William F. Lord, Great Falls, N. H.; Mrs. Annie Lord Marston, Dover, N. H.; Mrs. Ellen Lord Burditt, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Olive A. Akerman, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. Elizabeth Goodwin, South Berwick, Me.



THE WINTER IS PAST.

By Caroline M. Roberts.

The thrill of spring is in the hours,
The sunshine, with its quickening powers,
Awakes the sleeping grass and flowers.

Life quivers in the genial air,
And Nature with her lavish care,
Flings grace and beauty everywhere.

The buds are reddening on the trees,
The soft, caressing southern breeze
Renews its gentle ministries.

The sunlit sky is clear and blue,
The clouds take on a rainbow hue,
As evening bathes the earth with dew,

Which rises in ethereal haze,
And mingles with the voiceless praise,
That greets the morning's dawning rays.

Enwrapt in love may every soul,
Join in these anthems as they roll,
In waves of joy, from pole to pole.

And Christian pæons rise and swell
O'er mountain top, and plain and dell,
To Him who doeth all things well.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SPRING.

By F. M. Colby.

IT is not at all strange that among us the springtide should be the theme of frequent and enamored references by our poets and imaginative writers. Its coming gives new life to all the dormant powers of nature. And in the presence of this universal quickening, it is easy to fancy the "rosy-footed" genius of the season winding her mellow horn adown the hillsides and through the valleys, awakening the sleeping flowers and leading back the forest songsters to

their accustomed haunts. The suddenness with which some of these "eldest daughters of the spring" leap into life and into bloom is remarkable, indicating, indeed, that all winter long their sleep had been very light—a half waking—so that the first and faintest breath of spring sufficed to call them forth.

The first-born children of the year, the earliest wild flowers, how welcome they are! Some of these flowers are so shy that nobody ever knows when they appear. They open stealthily in the warm sun, under the snow, and only the very adventurous will be the first discoverers. Before the winter is fairly gone pussy willow has climbed with her small silky catkins,—a very fit name the botanists have found for her attempts at a blossom,—up the slender wands of the shrub where she belongs, and stays there safely wrapped from the cold, looking out for spring, watching for the first flower that will bear her company. She does not wait long.

Yonder, under those spreading oaks, where the ground is covered with dry leaves and grass, half-buried with soil, perhaps, or covered with its own or other leaves, the rarest favorite of the early spring, the trailing arbutus, lifts up its white and pink cups of incense and sends out its greeting, "Spring has come." In favorable seasons these can be gathered early in April and sometimes even in March. How early do you suppose the Pilgrim Fathers found it? How glad they must have been to welcome it, the very first flower in their new western home! No wonder that from their gratefulness, they gave it the name of Mayflower, after the ship that had been the vessel of their hopes and that brought them to the New World.

The botanists call it *Epigæa repens*, which indicates exactly its manner of growing closely to the earth. It is an evergreen vine creeping upon the ground and hiding itself under whatever may lie upon its surface. Its rose-colored flowers grow in clusters, with a salver-formed corolla of delicate petals resting in a calyx. I have heard it called ground laurel and wild lilac, as well as arbutus and Mayflower. It smells as sweetly and looks as freshly with either name.

While the snow still lingers in our garden border and banks of white are visible along the edges of the fields, here on the border of the wood where the ground slopes southward, we shall find the modest and exquisitely delicate liver-leaf, *Hepatica triloba*. Such a soft, tender, slight flower as it is! One would hardly expect it to be the first to venture out. It has not had the warm shelter of the earth as the Mayflower did, but it ventured to send its delicate hairy stem up into the spring air just the same. A close inspection of the plant, even in winter, will discover buds already formed and apparently ready to respond to the first breathings of spring. These large, dusky-green, heart-shaped leaves last through the winter, and the new ones do not usually appear till after the flowers.

The hepatica is classed with the crowfoot family (*Ranunculacea*), where also are found a large number of our early spring favorites. Besides this broad-leaved variety there is still another *H. acutiloba*, with more erect and sharp-pointed leaves, but the difference between

the two species is neither wide nor constant. Long before anything in the garden is seen, save a few delicate snowdrops, and, possibly, now and then a purple or yellow crocus that have come out in the sunny borders, these lovely light blue and purplish flowers wrapped in their fur-lined silken cloaks can be found in profusion on our country hillsides.

Did you ever read the old Greek fable of Anemone? She was a nymph in Flora's train and was beloved by Zephyr. The queen of flowers, being jealous, banished the unfortunate maiden from her court and changed her into a flower, which always opened at the return of spring. Zephyr, very ungallantly abandoned the former beauty to the rude caresses of Boreas, who, unable to gain her love, agitates her until her blossoms are half open, and then causes her immediately to fade. The story always comes to me with the first glimpse of the beautiful wind flower, *Anemone nemorosa*. The smooth and slender stems five or six inches high, three-lobed leaves, in a whorl near the head of the plant, above which is the cluster of pale pink or white star-like flowers, are unmistakable evidences that it belongs to the crowfoot family. They last but a short time. The motto, "*Brevis est usus*," "Her reign is short," admirably expresses the rapid decline of beauty.

Another favorite flower among us in New England, less common, indeed, through the Middle states, is the beautiful little star flower, *Trientalis Americana*, with its dainty white blossoms rising from the stem above a whorl of emerald lanceolated leaves. It is usually found in damp, cool woods, and in rather high altitudes, and yet it prefers a southern exposure. This is one of the very few wild plants which is improved by cultivation.

In these upland woods is found some of the fine wood sorrels, among which the violet-colored species, *Oxalis violacæ*, is usually the most valued. There is a large family of these sorrels, but the several species have a close resemblance only in the color of their flowers. The leaves are trefoil shaped, and the plant has much the appearance of white clover. The flowers rise higher than the leaves with bright scarlet, yellow, or white petals.

Here, too, we shall find in some sunny nook by the side of a great rock or near the roots of some ancient oak, in a bed of mould, the accumulation of successive generations of decayed leaves, lovely specimens of the showy *Orchis spectabilis*. It has two oblong, shining green leaves, three to five inches long, from between which rises the flower stalk, about six inches high, bearing a few, handsome, white and pinkish blossoms. The plant somewhat resembles the lily of the valley, is of rare beauty and takes kindly to cultivation.

Many of the earliest of the northern wild flowers are almost vestal in their purity. They have a chilliness of aspect compared with the fervid dyes of southern flowers. Most of our early favorites are pale little maidens; later on, come bright yellow, purple, and scarlet, the predominant colors of autumn. The smiling wake-robin has a bluish cast. The mitrewort is like frosted silver. The petals of the goldthread are of creamy richness. The hobble-bush is dead white, the choke-

berry, roseate. Trailing arbutus is of the purest flesh tones, like the clear, fair complexion of a sweet young girl. But the "bluets" have, as the word denotes, a hue of brightest azure.

Not many are the flowers so favored with names as this golden-eyed darling of the pastures and fields. In botanical nomenclature it is *Houstonia cærulia*, to honor Dr. Houston, a well-known English botanist, and because it is of such heavenly blue when it opens. With the staid people of Pennsylvania, it is "Quaker bonnet;" they could think of nothing else so coy and so bewitching to call it by. Again it is "Venus-pride," and "Dwarf-pink." It is "Innocence" for reasons that need no comments. And finally it is "Fairy-flax," fit for the elfin spinning and daintiest fabric for the queen of the fairies to wear.

To the early spring belongs the bloodroot, *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, with its broad leaves and white flowers, both leaves and flowers springing from creeping roots, and each smooth flower stem supporting a pure white blossom with a broad disk, made up of narrow, ray-like petals, but apparently quite too delicate to brave the chill air of the season in which it appears. When any part of the plant is broken, leaves, flowers, or root, a rich juice exudes, which is an ominous red, of dye as deep as that gory spot on the "little hand" of Lady Macbeth which would "not out." From the ensanguined color of this juice the plant takes its name. It is highly valued in medicine.

After May has fairly come and the days begin to grow warmer, how fast the flowers press along. One must go often to their haunts or some will have bloomed and passed away. We had been many times to the swamp where grows the fever bush before we ever saw it in blossom. And then we did not recognize it till we had bitten the aromatic bark and tasted the pungent flavor which gives it its other names of spicewood and benzoin, making one think of the Orient and Old Testament days when caravans went laden with odoriferous things whereof incense for the temples was made. For years we failed to see the cassandra or leather-leaf in bloom. It is one of the Andromeda family and comes on late in April or early in May, when the small, egg-shaped, white flowers appear in a row like lilies-of-the-valley. They are slightly fragrant, and as pretty as they can be. They are so young and the bush so hoary, that it is like the contrast of a child's face on the bent, decrepit figure of an old man.

Going down toward the wet land we may expect to find the delicate, little, spring beauty, *Claytonia Virginica*, nestling in the dead grass and weeds, with its pale red flowers, its tender and half prostrate stem with two long, lance-shaped leaves, all rising together from its bulbous roots. It belongs to the portulace family and is not dissimilar to the best known species of that plant found in our gardens, whether as cultivated flowers or weeds.

There are other spring beauties that we cannot speak of at this time, the snow-white saxifrage, the *Azalea viscosa*, with its large white flowers; the adder's tongue or dogtooth violet, with its lily-like flower of bright,

golden yellow and sometimes slightly purple; the blue violets which peer out everywhere in the thickets and among the grass. We pass by all these, which, with the others we have named, are the real hamadryads, the children of the groves, that may be found in their glory only in their native wilds. Like Persephone, when torn from the flowery meads of Enna they pine and wither removed from their places. They are true children of the sunshine and the spirits of the air, and though but the harbingers of the coming hosts that accompany the flower-bearing May, who, themselves, give place to those of June, they hold a place in Nature's casket that no other jewels can replace.

THE SHADOW OF A COMING EVENT.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

WE had worked side by side in the Fullerton Hosiery mill for a little more than a year, Joy Millen and I, Ruth Hartwell.

It was in May that she came. I remember wishing that morning as I crossed the bridge and looked up at the window beside which my machine sat, that my "right bower" (as I called the woman who stood next to me on the right and turned stockings) was not so deaf, and possessed more quiet taste.

Imagine then my surprise when in her stead I found a slight girlish figure, clad in soft gray, with a great bunch of purple violets in the bosom of her dress. She glanced up as I took my place at the machine. Was she really beautiful, or was it only the contrast between the face I now saw and the one I had been accustomed to see?

In the shadow her hair was a dark rich brown, but when the sunlight touched it it was of that peculiar tint you sometimes see on the ears of a thoroughbred English pointer. (Yes, a singular comparison, but I have never seen it elsewhere save in Joy Millen's hair.)

Her complexion was exquisite, and being a plain, matter-of-fact person, and not given to poetic similies I thought at once of a dish of Jersey cream and strawberries. She had pretty, slender hands, and I noticed she wore a ring on the third finger of the left.

"Good morning!" (I said, presently, as I caught her looking at me) "a fine morning is n't it?"

"Beautiful!" she replied, and I remember being glad she had not said *lovely*, as all the mill girls do.

"Are you a 'super' or have you a permanent job?" I asked.

"I hope," she said, and the strawberries seemed to melt and suffuse a tint of crimson through the cream, "I hope it may be permanent."

Then I noticed the pretty, gray dress was sadly worn, and had been very carefully darned in many places. We said no more then, but when the whistle blew at noon, observing she had brought a lunch, I asked in what part of the city she lived. She gave me her street and number,

which I knew was somewhat remote. However, I at once made up my mind to call, though I remembered she had not invited me to do so.

I think it was in June that I first visited her. I found them in a somewhat dilapidated tenement, on the outskirts of the city. I was at first surprised at the apparent elegance of the furniture, though when I saw it later and in a stronger light, I discovered it, too, was much worn.

"Mamma, this is Ruth," Joy said in her pretty, simple fashion.

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, dear," Mrs. Millen remarked, as she took my hand. "My daughter has talked of you so much that I feel quite well acquainted."

The evening passed very pleasantly, and when I arose to go Joy signified her intention of accompanying me as far as V street.

It was then that she confided to me her history, and, having received it in confidence, I shall not repeat it here save as it bears upon this narrative. This much, however, I will tell. She was engaged to be married the following June to one Joe Barton, an engineer on the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad.

The following April the mill shut down, whether for repairs or from *policy*, does not concern this story. Then it was, however, that we discovered that our little bank account was likely to "take unto itself wings," and we at once proceeded to institute a "cut down" by a removal to the country. And the latter part of May found us pleasantly situated in a typical New England farmhouse, about a mile from the pretty little village of W——. We were very happy in those days, having no rent to pay, and no stockings to knit or turn. About this time Joe sent his dog, Fritz, to Joy. He was a noble Newfoundland and became very much attached to us.

We were expecting Mr. Barton the 20th of June. They were to be married the 21st, Joy's birthday, and go immediately to St. Joe, where they were to make their home, Mrs. Millen remaining behind just long enough to superintend the removal of the furniture.

On the evening of the 15th we were all sitting together upon the piazza. The moon was almost full, and objects were distinctly visible at quite a distance. Suddenly Fritz, who was lying at Joy's feet, pricked up his ears as though listening attentively, then began a most energetic wagging of his tail, and before we were aware of his intentions, started swiftly down the road. In the moonlight we could see distinctly the figure of a man approaching.

"Who can it be," said Joy, "that he is so delighted to see?" He was leaping wildly about, and occasionally the individual would pause and seem to caress him. When within a few yards of the house Joy exclaimed, "It 's Joe!" and ran down the walk to meet him, whereupon Mrs. Millen and I entered the house, and as we did so I distinctly heard the village clock strike nine, so stole softly upstairs and retired. Shortly afterwards I heard Joy's voice in the upper hall bidding Mr. Barton good night as she had shown him to his room.

When I came downstairs in the morning she was standing in the doorway with her hands full of June roses.

"I wonder," she was saying to her mother, "what it is that is troubling Joe! I never saw him so grave as he seemed last night. He said as I bade him good night,

"'Remember, Joy, that I still love you and that we will meet again.'

"Of course we will," I replied, "in the morning."

"Yes," he answered, "and there will be no more night."

"Strange, was n't it!"

"Oh, I don't know, dear," her mother replied; "I presume he was thinking of your marriage."

A few moments later breakfast was announced, and Joy standing at the foot of the stairway, called softly, three times, "Joe! Joe! Joe!" and receiving no answer she said,

"Poor fellow, he is very tired after his long journey. We will let him sleep till he wakens."

And the breakfast was carried back into the kitchen to be kept warm.

When eight o'clock came, however, and he had not made his appearance, Mrs. Millen crept softly upstairs. The door of his room stood ajar. We heard an exclamation of surprise and hastened to her side. The room was vacant. The bed had not been occupied.

I shall never forget the look on Joy's face as she turned and went slowly downstairs. There was no breakfast eaten that day, and very little said. We could not bring ourselves to discuss the strange occurrence.

About ten o'clock a boy came up the walk with an envelope in his hand. "For me," said Joy, as she received it from him. Her hands shook pitifully as she opened and sat staring at it in a dazed way till it fell from her fingers. I picked it up, it was a telegram, and read,

Killed in a collision at 7:45 p. m., Joseph Barton, driver, engine No. 10, H. & St. J. R. R. 6—15—1892.

RICHARD BENT, *Agt.*

In September we went back to the mill. But instead of going to my old quarters I have since, at their earnest solicitation, made my home with Mrs. Millen and Joy. Together we go to and from our work. The youth and beauty of her fair face with its sad expression, and the somber garments she now wears, make it all the more pitiful.

Sometimes when she fancies she is alone I have seen her glance up suddenly and smile as though she were looking straight into Joe Barton's eyes. And at such times Fritz manifests his delight in his dumb dog fashion.

Upon one occasion I saw her stroke his great head tenderly, and heard her say distinctly, "Fritz sees you, Joe."

THE EAMES FAMILY IN COOS COUNTY.

By President Jeremiah Eames Rankin, D. D., LL. D.

CAPT. JEREMIAH EAMES, a stalwart son of Anak, six feet tall, was the son of Jeremiah Eames, and was born May 6, 1735. He came to Coös county from Boxford, Mass., his native town, locating in Northumberland, N. H., on lot 53, which lot was confirmed to him at the first meeting of the proprietors. He married Susanna Peabody, of Boxford, going back for her after staking his claim. During his absence another man jumped his claim. He quietly surrendered and pitched elsewhere. In 1776 he built a block-house, and was given command of a company of soldiers. This garrison was maintained until 1782, and was on the very spot where the house, occupied by his grandson, John Eames, of Northumberland, and which has always belonged to the family, now stands. During the period between 1780 and 1822, in all civil and military affairs, Captain Eames's position was a commanding one in the town. He had held the same position among the proprietors before the town was incorporated.

Captain Eames had three sons, Jeremiah, who was born June 30, 1762, Thomas, September 12, 1763, and Seth, October 21, 1781; of which sons he is said to have made this remark, that "Jeremiah was good for himself and everybody else, Seth was good for himself and nobody else, and Thomas was good neither for himself nor anybody else."

Captain Eames' coming from Boxford is believed by John Eames, his grandson, and that from remarks of his father, Seth Eames, to have been owing to the persecution of a member of the family for witchcraft; in 1692 Rebecca Eames, wife of Robert Eames, having been indicted as a witch in Boxford, and condemned to execution. She was reprieved by Governor Phipps and relieved of the attainder in 1710, and died in 1721. But the odium attaching to the persecution is said to have been one reason why Jeremiah Eames was willing to leave that neighborhood. Captain Eames lived to be eighty-one years, eleven months and five days old; his wife, seventy-eight years and seven months. They both died in 1817, and are buried in Northumberland near his original residence.

The daughters of Captain Eames's family were first, Lois, who married Hezekiah Smith, and had no children. She was born October 14, 1763, and died March 26, 1795. The next was Susanna, who was born November 22, 1774, and died May 20, 1810. She was never married.

Capt. Jeremiah Eames was one of the earliest settlers, and an original grantee of the town of Northumberland, N. H. "He was a man of

impetuous mold, and a prompt and decided actor in all important matters." He held numerous offices of political and military trust, and the town-meetings were often convened at his house. This was the case in 1780, when he was chosen one of the selectmen, which office he held until 1795; then again from 1796 to 1800, when he was chosen representative to the general court. In 1806, 1809, and 1810, he was town treasurer. Then the succession seemed to fall upon his son, Seth.

Jeremiah Eames, Jr., the oldest son of Captain Eames, removed to West Stewartstown in 1797 and settled on lot No. 13, his father having built a sawmill and grist-mill there on what is still known as the Eames Falls. He took with him Anna, his wife, and three children, Jeremiah, 3d, Anna, and William. There he had born to him Lois in 1799, Persis in 1801, Cyrus in 1804, Hiram in 1806, Emily in 1808, Susan in 1809, and Adeline in 1812. His wife was a daughter of Col. William Williams, who was distinguished in the French and Indian wars, and who commanded a regiment at the Battle of Bennington. The same Colonel Williams secured the charter of the towns of Bennington and Wilmington, Vt.

Jeremiah, Jr., like his father in Northumberland, was a leading man of the town, held a military commission, was representative in the general court, and served much of the time from 1800 to 1825 as one of the selectmen. He was a skilful surveyor, and with Seth, his brother, laid out much of the land of Coös county, where the authority of his surveys was never questioned. Lois, his second daughter, married Rev. Andrew Rankin, a native of Littleton, a grandson of James Rankin, one of the first settlers, who, with his wife, Margaret Witherspoone, emigrated from Paisley, Scotland. They had six children, two of whom (sons) were Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin of Washington, D. C., fifteen years pastor of the Congregational church there, and now president of Howard's university; and Hon. Andrew Evarts Rankin, a graduate of Middlebury college and Harvard Law school, for many years a resident of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and clerk of the county court there, a man of judicial turn of mind, of great literary culture and business ability; and two of whom (daughters) were the wives respectively of Hon. Sumner Albee of Cambridge, Mass., and the Rev. Henry E. Butler, D. D., of Alma, Mich. Two other daughters were Sarah Maria, wife of Charles Flanders; and Lois Adeline, for many years in the pension office, Washington, D. C. Cyrus Eames, the third son of Jeremiah Eames 2d, married a Miss Fletcher of Indian Stream country. He was many years a tanner in Colebrook, N. H., and finally moved to Green Bay, Wis. He brought up a large family of attractive daughters, among whom was Emeline, who married the late Gen. E. R. Wadsworth of Chicago.

Thomas Eames, the second son of Capt. Jeremiah Eames, was the most notable of all the hotel keepers in Coös county. He was a hunter, trader in furs, a rather reckless, large-hearted man, around whom centered all the free and easy livers of the neighborhood. He had seven children, six sons: Thomas, Charles,

Jeremiah, George, Erastus, and Ralph, and one daughter, Harriet. His land was directly above that of his father's on the Connecticut. Many are the curious stories that are told of him. This for example: Some Indians were discussing the relative skill of the Indian and the white man as a hunter, when the arts of "Tom" Eames were instanced, "Oh, yes," replied the Indian, "Tom Eames Indian and more, too." The tavern that Thomas Eames kept was regarded with suspicion by the custom house officers, and the independent proprietor was at one time prosecuted for harboring contraband goods or guests or both. On one occasion, Thomas Eames, Jr., rigged up a box sleigh, and covered up within it several wild fellows like himself, who took the officers a long race through the snow. At last in a thick forest near Northumberland, at the challenge of their pursuers with the threat to fire, they halted, and when the contents of the sleigh were disclosed, a lively and protracted tussle in the snow occurred for mastery; and one of the pursuers, Daniel Rich, was accustomed to tell the story to the day of his death.

When "Tom" Eames came to his last sickness, he was approached by a minister with questions as to his probable destiny. "Where do you suppose you will go to?" asked the minister. "Oh, my neighbors," he replied, "will carry me to the cemetery." "Your spirit, I mean." "Oh, the boys, Tom and Erastus," meaning his sons, "will take care of the spirit." This story has been incorrectly attributed to Capt. Jeremiah Eames, who was a man of more serious mold.

A granddaughter of Thomas Eames is Mrs. Eliza Faulkner of Keene, N. H., whose husband, the late Charles Faulkner, Esq., was a successful manufacturer there, and whose sons, graduates of Harvard, occupy positions of honor and influence. A grandson of Thomas Eames is the late William Eames Brooks, Esq., of Rock Island, Ill., who succeeded his father, William Brooks, as heir to the very valuable real estate on which Rock Island City is now located. It is said of William Brooks, that in 1835, on his way to Rock Island, he was offered a large tract of land, some 200 acres, on the very spot where Chicago now stands, for the sum of $400, or $2 an acre.

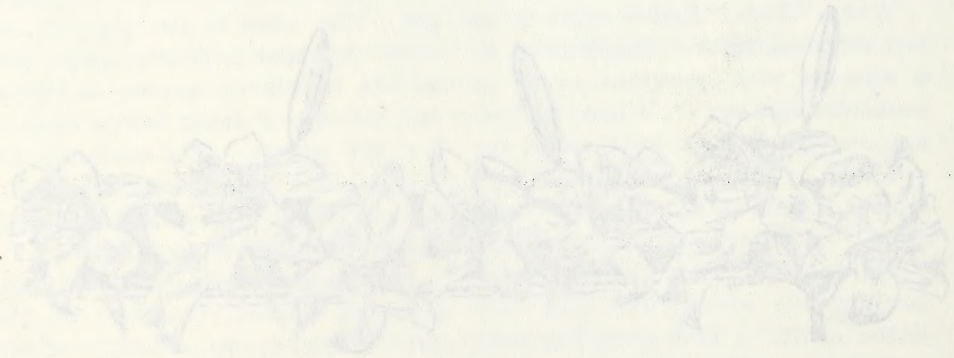
Mrs. William Brooks is remembered in Northumberland for this incident: It was the custom of the country to quarter the Methodist preachers at their conferences in the different families of the community. Two such preachers had been assigned to Mr. Brooks. They came on Saturday. In the hurry of his business (he was a tanner) he excused himself from appearing at the table, but he told his wife to serve them up the best dinner she could get. She went to the pig-pen, selected two choice shoats, which Mr. Brooks had lately secured to fatten, and set one of them before each of her two guests. She evidently intended that they should go the "whole hog." She showed herself the daughter of her own father.

Seth Eames, the third son of Capt. Jeremiah Eames, remained on the farm, bringing up a family of ten children and succeeding to his father's influence in the town. Indeed, from the time of the incorpora-

tion of the town in 1780, to the year of Seth Eames's death, in 1854, the name of Eames is the most prominent one in the town records. Seth Eames was for thirty-one successive years town clerk and treasurer. If the town wanted a road made, a bridge built, a schoolhouse or meeting-house erected, a minister employed, among the names mentioned for performing this function, was almost always an Eames. The Eameses were selectmen, town clerks, or town treasurers as regularly as though it ran in the blood; and at this very writing, 1897, Henry Dilkey, a son-in-law of Seth Eames, and a soldier, is town clerk.

But perhaps the most influential man as affecting the welfare of the town has been John Eames, Esq., who owned the land now occupied by the enterprising little village of Groveton, who laid out the original streets, making a gift of the land to the corporation; who erected the Melcher House and ran it for two years as a temperance house; who built the dams, and yet who now lives and farms on the very spot where his ancestor first pitched his tent. It happened to John Eames to take a stand against slavery as early as 1852. This lost him caste and threw him out of the line of family succession to office. He was one of the first five men in Northumberland who voted for James G. Birney, and when the Methodists erected their house of worship he gave them the first fifty dollars, with the understanding that it should pay for a pew for colored people, though it is not known that a colored man ever lived in town.

The sons of John Eames and Fivila C. Day of Stratford were Seth John, born June, 1857, who successfully established himself in the milk business in Boston, and who died greatly lamented November, 1886, and Byron, who is still in the same business there. Seth married a daughter of Wittemore Rowell of Boston, and Byron, a daughter of Thomas Kelly of Groveton. Several children resulted from each of these marriages. The present Mrs. John Eames (his first wife died in 1885) was Miss Grace Eva, daughter of William H. Monroe, Boston, Mass.



SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON, COUNT OF RUMFORD.[1]

By General Low.

BEFORE Lord Bacon's time it might be said of philosophy, as was said of the great globe which we inhabit, before the creation of man that it was without form and void. To him it was committed to utter the sublime command, "Let there be light." In obedience to the impulse of his powerful mind the great truth which has ever since formed the controlling principle of philosophy was rescued from the mass of superstitions with which it was overwhelmed; and that truth is this—that *observation* and *experience* are the great instruments by which we extract from nature her secrets. It was not that these instruments were wholly unknown in the ancient philosophy, but that their vast importance was not appreciated. They were barely tolerated, while the chief energies of the human mind were devoted to the discussion of questions which it was impossible ever to solve, and which would amount to nothing if they were solved.

It was at the hands of Bacon that the great nonposition that observation and experience should be our principal teachers received an immense expansion, and an application upon a scale totally unknown before. Since his time philosophy which before had exercised but little influence over the affairs of men, and presented to their gaze only the appearance of an unintelligible mystery, as in truth it was as well to those whose lives were devoted to its study as to others, has at length been brought home to the business and bosoms of men. The results of the profound investigations of an English lawyer (for such was Bacon by profession) are felt by every individual within the range of the influence of the civilized world. The spinning jenny of Arkwright, the steam engine of Watt, the electric telegraph of Morse, the lightning conductors of Franklin, and the scientific applications of heat, for all the purposes of human life, by Rumford, and countless others; arts and inventions are the legitimate progeny of one mighty mind. The Arkwrights and Fultons and Rumfords, and so many others who have followed in the path made clear by the light thrown upon it by Bacon, would, if they had existed before his time, as no doubt many kindred spirits did exist, have been forced by the current of an irresistible public sentiment to waste their magnificent endowments in the discussion of frivolous questions, the doctrines of entities and quiddities or in mastering the barbarous terms and meaningless refinements of an incomprehensible logic. It was not until, in the person of Bacon, one was found

[1] An address delivered at the dedication of Rumford hall in Concord, January, 1851. The facts set forth herein were given verbatim to Mr. Low by the Countess of Rumford for this paper.

and fitted to be the leader of the forlorn hope of progress, one capable of pointing out a way and making one, that these noble powers could be reclaimed from a barren service to the execution of those tasks which minister to the good of man.

Among the men who have followed in the track of Bacon, drinking deeply the spirit of his great maxims and applying them in an enlarged, sagacious, and practical manner to human use, one entitled to take a place in the first rank of modern philosophers, is the one in whose honor and to recall the incidents of his varied and eventful life, we are in part at least now assembled.

It is a natural instinct of the mind to desire to leave a memory which shall pass beyond the narrow limits of our own time, and reach, and be honored by posterity. It is one of the most important circumstances by which we are distinguished from the brutes which perish, and one of the agents which acts most powerfully in sustaining the mind under the almost overwhelming sense of difficulty and discouragment inseparable from the execution of all great enterprise. It is our duty to see that so rational and honorable a hope shall not be disappointed.

Although so assuredly celebrated and still constantly quoted as an authority upon all points to which his researches were devoted, Count Rumford may be said to be but little known in places with which his name and fame are historically and inseparably connected.

It is therefore proper, on this occasion, to furnish a brief narrative of his remarkable career, to show that, in designating this place of social assemblage by his name and in his honor, we are rendering no vainglorious homages, but only a just, although a very inadequate, tribute of respect.

Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, was born at Woburn, Mass., March 26, 1753. Among the instances in his boyhood of the inventive faculty which afterwards made him so famous was an attempt to solve the problem of perpetual motion. His next attempt was, at Salem, to construct some fireworks to celebrate the repeal of the stamp act, in which he was severely injured by an explosion.

In 1770 Col. Timothy Walker of this town, then called Rumford, invited him to take charge of an academy at Rumford; the grace and personal advantages, says his biographer, which afterwards gained him access to the proudest circles of Europe, were already developed. His stature of nearly six feet, his erect figure, his finely-formed limbs, his bright blue eyes, his features chiseled in the Roman mould, and his dark auburn hair, rendered him a model of manly beauty.

During his residence in Rumford he formed an attachment to a lady of the place, Mrs. Sarah Rolfe, sister of Col. Timothy Walker, whom, in November, 1772, he married, being then only nineteen, but was separated from her in 1776. One child, a daughter, was issue of this marriage, who, after accompaning her father during his later years, has returned to America to spend the close of her life among those scenes of which she ever retained a fond recollection. When Boston was evacuated in

March, 1776, Major Thompson was sent to England with the news. On arriving he was taken into Lord George Germain's office, and he was appointed secretary of the Province of Georgia.

At the close of the war Major Thompson had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British service, but being now without employment and having become attached to the military life, he conceived the idea of offering his services to Austria, then at war with Turkey. But in passing through one of the garrisoned towns of France on his way thither, an incident occurred by which his energies were fortunately diverted into their proper channel. At a review of the troops of the garrison he presented himself as a spectator, mounted on a superb English horse, and in the full and fine uniform of his rank. This was received as an act of courtesy, and the French officers of his own rank eagerly sought his acquaintance. Among them was the Prince of Bavaria, Maximilian of Deux Ponts, field marshal in the service of the French. He addresses Thompson, who informs him that he comes from serving in the American war. The prince, in pointing out to him many officers who surround him, says, "These gentlemen were in the same war, but against you; they belonged to the royal regiment of Deux Ponts that acted in America under the orders of Count Rochambeau." The prince had been present at the surrender of Cornwallis. In consequence of this introduction, he was to enter into the service of the king of Bavaria, in which he continued eighteen years, and in which he achieved no small part of his fame.

His first efforts were directed to improving the military establishment of Bavaria, then in a wretched condition, which he placed upon a footing which required no change even when her troops were brought into line with those of Napoleon. So highly were his services esteemed that he soon obtained the rank of lieutenant-general, minister of war, and superintendent of police, and afterwards the highest distinction in the power of the king to confer, being made a count of the German empire, taking his title from the then name of this town, being the place of his wife's residence. But the great achievement of his Bavarian life was the bold and ingenious manner in which he succeeded in putting a stop to a system of beggary by which the country, and especially Munich, its capital, was nearly overwhelmed. Having provided an extensive building, preparations were quietly made for arresting, within a few hours, all the beggars of Munich. The first was arrested by his own hands, and in an hour not one was to be found in the streets. Although arrested in the first instance, the paupers were not treated as criminals, but were dismissed, and permitted like other workmen to proceed daily to their appointed tasks. At the end of six years the mendicants were reduced from 2,600 to 1,500, and their labor produced a clear annual income of $40,000 a year, instead of constituting a charge to the community of at least double that sum. The details by which he carried out this scheme cannot here be given, but their sagacity and effectiveness were such as to excite the greatest

admiration in every part of Europe. Notwithstanding the rough usage to which the mendicants were thus subjected, his efforts resulted so strongly to their benefit, that they were led to conceive the highest affection for him, and when he was seized by a severe illness, they went in a body to the cathedral to offer up prayers for his recovery.

But his success in this particular is interesting, not so much in itself as in having been the means of turning his attention to that which was the great and crowning labor of his life, and has placed his fame upon a broad and solid foundation. It was in consequence of researches into which he was led, of the nature and application of heat, primarily for the purposes of cookery, and afterwards for those of warmth, that he was to deserve and acquire the reputation of having contributed to the comfort and physical well being of his race in a degree not inferior, perhaps, to that of any other man with the exception of an isolated effort on the part of Franklin; nothing, in this regard, had, as yet, been done. The most polished nations of antiquity, so celebrated in painting, architecture, and the elegant arts, had made almost no advance in this particular over the savage life at fire kindled in the middle of the room, and its smoke suffered to escape from a hole in the roof, was almost the only method of applying heat, whether for cookery or warmth.

In Rumford's time fireplaces and chimneys had come into use, but their construction was so unskilful that it might still be doubted if there had been made any substantial advance over the primitive mode. In respect to this country, it is well remarked by Professor Renwick (author of the life of Count Rumford in Sparks's Biography) "that the evils of the fireplaces which continued in use until the early part of the present century, may be recollected by those whose age reaches 50, and they are remembered with feelings in which shuddering and scorching are strangely combined, and which are almost unknown and scarcely to be imagined by the present generation." And Cuvier, another biographer of Rumford, and a philosopher of France of the highest renown, speaking upon this same point, says: "That when we recall those enormous chimneys of our fathers, where they burned entire trees, and which almost always smoked, we are astonished that there should not sooner have been devised the simple and efficacious remedy of Rumford's. But it may be concluded," continued he, "that there is a real difficulty in all these discovies which come to light so slowly, and which seem so simple when they are once discovered."

Rumford's attention was first attracted to the economizing of fuel in cookery, which was then universally carried on over open fires, of course with a vast waste. To remedy this he devised the method of setting boilers in brickwork with the fire beneath, now so universally adopted. By these and other kindred contrivances, he attained to so great an economy of fuel and labor, that three women were enabled to perform the cookery for a thousand persons, and at an expenditure of fuel almost incredibly small, an economy which was immediately and most beneficially felt in every part of Europe, especially

in the great institutions for charitable purposes.

He next devised a remedy for the fireplaces then in use, and which at an enormous waste of fuel furnished little heat and much smoke. The remedy for this, like most remedies for most evils, was very simple, but which, nevertheless, it required genius to apprehend and boldness to apply, it being merely this, that the throat of a chimney should be no larger than just enough to allow the passage of air necessary for combustion, and that all the air entering it should previously have been caused to pass through the fire. He also exerted himself greatly and successfully in England, and by reaction in this country to the introduction of stoves, in which he had to encounter strong prejudices.

He next directed his attention to the properties of steam as a means of warmth, and for other uses, which were then completely unknown. The services which he rendered in this particular alone, especially in manufactures, were of incalculable importance.

In fine, it may be truly said that the whole system of applying heat for all purposes of human use and convenience, had its origin in his fertile and inventive mind. It cannot, indeed, be said of him, as of Franklin, that he snatched the lightning from heaven, but a still higher encomium may be justly pronounced upon him—that if his labors and the results of them could be struck from existence, there would necessarily follow a greater deduction from all that is included in that most expressive and comprehensive word *comfort*, than could result if the labors of any other one man whatsoever could be stricken out.

This was, substantially, the great work of his life; the vocation to which by an overruling power he was called, and for which his previous career, however brilliant, in some particulars was merely a preparation. Such a designation at the hands of Providence as an instrument of immense and widespread benefit to his fellows, entitles him to hold and be considered as one of those names and memories which the world will "*not* willingly let die."

Such was the perfection and economy to which Rumford had attained in his contrivances for cooking, that it was wittily remarked of him, he would soon manage to cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's fire; but, as well remarked by Cuvier, it was not for his own benefit that he sought out these economies, for his repeated and varied experiments were only carried on by a great expenditure of his own funds.

In regard to light, also, says Cuvier, he made almost as many researches as upon heat. He invented a lamp with many parallel wicks, of which the flames, exciting mutually their heat, without losing any of their rays, produced almost an unlimited amount of light. It is said that when this was lighted it was of such brilliancy as completely to blind for a time the artisan who had made it, so that he was unable to regain his own home, and was obliged to pass the night in the street.

He also proved by some ingenious experiment in opposition to an idea of that time, that heat has no weight.

His investigations into the nature of color were equally ingenious and profound. "It probably does not occur to the ladies," says Cuvier, "when making choice of a border or of a ribbon, that the proper assortment of the colors of a dress depends upon the immutable laws of nature, and yet it is so. If one looks fixedly for some time upon a ribbon, for instance, of a certain color, placed upon a white ground, it appears to be bordered by a different color, but always having a certain relation to the other, and in philosophical phrase, it is called its complimentary color. Thus it is that in dress, if the different colors are complimentary to each other, the effect is agreeable, and, of course, in the reverse case, it is not."

It was in the course of his researches in regard to the manner in which heat is communicated to water that he discovered that beautiful law, which, more than any other single instance, perhaps, demonstrates the existence of a superintending and all-wise power. He discovered by a beautiful experiment that the particles of water as they become warm rise to the top, and becoming cool, sink to the bottom again. By this process continually repeated, it would happen if there were no further provision, that the surface on being congealed to ice would sink at the bottom, and the warm particles rising in successive strokes, and being congealed as they reached the top would also sink, and thus all bodies of water in the course of one severe winter would become dense masses of ice, to the complete destruction of all animated life. He it was who first showed clearly the important fact that at the precise moment when the water became sufficiently cold to form ice, it became not heavier but lighter, and floating forms a protection from the cold for that beneath it.

It would be easy to speak at still greater length upon his various experiments and high scientific attainments, but this brief space will not permit. It is sufficient to say that in the opinion of all those qualified to judge they were such as to entitle to him the highest rank as a man of science.

In was in about ten years, from thirty to forty years of age, that Count Rumford achieved these great results. At the end of this time the troubles of the French Revolution had involved Bavaria, as well as the rest of Europe, and it was his good fortune by his skilful management to cause the neutrality of Munich, its capital, to be respected by the contending armies of the Austrians and French. The people and ruler of Bavaria were greatly pleased with this service, and as a testimony of it about one thousand dollars of the pension which had been granted to him was settled on his daughter for her life. She was also received at court as a countess of the empire. She was with her father in Bavaria from 1796 to 1799. He was also appointed ambassador from Bavaria to the English court, but on his arrival there the ministry refused to receive him in that capacity on the ground that he was a British subject. As this post was one very agreeable to his wishes, and advantageous to his pursuits, he was considerably chagrined by the refusal.

At the death of his long-tried and firm friend, the elector of Bavaria,

His investigations into the nature of color were equally ingenious and profound. "It probably does not occur to the ladies," says Ourier, "when making choice of a bonnet or of a ribbon, that the proper assortment of the colors of a dress depends upon the immutable laws of nature, and yet it is so. If one looks steadily for some time upon a ribbon, for instance, of a certain color, placed upon a white ground, it appears to be bordered by a different color, but always having a certain relation to the other, and in philosophical phrase, it is called its complimentary color. Thus it is that in dress if the different colors are complimentary to each other, the effect is agreeable, and, of course, in the reverse case, it is not."

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Charles Theodore, also taking place about this time, 1799, he was disinclined to return thither, as it was understood that the new elector, Maximilian Joseph of Deux Ponts, who had been the means of introducing him to the former prince, was not well affected towards him. He even entertained the design of returning to settle in his native land, but from this he was diverted by a proposal from the King of England to remain and assist in organizing the Royal institution—an institution which has since rendered signal service to science, especially in the department of chemistry. Having revisited Bavaria, he resolved to spend the remainder of his days in Paris. There he became acquainted with Madame Lavoisier, a lady of large property, the widow of the celebrated chemist of that name, who was guillotined during the reign of terror. He it was, who, on being informed of his sentence, requested permission to finish an experiment in which he was then engaged, but it was refused.

Such a union between one philosopher and the widow of another, would seem to be most natural and congenial, but it did not prove to be a happy one. The particular causes of the separation which took place are not given by his biographers, but I am informed by a competent authority that a union happy in appearance at first was soon interrupted by trifling difficulties which rapidly grew into serious ones. At last the lady, by way of summary revenge for some fancied injury, proceeded in company with her maid to his apartments where were kept some choice flowers, which were highly prized by her husband; upon these, with malice aforethought, as the lawyers say, she proceeded to pour boiling hot water, to the complete destruction, of course, of the plants. Such treatment as this was too much for even philosophy to bear. As it was the custom of Madam de Rumford to give twice a week an entertainment, at which were to be found all the most considerable people of Paris, the count bethought of a sure and sufficient retaliation. At the hour the assembly drew nigh he ordered the servants to close the doors, and for fear it should not be sufficiently done, he proceeded to blockade them with his own hands; consequently, to the unspeakable vexation of madame, she was obliged to receive her guests outside the doors.

After this event a separation, of course, took place. A well-known rhyming couplet of ancient date has classed among the other grievous ills of life those of a smoky chimney and a scolding wife. The first of these ills Count Rumford was able to remedy, but the wife was too much even for his philosophy.

In regard to his personal habits, we are informed by Cuvier that he was at all points the model of order. His necessities, his pleasures, his labors were all matters of exact calculation, as much as his experiments. He drank nothing but water. He never ate only roasted or broiled meat, because when boiled the nourishment it affords in proportion to its bulk is less. He never allowed the slightest superfluity, not even in words. It was for this reason, continues Cuvier, that he was not entirely agreeable in the presence of his equals. The world, adds Cuvier very acutely, wishes a little more of freedom, and

it is so constituted that a certain height of perfection appears to be a fault unless we put forth as much pains to conceal that perfection as we had done to acquire it.

Although in receipt of a liberal income for a long time, he made but small accumulations from it. It was expended freely, and especially in the prosecution of his numberless experiments. At his death he left a considerable sum to Harvard university, but I have learned that this was not proceeds of his own property, but was the sum settled upon him at his separation from Madame Lavoisier, and which, at his death, he resolved to devote not to the aggrandizement of his own family, but to that to which his life had been devoted, the advancement of science.

It would be easy, did time permit, to mention many other interesting incidents of the career of Count Rumford, but enough has been given to show that by arduous labors and substantial benefits he has earned a title to remembrance. It is to be remarked of him, that, unlike the most of those who have endeavored on a large scale to rectify existing evils, he does not seem to have encountered that fierce and envenomed opposition, which, however unexceptionably conducted, such efforts have usually excited. This was, no doubt, in part, his peculiar good fortune, but much more probably because it was not an inevitable incident of his undertakings that he should endeavor to rebuke and repress the idolatrous tendencies of the human mind, which, in all those efforts go to the root of evil, particularly such as are of a political or social character, is inevitable, but his work, such as it was, was done, and well done, and in common with the whole family of civilized men, we are his debtors.

Therefore, we desire to dedicate to his honor this place of social resort. It is true this is not a splendid or an imposing memorial, but nevertheless it may be considered as one not uncongenial to his character and his labors, for these did not tend to such results as men had been accustomed to consider as splendid or imposing. We cannot point to architectural piles or triumphal columns as his record. Neither the art of the orator, nor the sculptor, nor the painter were his to diffuse without effort and forever his fame. But by his skill and science he has rendered the gift of charity to the destitute more effectual. By new comforts he has endowed and strengthened the name of home and has added facilities of immense consequence to all the arts of peace.

Therefore, we desire to constitute, as a memorial of him, this place of social resort hoping that like his labors, it may be a place of genial and cheerful courtesy tending to give a new value to existence.



THE DEAR OLD HOMESTEAD FARM.

By E. E. Parker.

On an unfrequented cross-road in New Hampshire, drear and lone,
And whose very desolation constitutes its only charm
Since humanity deserted it and Nature claimed her own,—
In solitary glory lies the dear old homestead farm.
O'er its fields the summer wind-harps still sound their dulcet strains,
And the roistering winds of winter their boisterous bugles blow,
But alas! only a vestige, as a mockery remains
Of all that made it sacred in the halcyon long ago.

Then its abundant acreage of sterile rocky soil,
Awakened from the barrenness of ages of repose,
By the patient, plodding effort of the hardy sons of toil,
Smiled joyously in Nature's face and blossomed as the rose;
And children's merry voices from the hours of early dawn
Till night fall woke the echoes with their happy, careless strains,
While the clatter of their footsteps o'er the smoothly-shaven lawn
Resounded like the patter of the drops of summer rains.

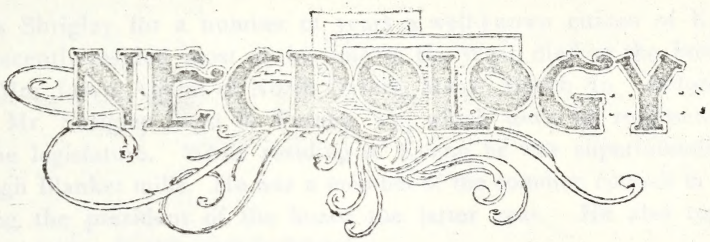
But change has come with passing years; to-day its fields are bare
Of cultivated verdure, but wild, luxuriant vines,
And huge Canadian thistles and bristling, prickly pear
Run riot o'er its uplands; while silver birch and pines
Most thriftily are growing in the lowlands and the vales
Where the apple orchards flourished in childhood's happy morn,
And mint and water-cresses now choke the meadow swales
Where once the winds of morning wooed the rustling blades of corn.

The farm house, which we children deemed a castle strong and stout,
That years could ne'er demolish, with its massive oaken beams,
And huge, enormous chimney, in the country round about
Lives only in tradition as to us it lives in dreams;
For time and man long years ago combined with willing hands
To level and demolish it, and reached their wished-for goal,
And now naught but the chimney, as a lone memento stands,
Of the ancient superstructure, towering o'er the cellar hole.

Around its lonely ruined site the green grass yet remains,
The four-o'clocks and daffodils perennial bud and blow,
And in the elms the orioles still pipe insistent strains
To their callow broodlings swinging in their cradles to and fro;

The tree toad sounds his warning notes, and locusts' whirring wings
Rise sharp and shrill and vibrant in the noonday's shimmering heat,
And from the distant lowlands the singing south wind brings
The black-bird's noisy whistle and the meadow odors sweet.

But where are they who trod of old its fields of shining green,
Whose buoyant spirits knew no grief and had no thought of care,
Save for the present hour? I ask, and from the vast has been,
The land of buried memories, an echo answers "Where?"
And yet their earthly dwelling now of little moment seems,
For youth's bright hours will haunt their lives in tempest or in calm,
And wheresoe'er they live or roam, their hearts, in thoughts and dreams,
Dwell ever in the precincts of the dear old homestead farm.



ADELINE M. FISKE.

By the death of Mrs. Adeline M. Fiske of North Littleton, which occurred on March 31, the last pensioner of the War of 1812, in New Hampshire, passes away. She was nearly 91 years of age.

JOHN H. PENDERGAST.

An old-time circus manager, John H. Pendergast, died at Exeter, March 24, aged 70. He had traveled all over the country in his rôle as manager, but had exhibited chiefly in the South. He is survived by three sons.

DANIEL J. CROSS.

Daniel J. Cross, whose funeral took place at his home in Revere, Mass., on the 28th, was the youngest son of Jeremiah and Sarah Lyford Cross of Northfield, where he was born in 1849. He was educated at the New Hampshire Conference seminary. He engaged in the grocery business in Boston before his majority, later buying out his employer and continuing until failing health compelled his retirement a few years since. He leaves a wife, a son, a daughter, one brother, O. L. Cross of Concord, and a sister, Mrs. James Jenkins of Walpole, Mass.



JUDGE NATHANIEL H. CLEMENT.

Judge Nathaniel H. Clement died at his home in Brooklyn, March 3. He was born in Tilton in 1844; was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1863, moved to Brooklyn and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He served from 1861 to 1862 in the Civil War with a cavalry troop composed of college men. He was a life-long Democrat and a member of many clubs.

PERLEY S. COFFIN.

Perley S. Coffin died at Newport, March 6, aged 81. He was a native of South Royalston, Mass., and moved to Newport in 1840, where, in connection with the late John Puffer, he erected the Sugar River mills, now the D. Richards & Son mill. For a number of years he was a partner with Dexter Richards, Mr. Richards buying his partner's share in the mill in 1867. Mr. Coffin was one of Newport's most prominent and influential citizens and a straightforward Republican.

CHARLES SHRIGLEY.

Charles Shrigley, for a number of years a well-known citizen of Keene, but who has recently resided most of the time in the West, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jarvis Adams of North Oxford, Mass., March 30. Before moving to Keene Mr. Shrigley lived in Putney, Vt., which town he represented three terms in the legislature. While residing in Keene he was superintendent of the Marlborough Blanket mills. He was a member of the common council in 1875 and 1876, being the president of the board the latter year. He also represented Keene for one term in the state legislature.

REV. JAMES DUDLEY LEGRO.

Rev. James Dudley LeGro died suddenly, March 18, at his home in Lisbon, where he was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was educated at the New Hampshire Conference seminary at Tilton. He joined the New Hampshire Annual conference in 1886, and was stationed at Milan in 1886–'87, where he was junior preacher; at Jefferson in 1888; Milan, 1889; Raymond, 1890–'92, and at Bristol for the five years ending last April, when he was stationed at Lisbon.

He was a popular pastor, was fearless in the denunciation of wrongs, made friends wherever he went, and was considered one of the rising men of the conference, and his death has caused deep sorrow wherever he was known.

HON. LEVI W. BARTON.

Hon. Levi W. Barton, in his day the most prominent lawyer and leader of the Sullivan County bar and a prominent leader in the Republican party of his state, died March 10, at Newport, N. H., aged 81. He was a graduate of Dartmouth; a law partner of the late Governor Metcalf; register of deeds for Sullivan county from 1855–'58; county solicitor from 1859–'64; representative in 1863–'64, 1875–'78; state senator 1867–'68, and held a leading position in both house and senate, being for five years chairman of the judiciary and of the legislative caucus.

He was chairman of the board of commissioners to settle the war debt; a member of the convention to revise the constitution in 1876, and a Republican elector the same year. He was appointed bank commissioner by Governor Harriman, but declined, and was of the commission to revise and codify the laws of New Hampshire in 1877. He had been in feeble health for the past few years. He leaves a widow and four children. He was born in Croydon.

PROF. BRADBURY L. CILLEY.

Professor Cilley, for more than forty years identified with Philips Exeter academy, died March 31 of heart troubles induced by gout. For a month his condition had been critical, though so sudden an end was hardly expected.

Bradbury Longfellow Cilley was born in Nottingham, September 6, 1838, the son of Joseph L. and Lavina B. Cilley. He came of distinguished ancestry. Gen. Joseph Cilley served in the Revolution. Col. Joseph Cilley fought in the War of 1812, and was a senator in congress, and others of the family were prominent in public life. In 1851 Professor Cilley entered Philips Exeter, and in 1858 was graduated from Harvard.

After brief service at the Albany academy, he was, in December, 1858, chosen professor of ancient languages at Exeter, and on February 14, 1859, assumed his duties. His intentions were then to choose the law as his profession, but he was happily retained in the permanent service of the academy, with which but three men—Principals Abbott and Soule, and Dr. Peabody, late president of the trustees—have been so long identified.

Professor Cilley had seen the academy of 1859, with its 100 pupils, expand into a school of about 350. He has served through three principalships and portions of two more. Every school building, save Abbott hall, is antedated by his service. Of the present board of trustees he had taught all but two, as he also had four members of the faculty.

In many cases he had taught father and son; he had emphatically built himself into the school. He was a public spirited citizen, had been president of the Pascataqua Congregational club, and was prominently identified with the Cincinnati and other Revolutionary and Colonial orders.

The professor leaves a widow, a son, and two daughters, five brothers and three sisters. Of the brothers, John K., is a bank president, Joseph I., a New York leather merchant, and George E., is a Boston merchant.

HENRY M. BURT.

Henry M. Burt, founder of the paper issued on top of Mount Washington known as *Among the Clouds*, died at his home in Springfield, Mass., Tuesday morning, March 7. He was born in Otisco, N. Y., September 13, 1831. When fifteen years of age he moved to Northampton, and spent nearly his whole life in the Connecticut valley.

For nearly half a century he was connected with the newspaper and printing business. He was at one time an editor on the Springfield *Republican*. In 1867 he founded the *New England Homestead*, and conducted it for ten years. Mr.

Burt, before his death issued the second volume of his book, "First Century of the History of Springfield," which is his greatest work. He was a man of liberal ideas and sound judgment, and leaves a wife, one daughter, and a son, the latter being Frank H. Burt of Newton, court stenographer of Suffolk county, Mass.

ELDER JOHN G. HOOK.

Elder John G. Hook died at his residence in Concord, April 12. He was born in 1820 and received the light of conversion in 1839. He immediately began to "defend the doctrine" in western New York, where he received the divine message, and he began to preach in 1842. In that same year he took part in a great advent revival in this city, held in a big tent spread at the head of School street.

At the very beginning of his work as a preacher he went about from place to place, covering the states of New Hampshire, New York, and Michigan in his circuits. As a result of his labors a church was organized in Philadelphia, and he ministered to the flock there for more than two years. For eight years he was engaged in missionary work in the city of Boston, where he made two hundred converts.

It was in 1853 that he first engaged in tent work. This was in company with others, but subsequently he had exclusive charge of the work and carried the gospel over the states of New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusets, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and California. He was eighty days engaged in missionary work in San Francisco, holding three enthusiastic meetings a day without a break.

Storms carried away his tent in California, and Elder John then set out for the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary, traveling under his own auspices with no aid from any source. He preached several times in the open air while in Honlulu, conducting large meetings in Emma square and on the docks. He afterwards returned to San Francisco and engaged there in missionary work until June, 1881, when he came home. During his stay in San Francisco he held forth in the Sand Lots, made famous by Denis Kearney, and everywhere his labors were wondrously blest.

The provinces of Great Britain were also the fields of Elder John's missionary labors, and he invaded the province of Nova Scotia with the good word no fewer than eight different times, and dared the people of the Bay of Fundy fifteen times.

In Nova Scotia he baptized 2,000, and for sixty months administered the ordinance of baptism, even through the ice, and when the mercury in the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero. He had baptized in the Hawaiian Islands, in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, in nearly all of the rivers in New England, in scores of small streams, in the East river, New York, when both tide and ice were running high, and among those who received this ordinance at his hands were fourteen preachers. He had preached in as many as twelve different towns in one day.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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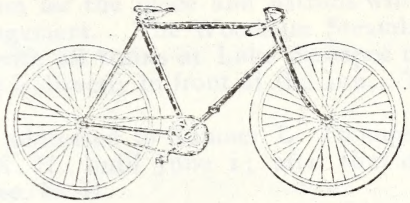
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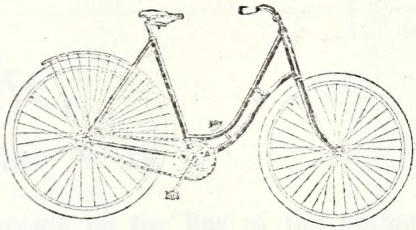
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VICTOR





Why Not Ride The Best?

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Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Ben Mere Inn, Sunapee, N. H.

This hostelry, erected in 1890, is charmingly situated on a slight elevation, some 300 feet from the steamboat landing in Sunapee Harbor—commanding a view across the harbor, and through the long river valley leading to Claremont.

It is 150 feet long, four stories high, contains 100 guest rooms, is surrounded by broad piazzas, and from cellar to roof is equipped with all the improvements known to the modern hotel. The sanitary arrangements have been carefully looked after, and no pains spared to insure pureness of water supply and thoroughness of sewerage.

The house is lighted by electricity, and its public rooms contain large open fireplaces. It is provided with ladies' and gentlemen's billiard and pool parlors, a tennis court, a bowling alley, etc. The cuisine and service are of the highest grade of excellence.

Mr. Sumner L. Thompson, who has been clerk at the Ben Mere Inn for the last three seasons, and was for many years at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, is to be the manager for this season. His long experience has fully equipped him for the place and patrons will be well cared for under his management. The Woodsum Steamboat Company's steamers connect with all trains at Lake Sunapee railroad station, and their landing is directly in front of the Inn. The Ben Mere will open June 20.

Correspondents should be addressed to Sumner L. Thompson, No. 11 Court St., Concord, N. H., until June 1; after that date to Ben Mere Inn, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

The Moosilauke,

Breezy Point, N. H.

Twenty miles above Plymouth on the line of the Boston & Maine railroad lies the picturesque village of Warren.

Buckboard and Mountain wagons are in waiting for the noon express trains, and the five-mile drive to the Moosilauke.

The house accommodates 100 people and stands on a broad plateau 1,700 feet above sea-level.

Steam heat, fireplaces, the latest sanitary appliances, electric bells, gas, and an excellent table make this a comfortable summer house.

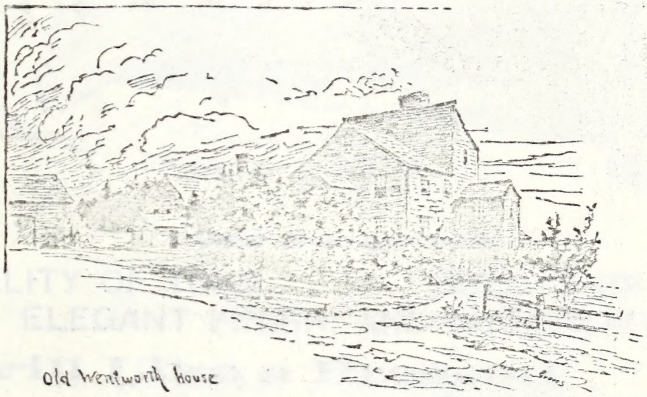
Croquet and tennis courts, golf links, miles of walks through the woods and pastures of its 800 acres, and a good carriage road to the top of Mount Moosilauke, an elevation of 5,000 feet, are among the attractions.

Post-office and telephone in the house. All correspondence should be addressed to Edward B. Woodworth, Concord, N. H.

Volume XXVI MAY Number 5

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

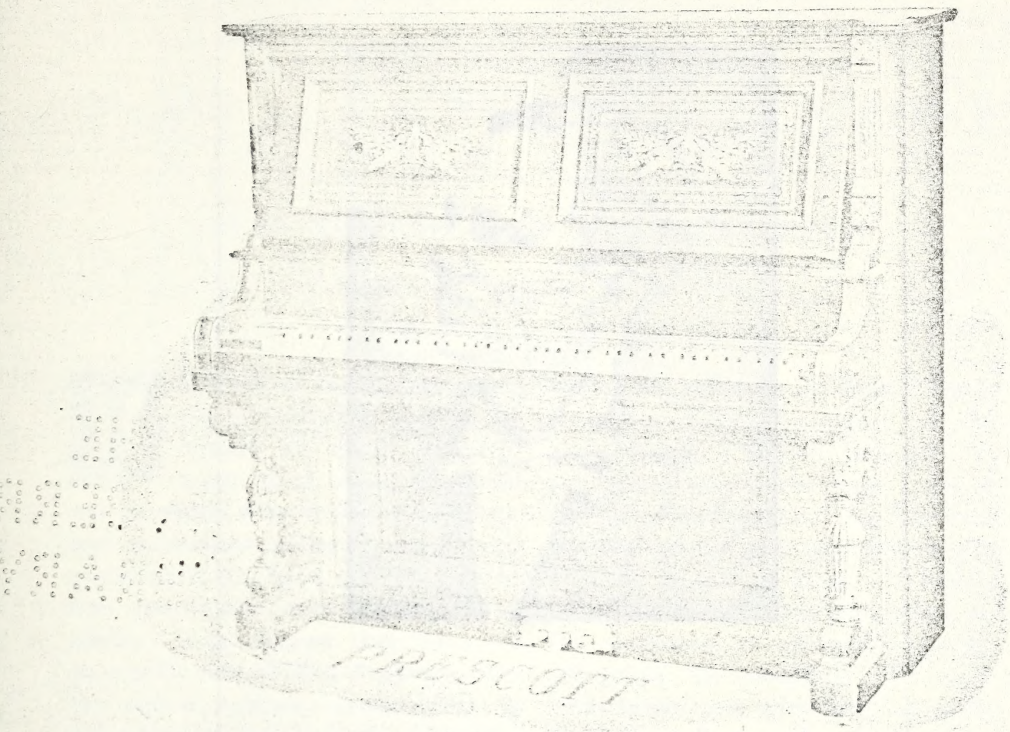


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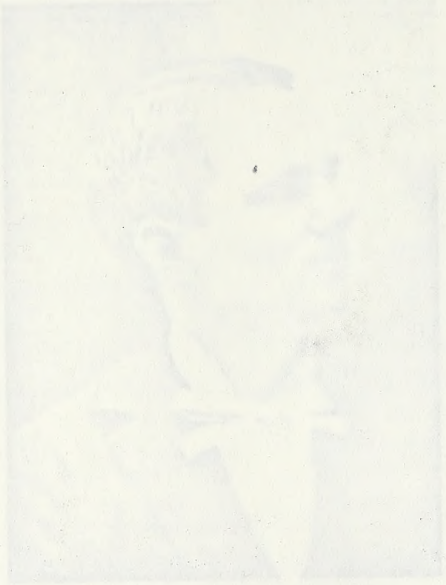
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Adelbert Clark



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVI. MAY, 1899. No. 5.

SEEN THROUGH NEW HAMPSHIRE EYES.

A LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

By Col. Converse J. Smith.

A STUDY of the Chinese people is always of interest by reason of their peculiar methods of living, the manner in which they transact business, and on account of the vastness of the population of China, 350,000,000 or one fourth the inhabitants of the globe. It is claimed that there are 30,000 Chinese in San Francisco, but the actual number, undoubtedly, is considerably less, and is gradually decreasing, due to the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws.

Chinatown, in San Francisco, embraces some twelve blocks, bounded by California, Stockton, Pacific, and Kearney streets, once an important section of the city, as the size and solidity of many of the buildings indicate. There are Joss houses, theatres, restaurants, curio shops, opium and gambling haunts, underground dens of filth, and infamy, making a night visit dangerous, unless accompanied by a guide of experience.

As early as 1852 a movement was begun in California to check Chinese immigration, the governor of the state issuing a special message. In 1879 the people of the state voted on Chinese immigration; 154,638 were against Chinese and only 883 were in favor of admitting them. It was in 1892 that the famous Geary law for the exclusion of Chinese was approved by the president.

So much has been written of the bitter opposition of the Pacific coast to the Chinese, it was a matter of surprise to find the statements not only greatly exaggerated but wholly unwarranted. The conditions have changed; the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Southern Pacific railroad, the two great corporations who own the state of California, and dictate its policy, desire the enormous Chinese passenger business, while the American merchants and importers in San Francisco are anxious for the business that is constantly increasing between China and the United States. The admis-



Chinese Primary School, Miss Rose Thayer, Principal.

sion of Chinese through the customs collection districts of Vermont and Champlain (New York) where so many arrive and depart en route to and from China, is far more strict and difficult than in San Francisco. For the current year 1898, at the port of San Francisco, 4,700 Chinese took their departure for China, 4,185 returned, requesting admission, 3,823 were admitted, and 495 were refused, while for the last four years, of the 11,195 Chinese arriving at San Francisco, but 765 were refused admission by the collectors of customs, hence it is reasonable to infer that the Chinese exclusion laws have not been very rigidly enforced. Chinese are employed in every branch of business. There are many at work in the fashionable Palace hotel, and instead of being objectionable, they have become absolutely necessary.

In the great fish canneries in Puget Sound, Chinese labor is exclusively employed. The Pacific Coast Canning Company of San Francisco is a large Chinese packing establishment owned and managed by Chinese, yet for some unknown reason they employ both white and Chinese laborers.

The importations by the Chinese at the port of San Francisco are exceedingly large, and of the five or six million dollars collected as duties more than one half is paid by the Chinese importers, and no class of merchandise is more difficult to appraise. Crude opium for medicinal purposes is free; prepared, or smoking opium is dutiable; the law denies the Chinese the right of importing, hence it comes consigned to brokers or banks, and the law is evaded. To comprehend the mag-



nitude of the opium business and the extent of the terrible curse, it is only necessary to mention that one and one half million dollars as duties is collected on the drug at San Francisco in a single year, and it is not unusual for one importation to pay to the government $160,000. As a customs stamp must be placed on each box of opium, and signed in ink by a representative of the collector, the use of a stamp not being permitted, one importation often requires over 60,000 signatures, requiring many weeks labor.

Those who have no connection with the Chinese will find it difficult to comprehend the magnitude of the slave-dealer's business in California; it seems incomprehensible that young Chinese and Japanese girls are bought and sold in San Francisco, but such is the case. It became my duty to investigate the conduct of a customs officers who was charged with allowing one notorious Oriental procuress, Fong Suey Wan, to escape, and who, it is alleged, had for years been engaged in landing women for immoral purposes.

Four and twenty Chinese girls were in court one day, recently, who were captured in a raid, most of whom were bought as slaves. One of the Chinese girls stated that she was sold by her mother for $250, and on arrival in San Francisco she was again sold for $1,900. The churches and various missions are doing everything possible to break up the nefarious business.

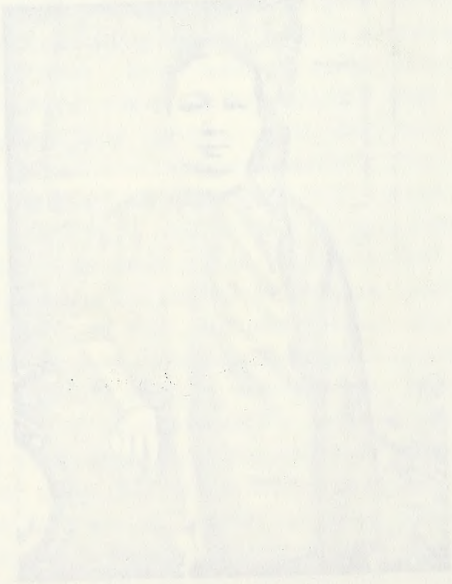
There are Chinese churches in the city of nearly every denomination; perhaps the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist societies are the most flourishing. The pastor of the latter church is Rev. Tong Kit Hing. Missions in the immediate vicinity of Chinatown represent every denomination, and the important results of their work cannot be estimated. The Chinese also have a regular Salvation Army, holding regular meetings in their hall, and on the street. A Chinese telephone exchange is maintained with a Chinaman as operator, with a large number of Chinese subscribers. There are Chinese employment agencies doing a flourishing business, hundreds of Chinese clubs, all bearing aristocratic names, which are nothing less than gambling dens; there are Chinese dentists, watchmakers, publishers, brokers, undertakers, etc.

A Chinese funeral is a scene long to be remembered, and perhaps nothing so well illustrates this peculiar people. A Chinese Buddhist priest and undertaker have charge of the services, which are private, but on



How Yook.

A Chinese Slave Girl.



the street the ceremonies are public. A large canopy is erected where a roasted pig is served with various Chinese sweetmeats. Incense is burned, and professional mourners, who are paid for their services, utter their lamentations.

The remains are taken from a window in order that the deceased may not encounter evil spirits that might be about the entrance; the hearse is drawn by four jet black horses, and



The Chinese Emperor in his State Robes.

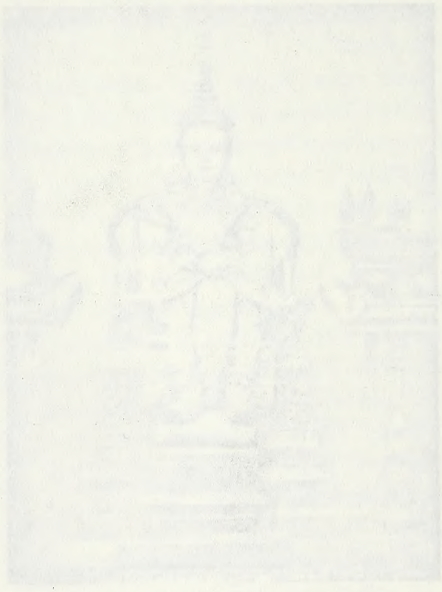
upon the glass of each carriage appears the name of the highbinders' society to which the deceased was a member. The procession consists of twenty carriages, the first containing Chinese musicians and paid mourners, with food and fruit to be offered up at the cemetery; there are large Japanese lanterns hung upon the hearse, with a large banner reciting the positions held by the deceased, and the great things he has accomplished. Upon the hearse is a passport as large as a map of New Hampshire, issued by the Chinese priest, which the deceased will present to high officials as he goes through the spirit land, and a great number of circular bits of paper bearing Chinese inscriptions, which are supposed to represent currency, are distributed for the purpose of satisfying any evil spirits that are met en route.

The procession moves through various streets before taking departure for the cemetery, and in the meantime the unearthly din is kept up by the musicians.

Hon. Ho Yow is the imperial Chinese consul-general in San Francisco. The consul-general is a young man about thirty-five years of age, affable and polite to a degree, bright, intelligent, and apparently of the type that stands for new China. It is not known to many people, even in California, that this remarkable young man is the son of a Christian preacher, and is the brother-in-law of the present Chinese minister at Washington. He was educated at Oxford, graduated at a law university, speaks and writes our language fluently, and at the present time is attending a law school in San Francisco.

The following is a translation of a letter of introduction, in Chinese, to His Excellency Wee Ting Fang, Chinese minister at Washington:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—I take great pleasure in introducing to Your Excellency, the bearer, Col. C. J. Smith. The Colonel has been specially commissioned by the department at Washington to conduct an investigation into customs matters in the state of California, and in the investigation has become well versed in matters pertaining to the Chinese, which will be of material benefit to our people in the best sense of the word.



"His commission being about fulfilled, and being about to return East, the Colonel honored our office with a call, during which visit we spoke of Your Excellency's goodness, which inclined the Colonel to meet Your Excellency in person, and to know Your Excellency's goodness as we know it.

"I therefore cheerfully and respectfully present this, believing Your Excellency will show much kindness to the Colonel.

"I have the honor to be

"Your obedient servant,

"Ho Yow."

The Chinese consulate is a good-sized brick building with an oblong sign over the door in Chinese characters, which, when literally translated, reads "The Office for the Transaction of Matters Relating to the Great Pure Empire," in other words, "Chinese Consular Office."

The words "great pure" form the title of the present dynasty ruling in China, the dynasty that runs back to the Manchurian conquest of China, when the Chinese were obliged to wear a queue so as to be like their conquerors—wearing it as a badge of submission—now some 250 years ago. Before that, with the exception of the short period of 98 years, from 1280 A. D. to 1368, when the Mongols had possession of the country, the Chinese dynasties were all native, constituting a history that extends, at least, as far back authentically as 2000 B. C. Speaking of the Mongols, one is reminded of the fact that very often nations do not profit by their mistakes any more than individuals. When China first came under foreign sway in 1280 A. D., it was through her calling upon her neighbors, the Mongols, to aid her against the Kin invaders. The Mongols rendered the required assistance and drove off the Kins, but forthwith appropriated to themselves the Empire of China, which they ruled for 98 years. The sixteenth emperor of the native dynasty that followed, instead of benefiting by the experience of the last emperor or of the dynasty prior to the usurpation of the Mongols, sought aid from his neighbors, the Manchurians, which the latter granted, only to follow the example of the Mongols. To-day China looks towards Russia for help, granting her right of way for an extensive railroad, with what result one can easily imagine.



Ho Yow.

Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco.

The Chinese public school is near the consulate, supported entirely by the Chinese for the teaching of their language, in which all the boys shout out their lessons simultaneously, each regardless of the other, so as to bring about concentration of purpose, which they exemplify in their maturer years, by attending to their own business, oblivious of all surroundings.

The Presbyterian Mission Home in which Chinese girls are rescued from slavery, and cared for and educated



under the superintendence of the very superior matron, Miss Donaldina Cameron, is one of the most interesting places in the city to visit. The home is a substantial structure, built of brick, comfortably, and even beautifully, furnished. Here we heard those who had once been slaves sing in the English language songs and hymns that would touch the heart of any American. A little girl played while her brother sang "Just before the Battle Mother." The little boy also recited, with an American flag in his hand, a piece that closed with "Hurrah, hurrah for the United



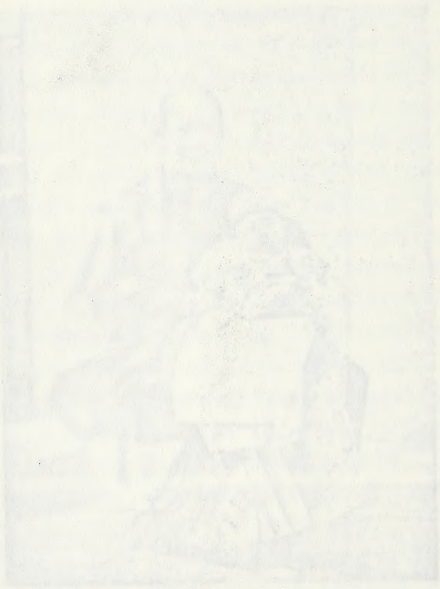
Showing a Baby's Dress.

States." We were conducted to the library which was furnished entirely by the former Chinese consul. The furniture throughout was of rich Chinese material and elaborate design. Over the mantel was a tidy having little mirrors attached, which we found were for the double purpose of frightening off evil spirits when they saw their faces in them, and of reflecting all good influences that may come their way. This tidy was, of course, only kept for a curiosity. On taking departure Miss Cameron's wards wished us a Happy New Year in the words "Kung Hae Fat Tsoi."

On a visit to Chinatown our attention was incidentally called to a number of other interesting facts concerning the customs, manners, and beliefs of the Chinese. For instance, when we came to a Chinese store and looked up to the sign over the door we naturally looked for the name of some member of the firm. A friend told us that the strange hieroglyphics did not form the name of any individual but embodied some fanciful motto indicative of good-will or ominous of good luck; and this is true of all Chinese store names. The name in the present instance was "Sam Hop." "Sam" means three and "Hop" union or harmony. The idea intended to be conveyed was "May we *three* partners always be *harmonious*."

Presently we came to a place announcing "long life boards" for sale. It turned out to be an undertaker's establishment. Not wishing to say "coffins" they say "long life boards." It does not occur to them that it seems somewhat incongruous to call those things long life boards, which are needed only when life has been cut short.

Turning into Waverly Place, we had pointed out to us a gorgeously dressed Chinaman that went by the name of Wong Sam, that is, not Mr. Sam, but Mr. Wong. In China the family name comes first. Wong means yellow, whilst Sam means





A Woman's Costume.



Girl, Showing Small Feet.

three. Literally translated it would be "Mr. Yellow number three," he being very likely the third son in the family. Mr. Yellow sounds queer to to us, but then we have Mr. White. Wong Sam had a face not to be easily forgotten. It was about as ugly a face as we have ever seen. As Wong Sam is now one of the best known highbinders in San Francisco, his ugliness is, doubtless, the result of a hardened career. He speaks good English, and is interpreter to the Chinese association of slave dealers. He is known in San Francisco, and especially in and around the custom house, as a great schemer and double dealer. He would play informant to the authorities and interpreter to the highbinders at one and the same time. He has a cousin by the name of Wong Tan, who is about as ugly as himself. He and his cousin had a Chinaman arrested recently who had been really helping the customs people in breaking up the traffic in Chinese female slaves. They charged him with being a vagrant first, and when that failed, they had him rearrested and charged him with extortion. When that charge was dismissed they arrested him again and charged him with murder. This incidentally shows what Chinese highbinders would resort to in trying to accomplish their evil purposes.

The origin of the word highbinder is involved in much obscurity. The word is said to have been first used by an Irish policeman in New York. Whatever value it then had etymologically, it certainly has since obtained a firm place for itself in the English vocabulary, especially on the Pacific coast. All along the Pacific coast many Chinese who do not know more than a dozen English words, will recognize "highbinder" and will object to being called one, as he knows the word means an all-round bad Chinaman—one who would steal, rob, levy blackmail, commit perjury, murder for hire or revenge.

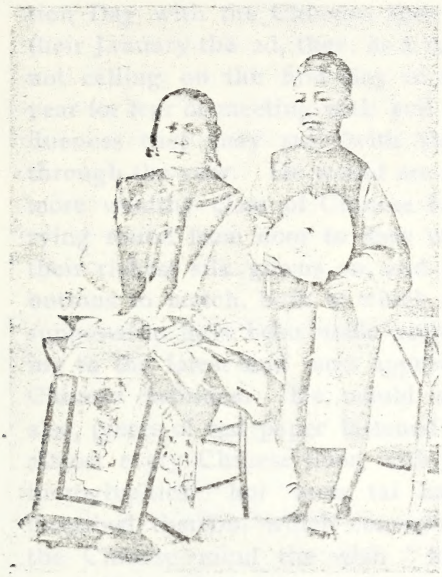
After passing Wong Sam we saw a young Chinese girl walking with some difficulty. It was not long before we discovered that she belonged to a class of small-footed girls—not small by nature, but artificially small. The process was explained to us, and it certainly seems a cruel one. A child who is to be small-footed is taken in hand when quite young and made to put her feet in water as near boiling as possible. When the person in charge of the operation thinks



Group of Chinese Children.



they have been long enough in the water, the child would be ordered to take them up, or rather allowed to take them up, when they would be immediately wound tightly around with a strong bandage. The bandage is kept on until the next operation, during which interval the child suffers untold agony. In course of time the growth of the feet is checked so much that in extreme cases, even when the person is grown up the feet are no longer than two and one half or three inches. American missionary ladies in China are doing all they can to persuade the Chinese to give up the practice. Their efforts have already met with some success, as societies have been recently formed among the Chinese women of nobility to oppose this cruel custom of foot binding. The Chinese account of the origin of the custom is that long ago an exceedingly beautiful Chinese princess had extraordinarily small feet. Very soon all the ladies of the land thought they must have small feet also, till, finally, those who did not have them naturally had to go to work and reduce them by artificial means. As that would be a very difficult thing to do after they had attained their full growth, in course of time some one thought of taking time by the forelock by keeping the feet small when still young and tender, resulting in the process described above.

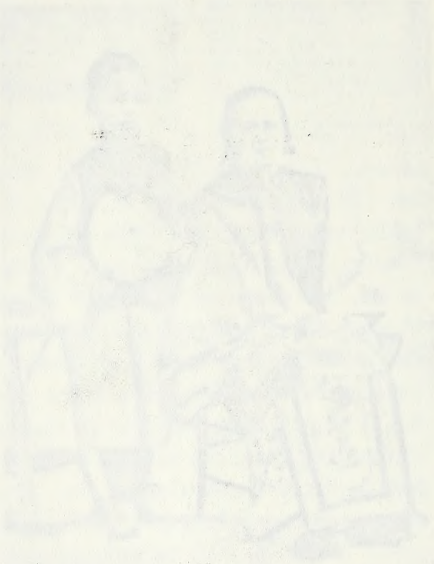


Mother and Son.

It is singular how every nation almost must have some way of interfering with the design of Providence. With ourselves we must have tight lacing, the Chinese must have foot binding, the Indians head pressing, and so forth. We think the Chinese very cruel to have the feet compressed. The Chinese think that we are cruel to turn the "human form divine" into the form of wasps, and both we and the Chinese think the Indians very strange to want the head knocked all out of shape.

At the corner of Stockton street our attention was called to what was originally the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco, capable of seating from 800 to 1,000 people. It is now owned by the Missionary society of the Presbyterian church of the United States and used for the preaching of the gospel to the Chinese in San Francisco. Here services are conducted twice every Sunday in the Chinese language attended by several hundred Chinese.

"Kung hae fat tsoi! Kung hae fat tsoi!" Such are the strange sounds that would come to the ear of an American should he feel inclined to wend his way through Chinatown at



New Year's. If prompted by curiosity he should inquire as to their meaning, he would be told that they form a Chinese expression equivalent to our "Happy New Year."

Although this is the 11th of February with us it is New Year's Reception Day with the Chinese, that is, their January the 2d, they, as a rule, not calling on the first day of the year for fear of meeting with evil influences that may stay with them through the year. He would see the more wealthy class of Chinese hurrying round from door to door with their richest silk gowns on, and red buttons to match, both of which are supposed to have been made according to the latest and most approved Chinese fashions. He would see, also, pieces of red paper fastened on almost every Chinese door, with the hieroglyphics "hoi mun tai kat" inscribed thereon, which conveys to the Chinese mind the wish "May good luck attend you as you open this door." Literally translated, the four characters read, "Open door, big luck."

Another very strong circumstance showing that something extraordinary is happening in Chinatown is the fact that the burning of firecrackers is most freely indulged in. The Chinese have an idea that the sending off of a string of firecrackers has the sure effect of driving away all evil spirits and influences, and at the same time of preparing the place for the good spirits that never fail to bring with them a "heap" of "good luck."

As our American friend walks leisurely along Dupont street to-day, taking in the various Oriental sights, he will not fail to see that every Chinese house is most elaborately decorated with flowers and scrolls of the richest color hung on the different parts of the wall. These scrolls are arranged by pairs and contain, on an average, ten characters, composing expressions appropriate to the occasion.

The following might be cited as an example:

"Tsok siu ying Kau Sui,
Kam yat shi San Ning."

"Last night was still Old Year,
But to-day New Year is here."

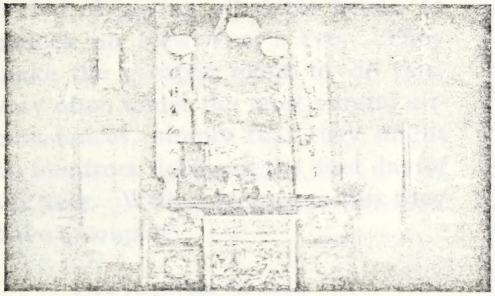
And on the tables he would see beautifully painted trays of an octagonal shape, filled with sweetmeats of every description. In close proximity to this he might see a plate of red dried melon seeds, which the Chinese are such adepts at cracking.

The majority of the stores are closed and business suspended for at least two or three days. Business men are too busy making their New Year calls to attend to the call of the occasional customer. Every Chinese gentleman is supposed to call at New



A Chinese Family in the Park.

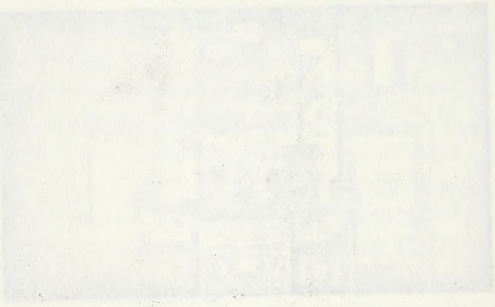
Year's time, and his mode of calling is quite simple. He may either go alone or call in company with his friends, and he need not knock or ring the bell to announce his arrival, but simply open the door and walk in. To an ordinary Chinaman, a man betrays an unusual amount of pride if he should either ring or knock before entering, because he says it is only high officials or mandarins of the most dignified buttons that announce their calls, and even on New Year they would not depart from this old and peculiar custom. As soon as he enters he is received,



Store Decorations for Chinese New Year.

not by the ladies, but by the young men of the house, and immediately commences a series of ceremonies consisting of bowing and shakings of their own hands, that would puzzle even the most accomplished French dancing master. After they have gone through these ceremonies they are supposed to wish each other as heartily as they could a "Kung hae fat tsoi," "sz sz yu e tak sam ying shau," which means, "I wish you a very happy New Year," and "May you have all you desire." After these ceremonies and wishes are over, the caller is politely asked to be seated, which is expressed in Chinese by "tsing tso, tsing tso," and then the sweetmeats and melon seeds, spoken of above, are served, accompanied by dainty little cups of tea of the most delicious flavor. The caller takes a small piece of the sweetmeat, raising his cup, and, according to the most approved Chinese etiquette, calls upon the others to "tsing cha, tsing cha," which means "please drink, please drink." Then follows a short conversation which must be on the most lucky topics of the day, at the end of which the caller takes his leave with a polite bow and a "tsing tsing, tsing," "good-by, good-by," to repeat the same ceremonies next door.

In case you should wonder if the Chinese New Year always falls on the 10th of February, I take the liberty of saying it does not. Usually their year commences a little earlier, in the latter part of January. The reason it comes so late this year is because they had what they call the "yuen yuet" or intercalary month in the year just past. That, of course, makes the year one month longer. This intercalary or added month occurs once in four years. The reason of it might be clearly seen from a short arithmetical calculation. As the Chinese regulate the time according to the motion of their moon, their months are either of 29 or 30 days duration. The former is called "yuet smu" or the little month, and the latter "yuet tai," or big month. Add the result of 29 days multiplied by 6 to that of 30 days by the same factor, and we have the sum of 354 days, which is 11 days less than our ordinary year, consequently, in three years they are about a month behind



us, which they make up in the fourth year by the addition of this intercalary month.

Another peculiarity about the Chinese year is the fact that if a child is born on New Year's eve he will be two years old on New Year's morning, and upon the first anniversary of his birthday the same child will be three. The present emperor, Kwong Sui, for instance, is said to be 30, when, in reality, he is only 28½ or 29 years of age.

A word or two on the strange customs of this peculiar people would not be uninteresting to you. One of the most strictly-adhered-to customs is that of paying all debts before 12 o'clock on New Year's eve. They make the greatest effort to do this, very often under the most painful circumstances, simply that they might be free from debts on the first day of the year. With reference to this they have a couplet:

"Tsok ye yat tau mo shui,
Kam chiu mun chun fung."

"Last night all in a fog or flurry,
This morning full of happiness."

Another of their strange customs, but quite a good one, is that of sweeping their houses from top to bottom before the dawn of New Year's morn. An amusing superstition in connection with this is in the hiding away of all brooms as soon as the sweeping is over. It would be a difficult matter to find a single broom in Chinatown on the first day of the year. A Chinaman would much rather meet "Yim Lau Wong," or "his satanic majesty," than an innocent broom on New Year's day. They have an idea that brooms used on such a day would "sweep all their good luck away." This is, however, only true of those Chinese who have not been brought under the enlightenment of the gospel. Christianized Chinese, as a rule, are free from these fetters of dark superstition.

New Year's eve is celebrated by a feast known as the "tuen nin" feast, or the feast of the "winding up" of the old year, and the day after New



A Chinese Merchant.

Year's day they have another feast known as the "hoi nin" feast, or the feast of the "opening" of the year. On New Year's day they take a great delight in indulging in the eating of an abundance of oysters and mussels. It might be wondered why they should choose such as their favorites for a New Year's dinner, but the mystery is solved when we are told that the name of the former, "ho shee," sounds exceedingly like the words "prosperous market," and they regard the latter as ominous of



good luck, also from the fact that they are bi-valves, and consequently would indicate a "compound" interest or "double" profit to all their consumers in their business adventures.

On New Year's eve the Chinese mother, in her parental love common to all mothers in the world, sits up to the small hours of the morning to prepare her presents for her boys, whom she fondly hopes would grow up to be faithful followers of "Hung Foo Tsz," Confucius. She does not assume the form of Santa Claus, but comes with her presents in all her parental reality. Among her presents there must inevitably be a sum of money, however small, wrapped up in a piece of red paper, as the two together are called by a name composed of the two words, "lai shee," indicating wealth and prosperity.

The Chinese New Year is observed to even a greater extent in China than it is at San Francisco. To the Chinese, New Year tide is the happiest season of the year, and they look forward to it as longingly as we do Christmas.

THE EXIT OF THE ROYAL GOVERNOR.[1]

By E. D. Hadley.

THE transition from the Colonial government in the thirteen American colonies to a government by the people was attended with many dramatic situations and incidents. There was wise forethought, brave resolution, and determined action by the colonists. There was stubborn resistance to invasion of prerogative by the representatives of royalty, and there was undignified surrender. There was courageous looking of danger in the face and wise conduct on their part, and there was fear and trembling, frantic trial of expedients and cowardly flight. Generally speaking, there went across the Atlantic to the king's ministers, from the royal satraps, clamorous demands for more force, more severity, more coercion of the disobedient Americans.

Daily they saw their power slipping away from them and the arising of the power of the people, until their own authority was but a substanceless shadow and the royal sceptre of but a feather's weight.

In reality the exit of the royal governor from each colony was but an incident of the transition period and marked the completion of a political revolution in the colony for the maintaining of which the struggle was thenceforth carried on, for the suppression of which the king enlisted Hessians, Tories, and Indians, sent fleets and armies, waged battles, and projected campaigns.

The exit of the royal governor left no hiatus in the government, produced neither anarchy nor disorder. The machinery of government under the new order of things was already in full swing, and went on without

[1] Read before the Des Moines Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution.

missing a stroke or "slipping a cog." Never did the people display more signal ability or greater aptitude for affairs.

The exit of the royal governor in each colony was the sequence of events which collectively marked a stage in the transition from vice-regal to popular government, and can be understood only in the light of events that led up to the gubernatorial resolution to withdraw from the scene of departed power.

At the time of the breaking out of hostilities, in April, 1775, two colonies, Rhode Island and Connecticut, had governments, republican in form, and their governors were elected by the people. There were no internal convulsions, no interregnums in these colonies. These colonies, with all the machinery of government in operation, became states at one bold leap.

Three colonies, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware, were under proprietary governments, with governors appointed by the proprietors, whose grants were held by the crown. The governors submitted gracefully to the popular will, and the proprietors were powerless to prevent the assumption of power by the people. Local administration was undisturbed, but executive power was confidently and successfully undertaken by the people through their representatives.

The remaining eight colonies, New Hampshire and Massachusetts in New England; New York and New Jersey in the middle region; Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in the South, were royal provinces, with governors of royal appointment.

John Wentworth, the governor of New Hampshire, was a native of that colony. The governor of New Jersey, William Franklin, was American born, the son of the most gifted of America's statesmen of the Revolutionary period, Benjamin Franklin. These two men had made long visits to England, and had cultivated the favor of the ministers until they had been able to some purpose to "brook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," and they returned to America as royal governors.

Governor Josiah Martin, of North Carolina, was born in Virginia, and from his nineteenth year had been an officer in the British army, rising to the grade of lieutenant-colonel. The other five royal governors were British born, and either bore military titles, like Governor Martin, or titles of nobility.

There was Gen. William Tryon, in New York, Lord Dunmore, in Virginia, Gen. Thomas Gage, son of a viscount, in Massachusetts, Lord William Campbell, in South Carolina, and Sir James Wright, in Georgia, all "carpet baggers," generally greedy for the spoils of office, whether in the form of salaries and fees, wrung from the pockets of the people, or grants of enormous tracts of the choicest land. They were royal or ministerial favorites, sent to the colonies to improve their slender fortunes at the expense of the people. Dependent upon the king's will, all the royal governors were the willing instruments of the king for the effectuating of his arbitrary designs. They were believers in the "divine right of kings." To them, "the king could do no wrong." The

king's prerogative was of an expansive potency, only equaled by the all-powerful authority of parliament, and the powers of the two were, to the royal government, practically synonymous with omnipotence. They endeavored to wield both. So long as the work of the legislative assemblies, which existed in each colony, could be thwarted, first, by a royal tool, and then by the king himself, if his tool in the gubernatorial chair failed, as to any measure, to exercise the royal prerogative in the interests of tyranny, legislation in the colonies was a hollow farce.

Thus the colonies in their aspirations after freedom and good government had as enemies a royal tool in the governor, the king himself, and a subservient parliamentary majority catering to the king's wishes.

Thus it was in April, 1775. Within six months five royal governors, apprehensive of personal violence at the hands of the people, became fugitives and refugees on board British ships of war; one was under the protection of the British army in Boston, and two, within nine months, were held prisoners by the people of the colonies they had assisted to misgovern.

Gov. John Wentworth of the colony of New Hampshire was of the prominent English family of Wentworths, of Wentworth-Woodhouse, Yorkshire, whose most distinguished representative was Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, a man of distinguished ability and great ambition, who rose to great power under Charles the First, and was attained and caused to be executed by the Long parliament, which, a little later, brought the head of Charles to the block, and was, at length, dissolved by Cromwell for its "tyranny, ambition, oppression, and robbery of the people." Another distinguished Wentworth was the Marquis of Rockingham, more than once one of the ministers of George the Third, and a friend to the colonies.

The governor was the third Wentworth who had exercised the gubernatorial office in New Hampshire. The elder John Wentworth had been lieutenant-governor from 1717–1730, discharging the duties of governor during the extended absence of Governors Shute and Barnett.

Benning Wentworth, his son, became governor in 1741, and in 1766 was succeeded by John Wentworth, the brother of Governor Bennington Wentworth, thus superseded.

Thus it is seen that Gov. John Wentworth (2d), was one of the ruling class, both in England and in his native colony. More than that, his family was very influential in the colony, an uncle being a member of one of the patriotic committees of Portsmouth, and John Wentworth of Somersworth, likewise a descendant of the original settler, William Wentworth, of Dover, having been speaker of the last general assembly, in 1775, and president of the first, second, and third provincial conventions at Exeter. The governor was a merchant of large wealth and extensive landed possessions.

His appointment as governor was brought about by the influence of his distant cousin, the Marquis of Rockingham, whose warm friendship he had acquired during a prolonged visit to England, and he entered upon his duties with a popularity which equaled the unpopularity of his un-

cle, Benning Wentworth, whose greed for land grants made to "men of straw" for his own benefit, caused his downfall.

Until the critical period of 1773 and 1774 his administration was not difficult, but when the claims of his royal master and the claims and resolves of the patriotic people of the colony came into sharp competition he found the usual difficulty of attempting to serve two masters.

Belknap, the historian, says, "Hitherto the governor had preserved his popularity, and the people in general were satisfied with his administration. But the obligations which lay on him to support the claims of Britain and the plans of her ministry rendered his situation extremely delicate and his popularity very precarious."

When, in June and September, 1774, two shipments, of twenty-seven and thirty chests, respectively, of tea were received at Portsmouth, he managed so adroitly that the tea was reshipped without any serious outbreak. Belknap says: "In New Hampshire the prudence of Governor Wentworth, the vigilance of the magistrates, and the firmness of the people were combined, and the hateful commodity was sent away without any damage and with but little tumult."

The governor firmly believed that an accommodation between the people and the king and parliament would be brought about, and earnestly strove to prevent a union of the colonies in the common defense of their liberties, so far as it could be prevented by inducing the people of New Hampshire to stand aloof.

But in the resistless march of events toward open hostilities an incident had transpired already that signalized the rise of a new power in the colony, independent of law, outside of law, and yet devoted to the law and order of the community, scornful of gubernatorial frowns or favors, loyal to the king but defiant of his ministers and the British parliament, the unbought, unterrified, untrammeled power of the people.

On the preceding 10th of May (1774), an adjourned meeting of the general assembly convened at the Province House, in Portsmouth, and, after transacting the ordinary business of the session, taking a course pursued in the other colonial assemblies, appointed a committee of correspondence, on the 28th day of May, by the narrow majority of one vote. The following resolution was also adopted: "Resolved and voted that the Speaker of this House be directed to answer such letters from time to time as he may receive from any of the houses of our sister colonies relative to the aforesaid difficulties, and to assure them that this House is ready to join in all salutary measures that may be adopted by them at this important crisis for saving the rights and privileges of the Americans and promoting harmony with the parent state."

What might be expected from an assembly in such a mood the government could not foresee. He must be rid of these troublesome patriots before more mischief was done. He adjourned them on May 30th to June 3d; on June 3d to June 6th; on June 6th to June 8th; on June 8th he dissolved the assembly by this message:

"Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the Assembly:

"As I look upon the measures entered upon by the House of Assembly to be inconsistent with his Majesty's service and the good of this government, it is my Duty as far as in me lies to prevent any Detriment that might arise from such proceedings. I Do, therefore, hereby Dissolve the General Assembly of this Province and it is dissolved accordingly. Province of New Hampshire. Council Chamber, 8th June, 1774. J. Wentworth."

The governor thought that by dissolution he had destroyed the committee of correspondence. "But they were not restricted to forms," says Belknap. The members, on a summons by this despised and feared committee, met in their own chamber. The governor, with the sheriff, went among them. They rose at his entrance. He declared "the meeting illegal, and directed the sheriff to make open proclamation for all persons to disperse and keep the King's peace."

Thus sturdily he maintained the king's authority as difficulties thickened around him. The members met in another place and wrote letters to all the towns, calling upon them to send deputies to a convention at Exeter who should choose delegates for a general congress and recommended a day of fasting and prayer, which was religiously kept. Eighty-five deputies were chosen by the people and met at Exeter, July 21st, and elected Nathaniel Folsom and John Sullivan delegates to the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia, in September, and recommended to the people to relieve the distress in Boston, which was done by contributions.

The governor now saw and wrote that "the union of the colonies would not be lost in New Hampshire." By these acts of sovereignty on the part of the people he saw another authority rising in the province, founded on the broad basis of public opinion and unrestrained representation, an authority over which he had no influence or control.

What should hinder further and more complete exercise of authority by conventions representing the people, to which the people looked for guidance, with profound respect, and whose behests they showed every tendency to obey? "Yet he endeavored to preserve the shadow of the royal government, and kept its forms as long as possible." A free representation! A free assembly or convention! What a deviation from the existing methods in this royal colony! The people could not choose members of assembly but in obedience to the king's writ. The assembly met at the king's command, given by the governor. The house must submit its choice of speaker to the king's representative for approval. The assembly could not adjourn for more than a day without the royal order. The assembly was subject to dissolution at the royal will, as exercised by the governor. These conditions hampering all free deliberation smacked strongly of despotism.

It is not surprising that Governor Wentworth used his great powers to get rid of this troublesome colonial assembly. But this course had a sure tendency to widen the breach between the king and his hitherto loyal subjects, and to destroy the governor's popularity.

As the rigorous weather of approaching winter rendered barracks necessary for General Gage's troops in Boston, and the mechanics of that town could not or would not build them, General Gage called on the royal governors in the other provinces to send him mechanics. Governor Wentworth made his first grave mistake in employing an agent to secure mechanics for General Gage and send them secretly to Boston. "The committee of Portsmouth, at the head of which was his uncle, Hunking Wentworth, bore their public testimony against it, and censured, not by name, but by implication, as 'an enemy to the community.' The agent was made the 'scapegoat,' and on his knees craved pardon and by his vicarious humiliation in place of the governor the popular rage was disarmed, and injury to the person or property of the governor was prevented."

His activity in the king's cause in securing evidence of treason against the patriots who captured the garrison of Fort William and Mary, at the entrance of the harbor, Dec. 13, (1774), and removed one hundred barrels of gunpowder and the next day removed fifteen cannon and all the small arms, with the dismissal from public employment of all who had participated in this daring deed, together with his inflammatory proclamation, calling on all officers to assist in detecting and securing the offenders and warning all people to beware of "being seduced by the false acts and menaces of abandoned men," put an end to all attachment the people of patriotic proclivities ever had for his person. As if these causes were not more than enough for the alienation of the good-will of the people, it was about this time that the governor and his friends formed an association of loyalists for the support of the royal government and their mutual defense, and boasted that at a minute's warning a hundred men could be procured from the Scarborough frigate and the Canseau sloop of war in the harbor; a boast so foolish, in view of the fact that a thousand armed patriots could be mustered at a few hours' notice in the streets of Portsmouth, as to be insulting and exasperating.

A second convention of the people met at Exeter, January 25th, 1775, and made another move forward in the perfecting of the rising government of the people by selecting John Sullivan and John Langdon, the heroes of the capture of the fort, delegates to the second continental congress.

Great events are now crowding forward the destinies of the American people and unwittingly the royal tools are ripening, by their injudicious acts, the sentiment of the people to the point of accepting the gage of battle thrown down by his majesty, George the Third, able and stubborn tyrant that he was, who absolutely controlled the American policy of England.

The attempted seizure of a few munitions of war at Concord, the 19th of April, was the firing of the slumbering train, and the country was in a blaze of patriotic fervor from the Kennebec to the Savannah. The smoke of battle had barely vanished from the liberty-loving air of Concord and Lexington; the grave had not closed over the patriotic dead of that fateful day; the minute men in

squads, companies, and regiments were hastening to the beleaguering of the British army, so terribly shattered in Boston, when, on April 21st, (1775), the third Provincial convention or congress of New Hampshire assembled at Exeter and assumed that legislative and executive power which it and its successors ever retained until the adoption of the state constitution.

Governor Wentworth had sanguine hopes of the good effects of the "conciliatory proposition" of Lord North in New Hampshire, and summoned a new assembly, which convened at Province House, Portsmouth, thirteen days later, on May 4th (1775).

The "conciliatory proposition" which the governor relied upon to soften the hearts of the people and lead their errant affections back to the mother country was as follows: "That when any colony, by their governor, council, and assembly, shall engage to make provisions for the support of civil government, and administration of justice, in such colony it will be proper, if such proposal be approved by the king and parliament, for so long a time as provision shall be made, to forbear to levy duties or taxes in such colony, except for the regulating of commerce; the net proceeds of which shall be carried to the account of such colony, respectively."

The colonies were to surrender every contention; the government *promised* nothing and retained and reaffirmed the *right* to tax the colonies, which was the chief matter in dispute.

There is pathos and the sound of suppressed sobbing in his speech to the assembly, in which he entreated them as "the only legal and constitutional representatives of the people to direct their counsels to such measures as might tend to secure their peace and safety; and effectually lead to a restoration of the public tranquility and an affectionate reconciliation with the 'mother country.'" He recommended the "conciliatory proposition" to their consideration.

The house desired a recess to enable them to consult their constituents on these momentous questions, and very reluctantly the governor, on May 6th, adjourned them to June 12th. In view of all the circumstances it does not seem, at this late day, that the members of the assembly were all quite candid in asking for this recess; but there is room for the thought that they were procrastinating for the purpose of gaining time and putting off the day of open rupture with the governor.

While these scenes are passing in the assembly at Portsmouth another legislative body exists at Exeter, less than twenty miles distant, which does not owe its existence to the summons of the king's writ, but to the spontaneous expression of the popular will. To say that these were rival bodies would not be correct except in a nominal sense. They were chosen by the same constituencies. Numerous members of this assembly were also members of the provincial congress which met at Exeter, April 21st. The Hon. John Wentworth of Somersworth, who was elected speaker of the house, had been, only two weeks before, elected president of that congress. The action of the Portsmouth body was perfunctory only. The Exeter

body represented the earnest thought, the firm resolve, the paramount will of the people.

The Portsmouth body represented the nominal loyalty of the people to the king, and its members were ready to act in harmony with the governor if king, parliament, and the minister would concede and guarantee their inalienable rights as British subjects—if not, they would be as unyielding as the provincial congress at Exeter. That the provincial congress were not only masters of themselves but dominated the assembly is evident, because, on the reconvening of the assembly at Portsmouth, June 12th, the house forthwith expelled three new members at the demand of the provincial congress at Exeter, on the ground of invasion of the rights of the house by the governor in summoning them from new and small towns without the concurrence of the house itself.

The governor must have seen that his influence with the house of assembly was no greater than with the provincial congress at Exeter. Without one arbitrary act, one case of severity, while acting within the strict letter of the law, the inevitable happened to him; the people had drifted away from him, and he was without a party, except an insignificant handful of royalists whose good will was a detriment.

On June 13th he adjourned the assembly to June 11th, having ineffectually remonstrated against the expulsion of the three members. On the same day "one of the expelled members, having spoken his mind freely without doors, was assaulted by the populace and took shelter in the governor's house." The governor said that this member, a Mr. Fenton, "happened to call upon" him at his house. The people demanded Mr. Fenton. The sturdy governor, of course, refused to violate the rights of hospitality. The people brought a cannon and leveled it at the vice-regal mansion. The member was delivered up or delivered himself up and was taken to Exeter. The cannon was, in fact, not loaded. The tension in the relations between the governor and the people could bear no further strain. The governor considered himself insulted, and saw himself practically friendless. For safety and his dignity's sake he retired to Fort William and Mary with his family. His house was pillaged by a mob.

For the last time a royal assembly met in New Hampshire on the 11th day of July, according to adjournment. On the 18th of July the governor sent a message from his safe retreat at the fort, adjourning the assembly to the 28th of September.

That assembly, with the governor, represented legality, regularity, formality, legitimacy, the majesty of the king, and the majesty of the law, but the faintest whisper of a wish coming from the provincial congress at Exeter was more powerful to more of the people than the most absolute commands of the assembly and governor and king thundered forth in manner imperative and by royal proclamation. And why? Because royalty was swiftly dying in the province, killed by its own hand, and the will of the people held sway over the minds and hearts of the sturdy yeomanry of the state, and spoke through the provincial congress at Exeter. By all rules of procedure

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and all precedents the provincial congress at Exeter was irregular, unauthorized in law, had no legal existence and no authority whatever; but its acts were legitimized by the will of the people, stood the test of time, and no power was ever able successfully to controvert their validity. Their authority was the right of revolution. The people had accomplished a complete revolution and would henceforth maintain it.

Governor John Wentworth had ceased to be a factor in the problem of governing the province, and his absence did not hinder the march of events. A committee of the convention or congress demanded of Theodore Atkinson, secretary of the province, the provincial records. He refused. Then a committee from congress came down from Exeter with force enough to intimidate the secretary, and took all the records to Exeter. Atkinson's report of this event to the governor is as follows:

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
July 7th, 1775.

SIR: Your excellency will give me leave to acquaint you that on the 4th inst. I had a visit as secretary from the committeé appointed by the Provincial congress *of this colony* held at Exeter, when they shew me their appointment and requested the delivery of all the records and files in the secretary's office. I told them it would be against my Honor and oath of office to volunteer such delivery. After an hour's moderate conversation and without any heat the committee left me and I was in hopes I should not have any further visit from them; but on the 6 inst. they came again and urged the delivery. I still refused, as before, and told them they well knew it was not in my power to defend the office by force of arms: if they took the records, or any of them, they must be answerable. They then entered the office and took all the files and records, etc.

Atkinson as major-general of militia issued a proclamation for calling out the militia to defend the government. Not a regiment, nor a company, nor a platoon, nor a squad, nor a man, responded to the summons. Secretary Atkinson afterwards begged to be forgiven for his apparent disaffection toward the patriot cause, and pledged himself to fidelity for the future.

Meanwhile Governor Wentworth, in lodgings of a very mean order, cramped for room, with a scanty table, under a leaky roof, in a dismantled fort without a garrison, with his household taking turns at standing guard against fancied danger of assault by the people who only wished him a safe and speedy departure, remained at Fort William and Mary under the protection of the warship *Scarborough* and sloop-of-war *Canseau*. Under date of June 15th, 1885, he wrote to General Gage: "Seeing every idea of the respect due his majesty's commission so far lost in the frantic rage and fury of the people as to find them to proceed to such daring violence against the person of his representative, I found myself under the necessity of immediately withdrawing to Fort William and Mary, both to prevent as much as may be a repetition of the insults and to provide for my own security. I think it exceedingly for the king's service to remain as long as possible at the fort where I am now in a small incommodious house, without other prospect of safety, if the prevailing madness of the people should follow me hither, then the hope of retreating on board his majesty's ship *Scarborough*, if it should be in my power. This fort, although containing upwards of sixty pieces of cannon is without men or ammunition."

When the dismantling of the fort

was completed he sailed away with the ships of war to Boston, on the 24th day of August (1775), abandoning his estates, his home, his royal province, and what few loyalist friends remained to do him honor.

As the adjournment of the assembly, July 8th, by a message sent to Portsmouth, whither he dared not go in person, from his safe refuge in the fort, under the guns of the *Scarborough*, may be looked upon as but a painful manifestation of the dying agony of the royal government in New Hampshire, so the final act of the governor in September will appear as the last convulsive gasp. Before the 28th of September dawned when that troublesome assembly should meet, the governor sailed from Boston to Gosport, a fishing hamlet on what is now Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, and with his feet firmly planted on that barren rock, over and against which the Atlantic surges have rolled for ages and ages, ten miles from the main line of New Hampshire, as if to give foundation for an otherwise extra-territorial act on September 21st, fulminated a proclamation adjourning that assembly to the 24th day of April, 1776, as follows:

PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the General Assembly is now adjourned to Tuesday the 28th instant, and it appearing in no way conducive to his Majesty's service or the welfare of the Province, that the Assembly should meet on that day, but that it is inexpedient to prorogue them to a farther time, I have therefore thought best to issue this proclamation, proroguing the meeting of the General Assembly to be held at Portsmouth on the 28th of September to the 24th day of April next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and the General Assembly is hereby prorogued according to that time; then to meet at the Court House in Portsmouth aforesaid; and hereof all persons concerned are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given at Gosport the 21st day of September, in the fifteenth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the faith, etc. and in the year of our Lord Christ, 1775.

By His Excellency's command

J. Wentworth.

Theodore Atkinson, Secretary.

"This was his last act of administration and the last time he set his foot in the province. Thus an end was put to the British government in New Hampshire where it had subsisted ninety-five years," says Belknap. The assembly never reconvened. Henceforth the provincial congress and its committee of safety managed the affairs of New Hampshire, and no British officer, soldier, or civilian, interfered.

Although Governor Wentworth thus made his exit with a pompous flourish of proclamations, expelled by the moral forces of this complete political revolution, he did not abandon hope that the British government would regain its control over the colonies, and that royal governors would be able to return to their own again. Letters are extant to show that he, like his companions in misery, the other royal governors, lingered along the Atlantic coast, camp-followers of the British forces, ready to return to the scene of his power and splendor, when the army should have smoothed the way. On the 17th day of March, 1776, he wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth from Nantasket Road; April 10th, 1776, he wrote from Halifax; Nov. 5th, 1776, from Long Island; Jan. 6th, 1777, from New York; Jan. 17th and Feb. 3d, 1777, from Flat Bush,

Long Island, and June 8th, 1777, from New York; Feb. 8th, 1778, he sailed for England. He passed his latter years and died at Halifax, a baronet, retaining the office of surveyor of the king's woods in North America, which had been bestowed upon him with the governorship. But his agents no longer branded with the king's broad arrow the tallest and straightest pine trees in the forests of New Hampshire.

An eminent writer speaks of him as a man of "sound understanding, refined tastes, enlarged views, a dignified spirit, and as retiring from the chair with a higher reputation than any other man who held the same office he did in the country."

Belknap says of him: "If a comparison be drawn between him and most of the governors on this continent, at the beginning of the Revolution, he must appear to advantage. Instead of widening the breach, he endeavored to close it; and when his efforts failed he retired from a situation where he could no longer exercise the office of governor; leaving his estate and many of his friends, and preserving only his commission as surveyor of the king's woods, the limits of which were much contracted by the succeeding Revolution."

It is generally conceded that he discharged what he conceived to be his duty, as the king's representative, with moderation. He saw a treasonable convention sitting and assuming legislative and executive powers only fifteen miles from the seat of his own government and did not raise a hand against them, nor fulminate against them with a proclamation. He made no arrests and harried no patriots. His rule was so mild and inoffensive, in these critical times, that the patriots matured their plans without let or hindrance. A better royal governor for the cause of the colonists could not have been selected. And yet he was faithful to his king. The one alternative which would have freed him from the troubles of the last year of his rule does not seem to have occurred to him, that is to say, the alternative of resigning an office that brought him into that attitude of hostility to the people of his native province, which his duty as a royal governor required of him. Whether, had British armies invaded the province, he would have been one of the invaders, is problematical, and possible. It is fortunate for his memory in his state that hostile acts toward his people, like those of the governors of North and South Carolina, incitement to revile insurrection like that of Dunmore of Virginia, or devastation with fire and sword like that of Tyron of New York did not disgrace the exit of the royal governor of New Hampshire.



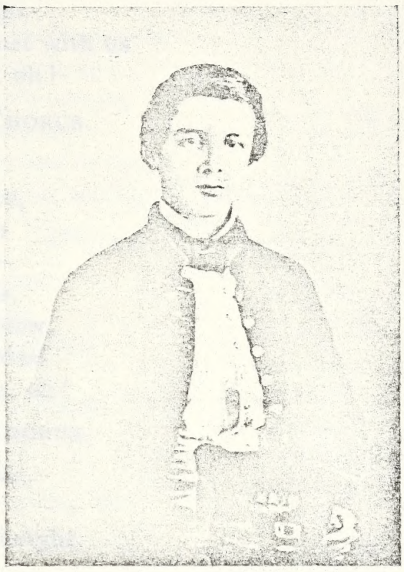
SONGS OF N. U.

By Henry O. Kent, Cadet, Class of 1854.

[The "History of Norwich University," recently printed at this office, contains, aside from the historic record of this well-known military institution, nearly sixteen hundred names of former cadets, with a roll of honor of over six hundred names, based on actual service in honorable station. In this list are fifteen general officers, one hundred and seventeen colonels and field officers, one admiral (George Dewey, the hero of Manila), three rear admirals, and a long list of commodores, captains, and commanders.

Many New Hampshire men of eminence have been connected with Norwich University and its literature is of interest to our people. Ex-President Pierce, ex-Governor Baker, Gen. Charles H. Peaslee, Rev. Drs. J. H. Eames and Howard F. Hill, and Col. Henry O. Kent have served upon its board of trustees, while many of its cadets have held command in our regiments and high places in the professions and business circles.

Colonel Kent has been a devoted son of his alma mater since graduation; his numerous addresses, orations, and metrical compositions being held in high regard by the sons of N. U. It is with pleasure that we present the following selections from his muse.—EDITOR GRANITE MONTHLY.]



Henry O. Kent, Cadet, N. U., 1854.

THE OLD SOUTH BARRACKS, OH!

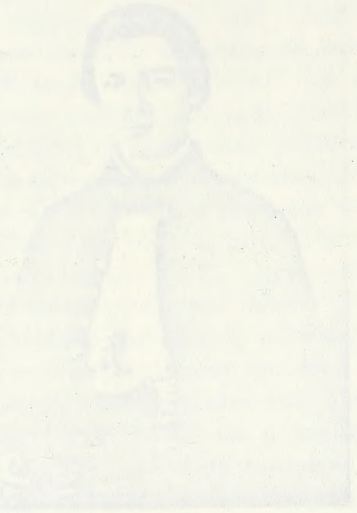
AIR: "*Benny Haven's, Oh!*" or "*The Wearing of the Green.*"

This song was written in the summer of 1855, and was at once adopted as the college song of Norwich University, in manner similar to the adoption of "Benny Haven's, Oh!" at West Point. It has been sung on all public occasions,—reunions and gatherings of cadets,—and was chanted by the alumni and past cadets who fought on *both* sides in the great Civil War.

Come, pour the ruby wine, my boys,
And give a loud bravo,
For our tried and true companions
Who have left us long ago;
They are scattered on the ocean
Of life's pleasures and life's woe,
And ne'er again may shout with us
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

In the Old South Barracks, oh!
In the Old South Barracks, oh!
And ne'er again may shout with us
In the Old South Barracks, oh!



They have left us here to vegetate
In military row,
To serve the time allotted us
Through sunshine and through snow;
But we'll treasure up in memory,
Where 'er through life we go,
The names of those who 've met with us
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the Army and the Navy;
Each prospective grand hero,
Who went from out among us
To fight his country's foe,—
May he win a crown of laurels,
Where 'er Fame's breezes blow,
And shout amid the battle's blast
For the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To our hero-chieftain, RANSOM,
One glass before we go;
His blood bestains the rocky height
In distant Mexico.
His country's flag waved o'er him
When the volley smote him low;
And we 'll drop for him the silent tear
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the silver-headed veteran
Who slumbers calm and low,
West Pointers join the chorus
From the everglades and snow;
We 'll crown with brighter memories,
As onward still we go,
Our stern old founder's cognomen[1]
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the ladies fair of Norwich,
Where 'er through life we go,
We 'll treasure up each witching smile
They e'er did on us throw.
From the "Congo's" dismal galleries,
And the cushioned pews below,

[1] Alden Partridge, U. S. A., former superintendent at West Point; first president.

Or erst upon Commencement Day
From the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the pretty ones who occupy
Our heart's internal row,
Who have chained us by their glances,
And have stole our 'fections so:
They have handled Cupid's arrows
In a way by no means slow;
And we 'll chorus them in *eau de vie*
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the annual Commencement
Our hearts shall overflow,
As we lose our boon companions
Pro bono publico.
But we' ll shout the chorus louder,
As o'er life's sea we go—
A hip hurrah for old N. U.,
And the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

To the coming year of jubilee[1]
Our cups shall ever flow,
When we hope to gather once again
In eighteen sixty, oh!
To mourn each patriot fallen,
To share each brother's woe,
And once more to join in chorusing
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

CHORUS.

FAREWELL TO N. U.

The moon in her course o'er the eastern hill
Looks down on the old parade,
On the flagstaff white, in the silent night,
And the guns in the barracks' shade.
Her radiance silvers each well-known spot,
Remembered and loved of yore;
But the friends who at night roamed with me neath her light,
They are gone—they are with me no more!

[1] 1860, and every fifth year thereafter, was nominated by the original Friendship clubs, as the year of jubilee.

The sun shone bright, through the closing day
When our college life was done;
We had fought the fight and had kept the faith,
The earlier race was run!
Now hands were wrung in brave farewell
When parting words were said,
For the march was life, with toil and strife
The bivouac with the dead.

The days are sped down the aisles of time
When we shared each grief together,
But the throb of each heart "keeps the cadence" apart
And the "lock step" continues forever.
So we cherish alike in weal and in woe,
Young manhood's friendships deep,
Till the march is done 'neath the wearying sun,
Till the tents are pitched—and we sleep.

1855.

A VALENTINE.

From a friend to bestow upon his inamorata, Miss Carrie Hatch, the pretty daughter of the boarding mistress at Commons, North Barracks.

Oh, Carrie Hatch, dear Carrie Hatch,
Your face is sweet to see,
But Carrie Hatch, ah, Carrie Hatch,
You are hatching care for me.

1853.

TO A FRIEND IN THE CADET CORPS.

There is joy in the dash of echoing steel
When the foeman's crest is riven;
When war cries ring through murky air
Up to the arch of heaven.
Then the dauntless heart throbs proud and high,
In the run of the charging host,
With Fame's bright presence ever nigh
To laurel the conqueror's post.

It is joy to welcome those faces dear,
Once bowed o'er our childhood's bed,
Where mingled a father's and mother's prayer,
In love o'er the sleeper's head.

Grim Father Time hath followed close
Through each revolving year,
His hand he has pressed on the father's breast
And the sheen of the mother's hair.

It is joy to young manhood's heart, Fred,
In its warmest, proudest glow,
To grasp the hand of a well-loved friend,
As the heart's glad currents flow.
Aye, it cheereth on through the path of life
'Mid its storms to the peaceful end,
Oh, a royal gift beyond fee or price,
Is a true warm-hearted friend.

1853.

On the death of Cadet William George, of Chelmsford, Mass., killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting, May, 1855.

A saddened sound comes on the breeze,
And softly whisper the waving trees,
Quietly, sweetly, cadenced and slow,
Murmuring ever a requiem low.

Clearly it sounds o'er the old parade,
When the moon is lighting the forest glade,
When rideth high the noonday sun,
When rattles loud the 'larum drum.

It telleth for aye of a spirit fled,
Of a brother who joins the countless dead.
They laid him down in his early pride,
Where the green turf grows by the forest's side,
Where the brook sings ever its carol free
In its course to its haven, the rolling sea,
Where flowers were bright and zephyrs' breath
Toyed with the curls on the brow of death.

List not again for the well-known tread,
Call not again the name of the dead,
Sadden not in his wonted room
When the shadows of evening and memory come.

No more shall ye greet in the Barrack hall,
No more shall arouse him the reveille's call,
The drooping flag, the booming gun,
Telleth for aye that his march is done,

Of a manly heart, of a willing hand
That have joined the throng in the spirit land,
Of one who looks from a realm afar
Beyond this earth's contentious jar
On the corps that stand as brothers true
Within thy cherished walls, N. U.

Young George was a brother of Misses Carrie and Orra George, for many years favorite teachers in the schools of Concord, one of whom was *fiance* of Lieut. Charles W. Walker, Co. B, 2d N. H. Vols., the first officer from N. H. to die in the War of the Rebellion, and whose funeral was attended by the state government and the legislature, then in session, De Molay Commandery of Boston, and other fraternal bodies, in June, 1861. He lay in state, with a guard of honor, in the rotunda of the state house.

THE DEATH OF RANSOM.

Killed at the storming of Chepultepec, Mexico, Sept. 13, 1847.

Major General Truman B. Ransom, in the militia of Vermont and colonel of the Ninth U. S. Infantry Vols., was vice-president from 1835, succeeding Captain Partridge as president in 1843. Franklin Pierce was the original colonel, but on his early promotion as brigadier, Ransom, who was lieutenant-colonel, was commissioned to command. He took many of his cadets with him into the field.

Adjutant-general Drum, U. S. A., a lieutenant in the Ninth, told me in Washington, in 1888, that in his long military career he never saw so perfect a soldier as was Colonel Ransom. He was, he said, by his side, when he fell at the head of his command, while waving his sword and crying "Forward the Ninth!" a musket ball striking him fairly in the forehead. He was interred at Norwich with military honors. His three sons were all in the service,—Col. Dunbar R., U. S. Artillery; Maj.-Gen. T. E. G., commanding the 17th Army Corps; Lieut. Fred Eugene, Illinois Volunteers and U. S. Cavalry; while his only daughter, "Katy," married Capt. James O'Hara, U. S. A.

War rode upon the eddying storm,
In volleys flew the leaden hail,
Men's life blood bursting bright and warm
Made many a vest of crimson mail.

Loud rang the bugler's cheering voice,
Reëchoing 'neath the smoky sky,
As charging 'mid the battle's press,
The gallant Ninth came sweeping by.

Proudly above the eddying smoke,
The regimental banner shone;
New England hearts with pride awoke,
At their loud leader's clarion tone.

There, cheering on the serried ranks,
With sabre glittering free and bright,
There, where the sections quivering sank
Before the flashing volley's might,

There, pointing to the starry flag,
And to the castle's turret stone,
"Strike for New England, Ninth," he cried,
"Chepultepec is won!"

Hurrah! hurrah! then rang a cheer
That burst the smoke wreaths rolling o'er,
That 'mid the battle echoed clear
Above the cannon's thunderous roar.

'T is stilled again, that conquering shout,
Loud swells anew the battle's peal,
But where is he who called it out;
No more is seen his flashing steel.

Straight driving 'mid the leader's shower,
Full toward the proud victorious brow,
The bullet told its vengeful power.
'T is done, that gallant crest is low!

His death couch 'mid the rocky cliffs,
Over which our conquering legions go—
Ah! his laurel crown with blood was kissed,
Beneath the skies of Mexico!

His coronach the battle's cry,
His requiem the cannon's roar,
New England's sons, who saw him die,
Mourn the loved chief who leads no more.

1853.

HURRAH FOR OLD N. U.

In 1866 the South Barracks at Norwich were burned, and the university was removed to Northfield, where new college buildings had been erected. The supplemental verses "Hurrah for Old N. U.!" were written thirty years later than "The Old South Barracks, Oh!" and, like the original, were dedicated to the corporation, faculty, undergraduates, alumni, and past cadets of alma mater.

One doleful night in winter,
Full many years ago,
The bursting flames red banners waved
Above the pallid snow;
Her blackened walls, her ruined halls,
Told shivering tale of woe;
But, phœnix-like, N. U. arose
From the Old South Barracks, oh!

She saw her bright escutcheon,
For which her sons had died[1],
Bearing the words that Miller said
'Mid battle's surging tide,—
"I 'll try!" The blood was pulsing;
Uprose she from the blow;
When duty calls, not ruined walls
Should check its ardent flow.

No more beside the river,
On beauteous Norwich Plain,
By hallowed dust, 'mid early scenes,
Might she repose again;
But on the hills of Northfield,
Robed in imperial green,
Crowned with the love of loyal sons,
She sits, our peerless queen.

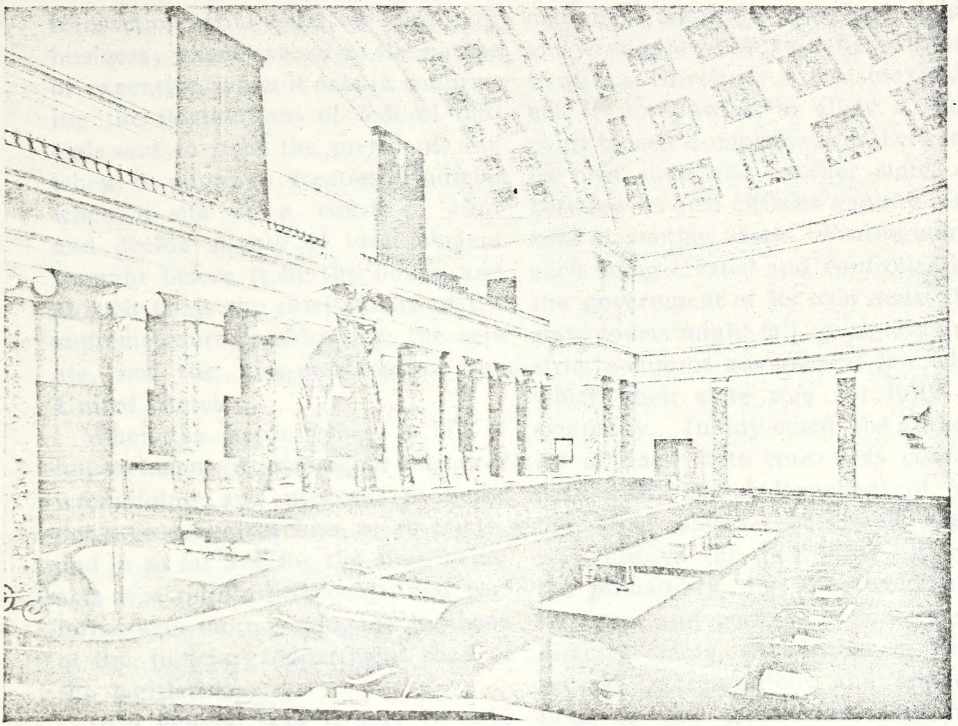
Her dowry is the faith of sons
Who loved her in their youth,
The loyal zeal of each cadet
Who follows knightly truth.
We mourn our honored Dr. Bourns[2],
Staunch General Jackman, too[3];
Crowned be each name with lasting fame,
Loved champions of N. U.!

At Norwich or at Northfield
Our hearts shall ever glow
O'er cheering tales of college days,
And boon companions, oh!
With pretty girls and loyal men
It always should be so,
E'en when bright locks turn grizzled hair,
And Time sifts down his snow.

We vow anew a brother's love
For each good comrade low;
We 'll keep the faith they pledged for us
In the Old South Barracks, oh!
We 'll do our duty bravely,
In honor, leal, and true;
Then *vive l'amour*, and *vive la guerre!*
Hurrah for Old N. U.!

Boston, Sept. 25, 1886.

[1] Col. James Miller of New Hampshire, at Niagara, 1814.
[2] The Rev. Dr. Edward Bourns, LL. D., president.
[3] Gen. Alonzo Jackman, first graduate and professor of mathematics, military science, and tactics.



THE FEDERAL SUPREME COURT.[1]

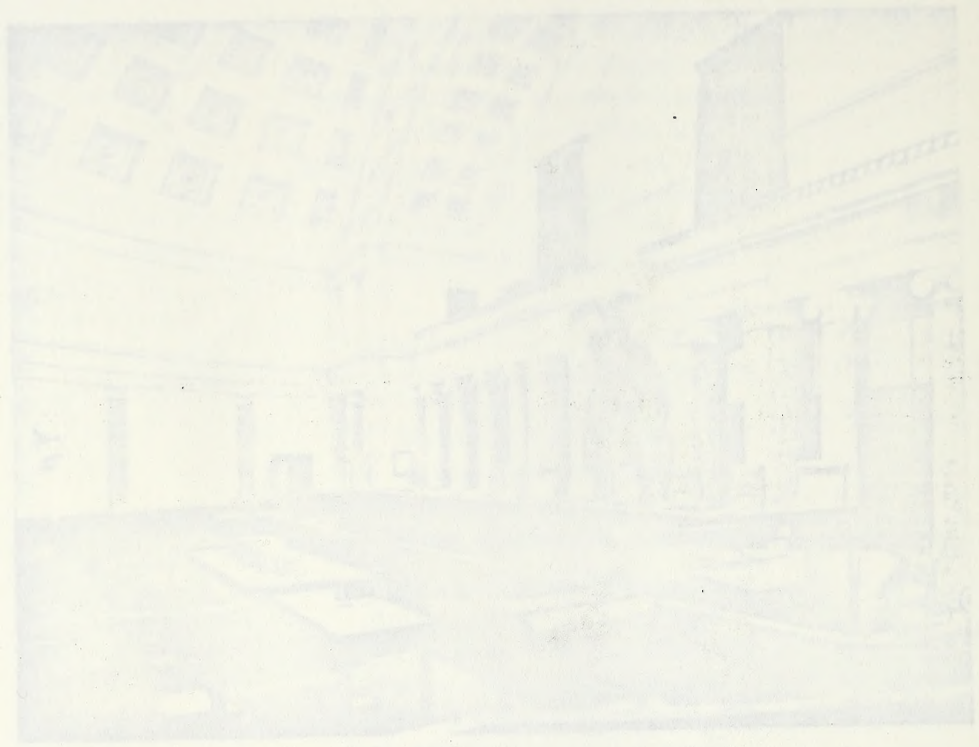
By Harry M. Cavis, Esq.

SOME one has said that the American Government and Constitution are based on the theology of Calvin and the philosophy of Hobbes; and it is true that there is a hearty Puritanism in the view of human nature which pervades the instrument of 1787; it is the work of men who believed in original sin, and they were resolved to leave open no door they could possibly close.

Marshall says, in his Life of Washington: "The fact that power might be abused, was deemed a conclusive reason why it should not be conferred," and in accordance with that idea each of the three branches of our government, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, was made a check and control upon the others. The plan is not altogether new, for Aristotle, in the fourth book of his "Politics," observes that in every polity there are three departments. The executive is represented by the president; the legislative by congress, and the judicial by the federal courts.

We usually think of the duties and powers of congress—the senate and house of representatives—as being purely legislative, but the senate has three functions, legislative in the

[1] A paper read before S. Mary's School, Concord.



transaction of its usual and ordinary business; executive, or in the nature of executive, when it acts in confirming the nominations of federal officials sent to it by the president, and when it approves treaties; judicial when it sits as a court to hear and decide a case of impeachment brought before it by the house, and at such trials the chief justice of the supreme court presides over the senate, not the vice-president of the United States.

When the house brings a bill of impeachment, it accuses an official of wrongdoing, and proceeds to make out a case against him, or to try to, and in so far and for the time being acts as a public prosecutor, and performs acts more analogous to those of the judiciary department than of the legislative.

In a general way it may be said that congress makes the laws; the president executes them, and the supreme court interprets them when they are misunderstood or when there are differences of opinion as to their meaning, and compels obedience to them when they are disregarded.

Under the Confederation there had been no judicial means of enforcing treaties or other congressional action, because there were no federal courts, and the state courts were under no obligation, and had but little inclination, to sustain the then feeble congress. After the adoption of the constitution a federal judicature was necessary to interpret and apply the laws passed by congress, and to compel obedience to them. The state courts were not designed and not qualified to pass upon questions of an international character, such as matters of admiralty law, and rights and wrongs acquired or suffered under treaties. Obviously it was inexpedient, if not unwise, to allow a state court to settle controversies between its own state and another state, or between its own citizens and the citizens of another state. Furthermore, each being created and controlled by the government of its own state, the state courts might fail to rigidly and strictly enforce any federal law with which their state was not fully in sympathy. In any event, the authority of each state court was coördinate with, and independent of, all the other state courts, and there was always the possibility, if not the probability, that they would differ from, and perhaps in some cases directly refute, each other in their several interpretations and applications of the constitution and the federal statutes, thus rendering the law of the land uncertain and complex, if not in many instances practically nugatory. All these conditions pointed imperatively to a common court of appeal and of last resort. The result was our several federal courts, substantially as they exist to-day. We are more particularly considering the supreme court of the United States, established under Article III of the constitution, which provides that

"The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court and such inferior courts as congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished

during their continuance in office." (The justices now have the privilege of resigning with a pension when they are seventy years old, but they are not obliged to retire then.)

"The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states; between citizens of different states; between citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states; and between a state, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects."

"In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the supreme court shall have original jurisdiction. In all other cases before mentioned, the supreme court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the congress shall make."

In commenting upon the jurisdiction of the federal courts over controversies between two or more states, an eminent French writer said, "In the nations of Europe, the courts of justice are only called upon to try the controversies of private individuals; but the supreme court of the United States summonses sovereign powers — the states—to its bar." And John Stuart Mill declared that "this substitution of judicial determination for war and diplomacy as the means of settling disputes between the states is the first example of what is now one of the most prominent wants of civilized society, a real International Tribunal."

Original jurisdiction in the supreme court is also exclusive jurisdiction, because it is the court of last resort; a case begun there must end there, for there is no higher tribunal to which it can be appealed or transferred. But so peaceful has been the tenor of diplomatic life in this country that the original jurisdiction of the court has never been invoked by an ambassador or any other public minister, and direct controversies between the states are comparatively infrequent. It is the appellate jurisdiction which brings before the supreme court contending suitors from every circuit and district court in the country, and from every state in cases where federal questions are involved.

Supplementing and confirming all these powers conferred by the III Article of the Constitution, is Article VI, which declares that,

"This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made, in pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the Supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary, notwithstanding."

The jurisdiction of a court is its power to hear and determine a cause, but that power can rightfully be exercised only for the determination

during their continuance in office."

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of an actual controversy brought before the court in the form, and through the channels, prescribed by law; and the judicial power of the United States extends to only such cases or controversies as are specified in Article III of the constitution, or in some act of congress pursuant thereto. These points have been illustrated and maintained throughout the whole history of the supreme court.

In 1792 Chief Justice Jay and his associates declined to execute an act of congress because it assigned to the circuit courts certain duties not of a judicial nature; in 1851 an act passed in 1849 was construed upon the same principle. In 1793, Washington, who was being greatly embarrassed by the audacious intrigues of the French Minister Genet, upon the advice of his cabinet requested the opinion of the supreme court upon the proper construction of the treaty with France; but the court declined to answer upon the ground that they could not give an opinion upon any controversy which had not come before them through and by legal forms and processes.

And in cases properly before it, so far as the manner of their getting there was concerned, the court has always disclaimed any power to determine questions of a political nature, or which involved the exercise of executive or legislative discretion, or the powers rightfully reserved to the states; and the court has uniformly held itself to be concluded in all purely political matters by the political acts of the executive and legislative departments.

Chief Justice Chase said, "Judicial duty is not less fitly performed by declining ungranted jurisdiction than in exercising firmly that which the constitution and laws confer."

The case of the United States *v.* Peters, decided in 1809, first brought into conflict the judicial power of the United States and the legislative and executive power of a state resisting the process of the federal courts. This case was a legacy from the feeble days of the Confederation, thirty years before. The supreme court ordered the circuit court to enforce its own judgment in favor of the plaintiff in the original action, one Olmstead, who was a citizen of Connecticut. The state of Pennsylvania was the real defendant; that state under an act of its own legislature not only claimed the fund to which the controversy related, but relying upon the XI Amendment to the Constitution, which provides "that the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit, in law or in equity, commenced or prosecuted against any of the United States, by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state;" denied the jurisdiction of the federal court and the validity of its judgment, and required the governor to resist its execution.

The supreme court said "The fact that a state has an interest in the subject-matter of a suit between individuals, which it may choose to assert, does not oust the courts of the United States of jurisdiction; and an act of a state legislature cannot determine whether a court of the United States has jurisdiction." The district court issued its writ as ordered by the supreme court. Its execution was obstructed by an

of an actual controversy brought before the court in due form, and through the channels prescribed by law; and the judicial power of the United States extends to only such cases or controversies as are specified in Article III of the constitution, or in some act of congress pursuant thereto. These points have been illustrated and maintained throughout the whole history of the supreme court.

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armed force of state militia ordered out by the governor. The United States marshal summoned a *posse comitatus* of 2,000 men, but gave time for reflection. The state authorities yielded, the militia was withdrawn, the judgment was peacefully enforced, and the supremacy of the court vindicated, notwithstanding popular sympathy was aroused by the prompt indictment and conviction of the militia officers for unlawful resistance to civil process, although their sentences of fine and imprisonment were wisely remitted by the president on the ground that they had acted under a mistaken sense of duty.

Still more important upon the question of jurisdiction was the case of Cohens *v.* Virginia, decided in 1821, the greatest, perhaps, of those great earlier judgments in which national supremacy, within the limits of the constitution, was maintained by the judicial power of the United States. It directly involved the right and power of the supreme court, in the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction, to review and control the judgments of the state courts in cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States.

Cohens had been fined by the courts of Virginia for selling lottery tickets, such sale being contrary to the state law, but Cohens claimed it was authorized by an act of congress. The case was appealed to the supreme court of the United States, the attorney-general of Virginia claimed that court had no jurisdiction, and thus the question was raised. One passage from the opinion sets forth with clearness and simplicity, but unmistakably and conclusively, the relations of the general government to the states. Chief Justice Marshall said, "That the United States forms, for many, and most important purposes, a single nation, has not yet been denied. In war, we are one people. In making peace, we are one people. In all commercial relations we are one and the same people. In many other respects the American people are one; and the government which is alone capable of controlling and managing their interests, in all these respects, is the government of the Union. It is their government, and in that character they have no other. America has chosen to be in many respects, and to many purposes, a nation; and for all these purposes her government is complete; to all these objects it is competent. The people have declared, that in the exercise of all powers given for these objects, it is supreme. It can, then, in effecting these objects, legitimately control all individuals or governments within the American territory. The constitution and laws of a state, so far as they are repugnant to the constitution and laws of the United States, are absolutely void. These states are constituent parts of the United States. They are members of one great empire—for some purposes sovereign, for some purposes subordinate."

The establishment of the supreme court was the crowning marvel of the framers of the constitution and of American statesmanship. No other conception of any plan of government equals it. In its sphere it is absolute in authority; from its decisions there is no appeal; from its mandates no escape; its decree is law.

Its dignity and moral influence outrank those of any other tribunal in the world, and none other has such high prerogatives. It can annul the statutes of a state whenever they are in intent or effect against the civil rights, the contracts, the currency, or the intercourse of the people, and it restricts congressional action to constitutional bounds. Yet it cannot encroach upon the rights of states, or abridge the privilege of local self-government.

The fathers of the constitution were extremely anxious to secure the perpetual independence of their judiciary, and its history shows that they succeeded. Although nominated by the president and confirmed by the senate, the judges are independent of both, and are removed from the passions, the prejudices, the temptations, and the ambitions that assail and sway the other branches of the government, or that affect courts in other lands where they are dependent on sovereign power. The justices being appointed for life, or during good behavior, are free from the uncertainties of tenure incident to other federal offices, and have nothing to fear from political or administrative changes; they are answerable only to their own consciences, but if they abuse their office, or do wrong in it, or with it, they can be removed by impeachment.

But what a remarkable certificate to the integrity and purity of the supreme court of the nation, both as men and as judges, is the fact that during all the 110 years of its existence only one attempt has been made to impeach a member of it—Samuel Chase, of Maryland, in 1804—and that attempt was a failure.

The appointments of the first supreme court,—John Jay, of New York, chief justice, and five associate justices, were confirmed September 26, 1789. The number of the court remained at six for eighty years, until the act of 1869 increased it to nine, the present number.

The first court convened in New York, that city being then the seat of the federal government, on Monday, February 1, 1790, and the earlier sessions were held in an upper room in the exchange building. During the ten years from 1791 to 1801 the court met in Philadelphia, sitting in the south chamber of the city hall, at the corner of 5th and Market streets. Upon its removal to Washington the court sat first in what is now the law library of congress, a basement room on the east side of the north wing of the old capitol. The supreme court of the United States has "no guards, palaces or treasures; no arms but truth and wisdom, and no splendor but the justice and publicity of its judgments." Since the days of Chief Justice Taney the sessions of the supreme court have been held in the old senate chamber. It is a semicircular room, small but imposing, and the associations and traditions that gather about it are such as attach to no other place.

Here Webster and Clay contended against Calhoun, Hayne, Benton, and Wright; and here, on the first day of February, 1865, Charles Sumner moved that John S. Rock, a colored man, be admitted to practice before this court that less than ten years before (but by the lips of

a chief justice who had since deceased), declared in the Dred Scott case that the negro was not a citizen of the United States and had no standing before the courts, even as a client.

The court is in session from each October usually until the next July, and the presence of six judges is required to pronounce a decision. The judges sit in a row, behind their long desk, upon a platform some two feet higher than the floor of the chamber, the chief justice in the center, with four associates upon either hand, the senior, in point of service, upon his right. They wear black silk gowns, and are about the only non-ecclesiastical body in the whole United States who use any official dress. Gowns are worn by the judges in the federal circuit courts, and in the New York state courts; also in some of our universities academic gowns are worn on great occasions.

In 1801, when Marshall was appointed chief justice, the number of cases brought before the court was only ten, and during the next five years the whole number was only 120,—24 a year. From 1826 to 1830 the aggregate number was 289, about 58 a year. In 1836, when Taney succeeded Marshall, the number was only 37. In 1850 the average was about 70 each year, and the court was able to dispose of its entire docket in a session of three months. Since then the increase has been very large. For the five years ending with 1880 the number of new cases was 1,953, an average of 390 a year, and the court now is, and for 20 years has been, over crowded and over worked. At the session ending May 25, 1891, it disposed of 617 cases, 470 being the largest number ever disposed of at any previous term.

Marshall was on the bench 35 years; Stanton, an associate justice, four days; he was appointed December 20, and died December 24, 1869.

There have been eight chief justices of the supreme court,—Jay, Rutledge, Ellsworth, Marshall, Taney, Chase, Waite, and Fuller, the present incumbent. Most of them were appointed in the prime of life; Taney at 59 was the oldest, Jay was only 50 when he resigned.



Chief Justice John Jay.

The judicial life of Jay, Rutledge, and Ellsworth was short, and the interest attaching to them as chief justices is diminished by admiration for them as statesmen and leaders of the Revolution. All three were appointed by Washington, and two of them, Jay and Ellsworth, were sent upon foreign missions while holding the office of chief justice.

The two grand figures in the judiciary of this country are Marshall and Taney. These two men presided over the supreme court for sixty-three years, Marshall for 35 years, from 1801 to 1836; Taney for 28 years, from 1836 to 1864.

Marshall was appointed by John Adams about a month before the inauguration of President Jefferson, and it was said he owed his appointment to his defense of the administration in the case of Jonathan Robbins, who claimed to be an American citizen, but the British government declared he was a deserter, and the president ordered him to be turned over to them, and he was executed.

Taney was appointed by Andrew Jackson shortly before the accession of Van Buren, and it was said his appointment was due to his support of Jackson in the Bank cases, and for removing the government deposits.

Marshall was a legacy left by the defeated Federalists to the victorious Republicans of that day; Taney was a legacy left by General Jackson to the people of the United States.

Marshall was born on the Virginia side of the Potomac in 1755; Taney on the Maryland side in 1777.

Marshall was a Churchman; Taney a Romanist.

Marshall was assailed by the Republicans of his day because of his acts in connection with the trial of Aaron Burr and his decision in the case of Marbury *v.* Madison. Taney received like treatment from the Republicans of his day because of his decision in the Dred Scott case, and in the Merryman *habeas corpus* case.

With Marshall ended the chief justices who had participated in the Revolution. Taney, though born during the Revolution, was but 22 when Washington died.

Marshall was a jurist of remarkable abilities and great attainments. In public strong, firm, and courageous; at home gentle, tender, and affectionate. His wife was a Miss Ambler, a belle of Williamsburgh. He was her devoted lover every day of their forty years of married life, and after her death he wrote to a friend that "with the loss of her I lost the solace of my life, yet she remains the companion of my retired hours, and still occupies my inmost heart." One of his descendants wrote that the family knew full well she would learn from others he was a great man,—they told her "he was only a good one." Marshall was a devout Churchman, a sincere Christian, and all through his manhood and declining years never failed to nightly say the little prayer, "Now I lay me," which he, like so many of us, learned at his mother's knee.

Taney was a man of will and courage, a thoroughly trained lawyer, a classical scholar, and a constant student. The touch of romance in his nature is shown by his fondness for flowers and his beautiful devotion to his mother. He married Miss Key, the sister of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," January 7, 1806, and on the anniversary of their wedding, in 1852, he commenced a letter to her from Washington by saying, "I cannot, my dearest wife, suffer the seventh of January to pass without renewing to you the pledges of love which I made to you forty-six years ago, and now pledge to you again a love as true and sincere as that I offered on the 7th of January,

1806." And four years later, upon her death, after they had been married half a century, he said in writing to a friend, "I shall meet you with a broken heart and a broken spirit."

What a rebuking commentary upon the divorce courts, the divorce laws, and the divorce seekers of to-day is the attitude toward his wife of each of these two magnificent men, these two chief justices of the supreme court of the nation. Marshall, a devoted lover for forty years of married life, and after his wife's death declaring that she still remained the companion of his retired hours and still occupied his inmost heart. Taney, writing his wife that sweet and faithful love letter upon the forty-sixth anniversary of their marriage, and after her death, four years later, telling his friend that her loss had left him with a broken heart and a broken spirit.

Salmon P. Chase succeeded Taney as chief justice upon the latter's death in 1864. Chase was a son of New Hampshire, born in Cornish. In face, figure, and presence he was more distinguished than either Marshall or Taney. He was less of a lawyer than Taney, but he brought to the bench an amount of learning equal to that with which Marshall began. When appointed he had been for many years engaged in political affairs, and it was difficult for him to throw off the aspirations and love of power which political life engenders. During this period his legal studies had been laid aside, and when he went upon the bench he found himself fifteen years behind his associates in knowledge of the decisions, and familiarity with the practices, of the courts. To repair these deficiencies he applied himself to study and research, and at the same time performed all the duties of his office. This double demand upon his strength destroyed his health; he was stricken with paralysis in 1870, and died May 7, 1873. His senior associate at that time, Nathan Clifford, was also a native of this state, born in Rumney.

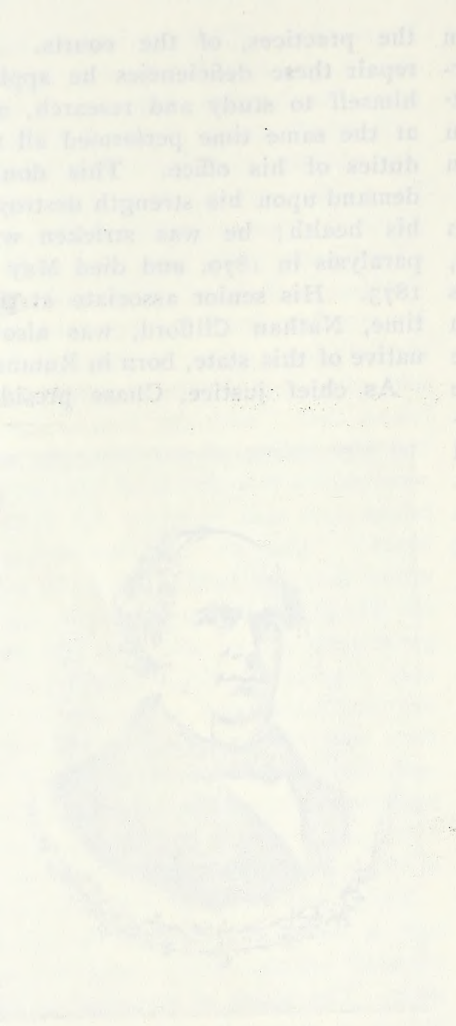
As chief justice, Chase presided



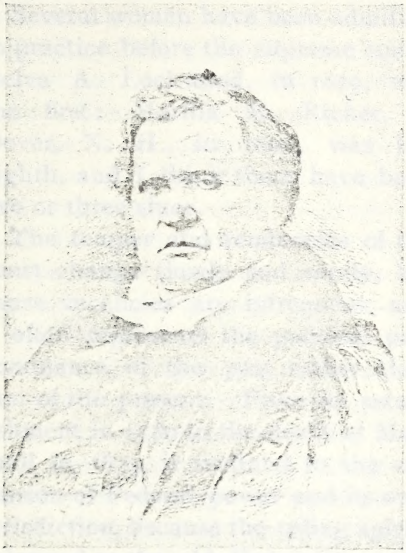
Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase.

over the senate during the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. In the case of the state of Texas *v.* White, in which the point was raised that Texas had withdrawn from the Union and had not been rehabilitated, Chase, as chief justice, declared that "the constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible states."

Upon the death of Chase, the chief justiceship was first offered to



Roscoe Conkling, who declined it, and Morrison R. Waite was appointed January 21, 1874. Waite was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale, but removed to Ohio in early manhood and was appointed from that state by Grant.



Associate Justice Nathan Clifford.

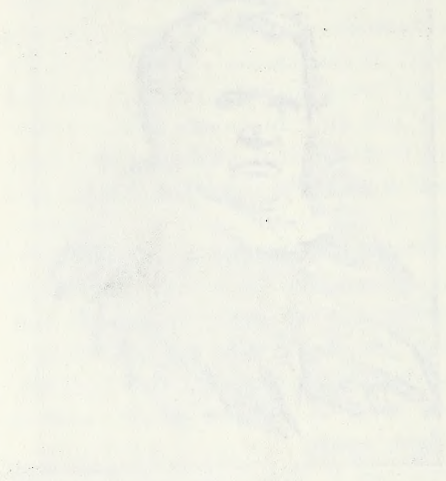
He was well trained in the ways of the law, and of the courts, and although his opinions may not convey the impression of a commanding intellect, yet they are clear, vigorous, and judicial. He was plain in manner, but genial and courteous in nature; an upright judge and a Christian gentleman.

In the case of one Reynolds, who married in Utah, knowing that he had a wife living elsewhere, and who attempted to justify his conduct by an appeal to Article I of the Constitution, which secures civil and religious liberty, and thereunder urging in his defense that the Mormon church of which he was a member, enjoined polygamy, Waite, as chief justice said, "That while marriage was a sacred obligation, it was also a civil contract regulated by law, lying at the foundation of society, and the source of social relations, obligations, and duties, and although congress could not pass a law prohibiting the free exercise of religion, yet it was within the power of every civil government to determine whether polygamy or monogamy should be the law of social life under its dominion. Those who are by religion polygamists cannot commit a crime and go unpunished for that which would make those who are not polygamists answerable to the criminal courts. Suppose," said he, "that one sincerely believed that human sacrifices were a necessary part of religious worship, could it be seriously contended that the civil government under which he lived could not interfere to prevent a sacrifice?"

Waite died March 23, 1888, and was succeeded as chief justice by Melville Weston Fuller, who was commissioned the 20th of the next July, and is still the incumbent.

Fuller was born in Augusta, Me., in 1833; graduated from Bowdoin college in 1853; studied law; was admitted to the bar in Maine; practised there a short time, and removed to Chicago in 1856, where he was engaged in active practice until his elevation to the place he now holds.

Fuller's eight associates to-day are John Marshall Harlan, appointed from Kentucky in 1877; Horace Gray, from Massachusetts, in 1881; David Josiah Brewer, from Kansas, in 1889; Henry Billings Brown, from Michigan, in 1891; George Shiras, Jr., from Pennsylvania, in



1892; Edward Douglass White, from Louisiana, in 1894; Rufus W. Peckham, from New York, in 1895; and Joseph McKenna, from California, in 1897.

The salary of the chief justice is $10,500, and of each of his associates $10,000 per year.

Several women have been admitted to practice before the supreme court. Belva A. Lockwood, in 1879, was the first; Marilla M. Ricker, of Dover, N. H., in 1891, was the eighth, and I think there have been two or three since.

The temper and tendencies of the court change slowly and rarely, because vacancies are infrequent, and it often represents the political predominance of the past rather than that of the present. From its establishment in 1789 to the death of Marshall in 1835, it inclined to the extension of Federal power and its own jurisdiction, because the ruling spirits belonged to the old Federalist party, although that party fell in 1800, and disappeared in 1814. From 1835 to 1861, when Taney was chief justice, the sympathies of the court were with the Democratic party, and it was disinclined to any further extension of either the Federal power or its own. During and after the war the tendency of the court was again toward centralization of government. The vast powers asserted by congress in connection with the war were generally sustained by judicial decision; the rights of the states were maintained as against private interests, but for a time were less favorably regarded when they seemed to conflict with those of the Federal government. But in none of the three periods did the court allow private prejudice or political sympathy to control its judicial action for party purposes.

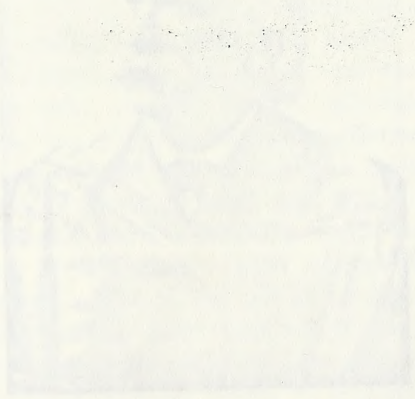
The history of the court as a part of the history of the government is in its decisions; they are the record of the work it has accomplished and the results it has secured. Many of those decisions are not of general or public interest, but some of them denote the progress of the rights and liberties of the people under our form of civil government, and others are identified with marked events in the history of our country.

Three leading and famous cases decided before the war were Marbury *v.* Madison, in 1803; the Dartmouth College case, in 1819, and the Dred Scott case, in 1856.



Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller.

Marbury *v.* Madison involved a trial of strength between Marshall, as chief justice of the supreme court, and Jefferson, as president of the United States, as well as a legal question of fundamental importance.



President Adams had nominated Marbury a justice of the peace for the District of Columbia. The nomination had been confirmed by the senate, and the commission was duly signed and sealed, but had not been delivered to Marbury when Jefferson came into the presidency, and he directed that it be withheld. Marbury petitioned the supreme court to order Madison, the then secretary of state, to deliver to him the commission. The court declined to issue the order on the ground that in passing the act under which Marbury claimed the court had the right to make the order congress had exceeded its constitutional powers. The legal point and importance of the decision is that it was a declaration, and the first one in that regard, by the supreme court that it had the right and power to declare null and void any act of congress passed in violation of the constitution, or not within the limit of its constitutional powers. In so far as the case was a contest between Jefferson and Marshall, the president was defeated, his object being to prevent Marbury from becoming a justice of the peace, for, although the court decided that it could not order Madison to deliver the commission, it, at the same time held that Marbury's nomination being confirmed by the senate, and his appointment being signed and sealed, duly constituted him a justice of the peace in law and in fact, and that the delivery of the commission was not necessary to confirm him in the office.

The Dartmouth College case is of interest to us, because, if it had not been decided as it was, the fame and future of old Dartmouth might have been very different, and the state of New Hampshire would have been responsible therefor. Dartmouth college, as a corporation, existed under a charter granted by the British crown in 1769. The charter conferred upon the trustees the entire governing power of the college, including the right to fill all vacancies occurring in their own body; it also declared that the number of trustees should forever be twelve and no more. After the Revolution the legislature of New Hampshire passed an act to amend the charter; to improve and enlarge the corporation, and to increase the number of trustees, giving the appointment of the additional number to the governor of the state; also creating a board of twenty-five overseers, twenty-one of whom were also to be appointed by the governor, and these overseers were to have power to inspect and control the most important acts of the trustees. The effect of all this would have been to take the college, its property and funds, out of its own hands and place it and them in the hands of the state, or more immediately in those of the governor. The legal controversy turned upon the question whether the charter was a grant of political power which the state could resume or modify at pleasure, or a contract for the security and disposition of property bestowed in trust for charitable educational purposes. The supreme court held it to be the latter, that it was a contract, that the college was a party to it, and that it made no difference if the other original party to it was George III instead of the United States, it was none the less a contract, and that as Section 10, Art. I, of the

constitution declares that "No state shall make any law impairing the obligation of contracts," the act of the New Hampshire legislature was unconstitutional and void, and accordingly Dartmouth college was saved to itself.

The Dred Scott case was the last and longest step in that procession of events the end of which began with the nomination of Lincoln in 1860, and concluded with the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, and on that account its name is probably more frequently seen or heard by those who are not lawyers than that of any other decision of the supreme court, although its legal significance, if any it ever had, was destroyed by the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth amendments to the Constitution, for the XIIIth amendment made the negro free, the XIVth made him a citizen, and the XVth made him a voter. This case raised the chief question at issue in the presidential campaign of 1860, when Lincoln was elected the first time, and that question was whether the legal doctrine of the case, which opened all our territories to slavery and denied to colored persons any standing before the federal courts, should be maintained as the true construction of the Constitution. Four years of civil war answered finally and conclusively in the negative.

Dred Scott was a colored man whose ancestors were of pure African blood and had been brought into this country and sold as slaves. In 1834 Scott was himself a slave owned by Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, and then living in Missouri where slavery was at that time lawful. In that year Emerson removed to Illinois, stayed there two years, and in 1836 went to Fort Snelling and stayed there two years. He took Scott with him to both places, and regarded him as a slave during all the four years. Harriet, the colored woman who became Scott's wife, was a negro slave owned by a major in the army, who in 1835 took her to Fort Snelling, above mentioned, where he soon sold her to Emerson, the owner of Scott. Scott married Harriet in 1836, and they remained at Fort Snelling until 1838, when Emerson took both of them back to Missouri, which was still a slave holding state, and where he afterwards sold Scott, his wife, and two little girls to John F. A. Sandford, the defendant in the case.

Sandford restrained Scott, his wife, and children of their liberty, imprisoning them, which he had the legal right to do if they were slaves. But Illinois was a free state, one in which slavery was not lawful. Fort Snelling was on the west bank of the Mississippi river in the then territory of upper Louisiana, and being north of latitude 36° and 30′, and outside the state of Missouri, it was in that part of the Louisiana purchase which under the Missouri Compromise Act congress had declared should be free soil, and slavery should not be allowed within its bounds. Scott claimed that by being taken into Illinois, a free state, and by the residence of himself and family at Fort Snelling, in free territory, he and they were entitled to freedom and the rights of citizenship. Accordingly he sued Sandford for imprisoning them, and so the case was before the courts. The principal legal questions were:

1. Had congress constitutional authority to exclude slavery from the territories of the United States, or in other words, whether the Missouri Compromise Act was constitutionally valid.

2. Whether a free negro of African descent, whose ancestors had been brought into this country and sold as slaves, could be a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution, and if yes, whether he could sue in the United States courts.

3. Did the residence of Scott and his family in a free state, and a free territory, as above stated, entitle him and them to freedom?

All of these questions the court decided in the *negative*.

That is the gist of the famous Dred Scott case. For the reasons before mentioned it is no longer of account in the law, but as a factor, and a very important and potential one, in the anti-slavery agitation, it is and always will be a notable feature in our history. The decision aroused a storm of protest, and brought upon Taney, who rendered it, a flood of adverse criticism. Injustice was done him in forcibly detaching from the context of his opinion the phrase "that they (the negroes) had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," and quoting it as if it were an expression of his own individual view on that point, when in fact it was only a part of his description of the condition of the colored race in this country at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, as he understood it to be. Taney had owned slaves himself, but he set them all free several years before this, therefore we must presume that he did believe the negro had some rights the white man was bound to respect, for otherwise his action would have been without reason, because he was not the man to cater to public sentiment by manumitting his slaves, and even if he had been, that contention would be spoiled by the fact that slavery was not then unpopular in Maryland. Where the chief justice did err was in discussing and attempting to settle questions that were really political and not judicial. After the court had decided that Scott was not a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution, and therefore the circuit court, in which his suit was commenced, had no jurisdiction, they should have stopped, and not indulged in further discussion that had no legal validity or conclusiveness.

There is one case decided since the war which we mention to show that the supreme court did not allow secession to modify the constitutional rights of the states as such after they had been received back into the Union.

The legislature of Louisiana, on March 8, 1869, passed an act granting to a corporation chartered by it, the exclusive right for twenty-five years to maintain stock-yards and their appurtenances for inclosing and preparing for market cattle intended for sale or slaughter within a specified territory which included the city of New Orleans, and prohibiting all other persons from maintaining like establishments within that territory during that time. The act was guarded by proper limitations of the prices the company should charge for the use of its facilities and re-

quired that ample accommodations should be provided, and the use of them permitted to all who desired it.

The butchers of the city, many of whom were negroes, claimed that this exclusive privilege was an infringement and curtailing of their rights under Article XIV of the amendments to the Constitution, which provides that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges of citizens," and, as we have before noticed, the colored man had become a citizen by virtue of this same amendment. The case finally reached the supreme court of the United States, and it was there held that the charter was in the nature of a police regulation for the health and comfort of the people of New Orleans, and a law entirely within the power of the state legislature to make; it was one of the "state rights" which were not affected by the Constitution or any of its amendments. And continuing and confirming this doctrine, Chief Justice Fuller said, in Rahren's case, decided in 1890, that "The power of a state to impose restraints and burdens upon persons and property, in conservation and promotion of the public health, good order, and prosperity, is a power originally and always belonging to the states, not surrendered by them to the general government, nor directly restrained by the Constitution of the United States, and essentially exclusive. And this court has uniformly recognized state legislation, legitimately for police purposes, as not, in the sense of the Constitution, necessarily infringing upon any right which has been confided, expressly or by implication, to the national government."

There were three men whose lives covered the first century of the supreme court of the United States and who had opportunities to observe, and were well qualified to judge of, its purity and integrity; to estimate its worth and power; to discern its vital necessity as a component part of our government, and to appreciate the value and importance of its decisions in defining and sustaining the powers and purposes of that government, and the rights and privileges of the people under it.

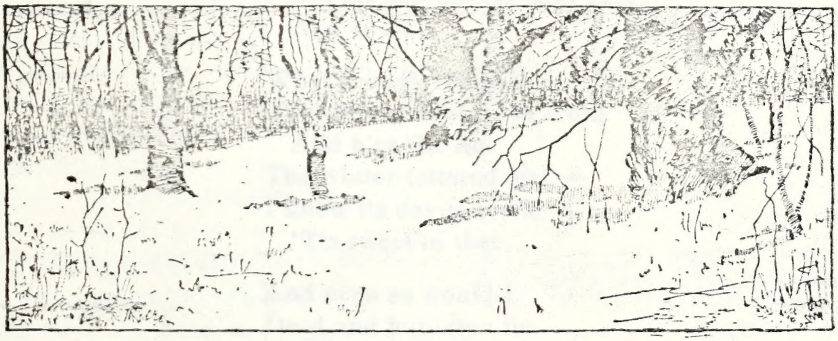
The first was the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a man who knew this government in its infancy, and who took an active part in the important events of its earlier years. And while speaking of Carroll, let me say that he, like Taney, was a Romanist, and the lives of these two illustrious men would seem to refute the suggestion one sometimes hears, that "a Romanist does not make a good citizen." That some Romanists are poor citizens is not because of their religious belief but rather in spite of it; they would be much worse if they had none, and an environment of the same secular conditions and circumstances that tend to make a Romanist a bad citizen would have much the same effect upon a person of any other faith. In writing to Judge Peters, in 1827, Carroll said, "I consider the supreme court of the United States as the strongest guardian of the powers of congress and the rights of the people. As long as that court is composed of learned, upright, and intrepid judges, the Union will be preserved, and the administration of justice will be safe in

this extended and extending empire."

The second was Chief Justice Taney himself, who declared from the bench that "so long as this Constitution shall endure, this tribunal (the supreme court) must exist with it, deciding in the peaceful forms of judicial procedure the angry and irritating controversies which in other countries would be decided by the arbitrament of force."

The third was John S. Wise, of Virginia, one of the strong and able men of a state rich in strong and able sons. He had seen the War of Rebellion, and came from a section that had done as much, or more, than any other to aid and abet the cause of secession, yet his confidence in the supreme court was unshaken, his respect for its integrity and wisdom undiminished. In responding to the toast, "The American Lawyer," at a breakfast given to the justices of the supreme court by the bar of Philadelphia, September 15, 1887, Wise referred to the New Orleans case, above mentioned, and said:

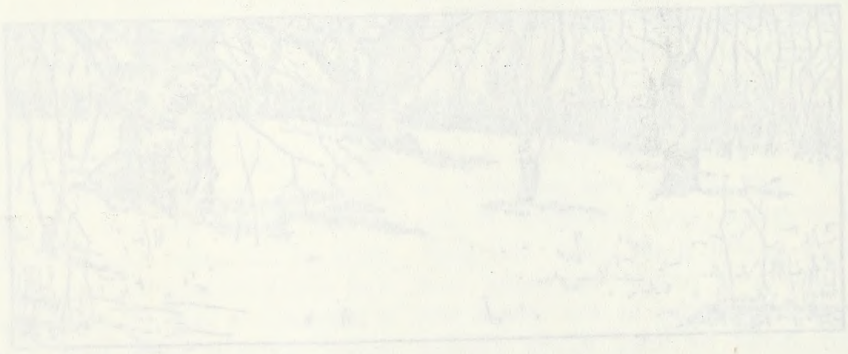
"We owe more to the American lawyer than to the American soldier, for not all the victories of Grant, or all the marches of Sherman, did as much to bulwark this people with the blessings of constitutional liberty as that decision of the supreme court declaring what of our ancient liberties remained. When the war had ceased, and the victor stood above his vanquished foe, the supreme court of this nation declared in this great decision that that victory was not an annihilation of state sovereignty, but a just interpretation of Federal power."



ARBUTUS.

By Fred Lewis Pattee.

Brave-hearted little flower,
That comes when heavens lower
  And nights are cold,
When sullen tempests blow,
And winter-sodden snow
  Is on the wold.



The treasures of the year
To me are not so dear
  As one sweet spray,
Plucked in the leafless wood,
In shivering solitude,
  This April day.

Why tempt the winter blast
His sullen rage to cast
  Upon thy bower,
When June will soon be here
With birds and summer cheer,
  Impatient flower?

Thy sweets will all be fled
And all thy beauties dead
  Before the May;
Forgotten wilt thou be
When meadow, field, and tree
  Are bright and gay.

Ah, earliest of the spring,
You come glad news to bring
  Of brighter sky;
The winter-weary bee
Finds his first sweets with thee,
  And so do I.

What though the gale is cold
That drives adown the wold
  And o'er the lea,
The winter-tattered leaf,—
I know its day is brief,
  'Tis sweet of thee.

And even so would I
Dead and forgotten lie
  Through all the year,
If on some dreary day
I might but cheer away
  One bitter tear.

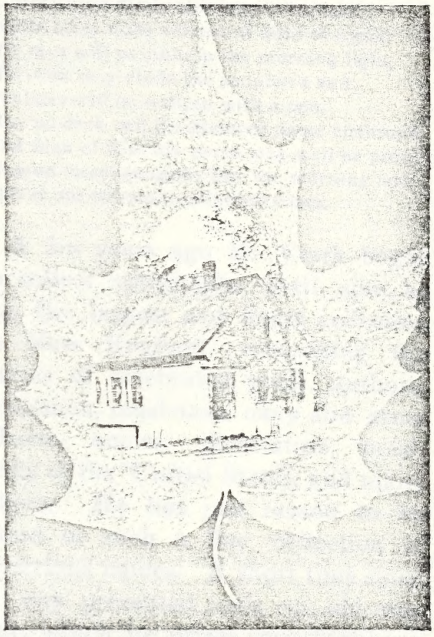
NEW HAMPSHIRE'S YOUNG POET.

By Lona Bertell Mitchell.

LACONIA, N. H., can be justly proud, not only of its beautiful scenery, its lovely lake, and fine residences, but also of being the birthplace of one who has already taken a place in the literary world as a poet of great promise and a story-writer of no mean ability.

Adelbert Clark was born in Laconia, February 27, 1870, where he spent a greater part of his life. He received his early education at the village school at Lakeport and it was here that his thirst after books first became apparent. Ever of a studious nature and unlike most lads of his age, he cared more for his studies and books than of the games and out-door amusements common to childhood. His school days were over at the early age of fourteen, but his education did not end there, however, for he gave much of his spare time to the perusal of standard works, both prose and poetry.

From boyhood Mr. Clark has been a close student of erudite authors, a dreamer, an idealist. At first he wrote only for practice and his own amusement; stories and poems were composed only to be consigned to the wastebasket before other eyes should see or other tongues criticise. About four years ago, however, he submitted one of his poems to the *Waverly* magazine of Boston, which they accepted. Since then, he has written many verses for that periodical. His poems are especially noted, not only for the beautiful thoughts expressed in them, but for the way they are expressed. He, like our beloved Longfellow, makes great use of similes and metaphors. Mr. Clark's poems are all of a serious nature; it is said that he never wrote but one comical piece in his life, and that was done wholly on a wager. Among some of his best verses, and of which he has a right to be proud are, "The Green Pitcher," a little poem of great beauty, "Cinnamon Roses," "At Twilight," "The Chinese Vase," and "Blue Swamp Lilies," also a few Egyptian poems entitled, "Isodel



Adelbert Clark's Home.

the Egyptian Lily," "An Evening on the Nile," "The Death of Afelea," and "A Lily from Charmian's Bier." According to his ability Mr. Clark has had great success as a writer. He has contributed for *Godey's* magazine, the *Midland Monthly*, the *Army and Navy Journal*, the *Philadelphia Times*, the *Saturday Globe*, the *Manchester Union*, and many others. For a year he has written for the *News and Critic*, a Laconia local paper.

His short stories are excellent, possessing good plots, interesting characters, and fine descriptions. "Little Forgetmenot," "The Village Pastor's Daughter," and "More than Forsaken" are three of his best productions in prose. The first story mentioned is a very pathetic one. The simple life of Forgetmenot, the little rustic maiden, whose home was in the northern part of the old Granite state; the love and apparent desertion of Basil, the wealthy young New Yorker; the watching and waiting of Forgetmenot for his return to claim her as his promised bride; her death, and Basil's coming at last, only to find the cabin deserted and the wild flowers growing o'er the grave of the little maid who had loved him so well; his terrible grief, and lastly his death are all simply, yet touchingly, told. And this is only one of many bright, interesting stories from the pen of this gifted young man.

Rev. Amos B. Russell, of Laconia, a learned and well-read gentleman, and one who has himself written to quite an extent for the press, composed the following lines as a fitting tribute to the genius of our young poet.

A NEW POET.

Another poet steps upon the stage,
A child of promise, now a youth in age,
Though yet a fledgling, still in point of time,
His measured lines are something more than rhyme.
As he is midway up the hill of fame,
In honor men already speak his name;
He has already written clever verse,
More noted bards at times have written worse;
Whoever reads his "Knight of Silver Mail"
Will hardly dare his genius to assail.
His "Lines on Autumn," vigorous and strong,
Are gold and crimson woven into song;
Should other nightingales soar high and sing,
He may continue longer on the wing;
He's no stylish glow worm with his spark,
A something dimly shining in the dark;
While other stars will set at dead of night,
His rays will twinkle in the morning light,
His orbit may elude the prophet's ken,
Yet later will be written with a pen.
May no dark veil his honored name enshroud,
And then of him his peers may well be proud;
Sing on sweet songster like the morning lark.
This is our tribute to Adelbert Clark.

A few years ago Mr. Clark began to collect autographs until now he has the largest and finest collection in New England, comprising the names of celebrated poets, authors, statesmen, musicians, navy and army officers, actors, illustrators, presidents of the United States, and many others. He has just reason to be proud of such a fine collection of illustrious names. A short time since he was presented with an old war relic, which he prizes very highly, a sword from Bunker Hill. The following is a clipping from the *News and Critic*, in regard to it:

"Adelbert Clark, Laconia's young poet, was presented a few days ago with a relic, a sword from Bunker hill, by an admirer of his work, which was seen in the *Critic*. The sword was owned by a brave lieutenant and has been handed down from generation to generation. The scabbard is worn and shabby, and the blade is tarnished and shows deep scars received in the combat."

What is more beautiful in life than

to see a soul in heart-touch with those whom misfortune seems to be trampling into the dust? Mr. Clark is continually showing his Christian spirit by acts of kindness to his fellowmen, and at the same time lives up to that portion of the Bible which says, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." He has won the love of many a family in Lakeport and Laconia on account of his generous gifts to them which drove away the wolf of want from their door. They love him and will never forget him.

While our boys of Company K were at Chickamauga, he was looking towards them with deep interest, and when he heard that several of them were ill with that dreadful disease, typhoid fever, it touched the tender cord of sympathy within him. So night and day he worked steadily with his pen, weaving rhymes and publishing them in booklet form to sell among Company K's many friends, to secure a little fund for the relief of the sick ones. The booklet sold for fifteen cents, and met with great success, and in two weeks' time the expenses were paid for publication, and $25 was sent to the boys in care of Captain Sanborn, but owing to his illness at the time, the money was placed in the hands of Lieutenant Foss.

Here is a tribute of praise which appeared in the *News and Critic*, by its editor, when they learned of Mr. Clark's generous gift:

"Monday morning Adelbert Clark, the Lakeport poet, took $25, the profits from the sale of his poems, and mailed it to Company K, for the benefit of its sick members. The *Critic* has yet to hear of a more timely piece of patriotic enterprise than this. Mr. Clark has no relatives in the camp, and therefore his praiseworthy deed is unlike that kindred interest that causes the mothers and the wives and sisters, the fathers and brothers to send presents to their children, their brothers. His is only that of a man filled with love and admiration for the boys of Company K, and the spirit that inspired them to leave fair Laconia and go into camp in that sultry Southern clime, there to be ready to fight their country's battles. Mr. Clark has accomplished much in this effort of his. His means are limited, he is but yet a student in the great achievements of men, still the deed is measured by the spirit that inspired him in his work. His candle may be small and yet 'How far that little candle throws its light!' says the poet, 'So shines a good deed in this world of ours.'"

Here is also a letter from Lieutenant Foss after receiving the amount from the young poet:

"CAMP GEO. H. THOMAS, GA.
"1st Regiment, N. H. V. Inf.,
"August 28, 1898.

"MR. ADELBERT CLARK,

"DEAR SIR.—Your generous and timely gift of $25 for the use and relief of the sick of Company K is at hand (many thanks) and will prove a blessing to our many sick members who are suffering not a little for some of the simple necessities so indispensable to their comfort and relief, such as milk, eggs, oranges, and a few canned delicacies, which, up to date, have not been furnished by the government. Owing to the fact that we have no company fund, we have been unable to procure such articles, but now your generous gift has arrived, our conditions are reversed, and the sick can enjoy many of the above-mentioned luxuries.

"And I take this opportunity to extend to you the heartfelt thanks of every member of the company and assure you that we will ever hold you in grateful remembrance as the truly noble young friend who has contributed more than any other one person to the relief of the sick members of Company K.

"Gratefully yours,
"R. S. Foss,
"Lieut. Co. K, 1st N. H. Vol."

Mr. Clark has a few of the booklets on hand. Should any one care for one, his address is Lakeport.

Mr. Clark's pleasant disposition and pleasing ways win him hosts of friends, and a lasting friendship exists between him and the officers

of Company K. When the news came that death had entered the camp and taken away one of their beloved lieutenants, Mr. Clark, wishing to show forth in some degree the sorrow and heartfelt sympathy which he felt, wrote a few verses in memory of the departed soldier. Then later, as one by one three more of their number laid down life's cares and crossed the dark river of death, he felt that he must write in memory of them also. And so he did, tender, loving verses in commemoration of those men who had given their lives for their country's sake.

Mr. Clark is a great lover of nature; every leaf and flower, each bird and golden sunset is to him a symbol of all that is beautiful, and in it he sees the hand of God. He lives not wholly for himself alone, he lives to help others, and his daily life and habits are, altogether, above reproach. May the years of his life be many, all well-filled with golden deeds, success, and honored fame. That when at last his days are all numbered and he departs this life, he may hear the Master say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

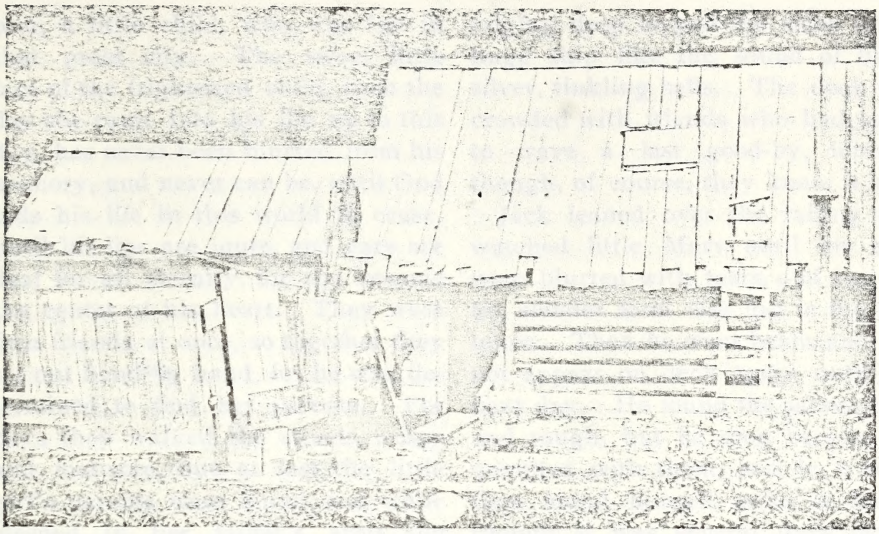
THE MONTH OF MAY.

By Adelbert Clark.

Deserted in the lonely hills
The house is old and gray,
Its chimneys once so tall and strong,
Are tumbling to decay.
But spinning by the low front-door,
I hear sweet Iva say—
"The fairest time of all the year
Is still the month of May."

I seem to hear the silver laugh
Come bubbling from her throat,
And the songs she sung at eventide
Among the lilies float.
And in the darkness of the night
I dream I hear her say—
"The fairest time of all the year
Is still the month of May."

Beside the winding amber brook
That babbles to the sea,
They laid her in the long ago
Beneath an apple-tree.
Yet spinning by the low front-door,
Methinks I hear her say—
"The fairest time of all the year
Is still the month of May."



"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

By Adelbert Clark.

IT is seldom anyone ever goes to the Crawfords without giving Jack a call at his rustic little home, nestling close to the base of one of the great mountains, surrounded by trees and wild flowers.

More than thirty years have rolled into eternity since he came to the Crawfords and took up his hermit life among the lonely wooded hills where he seldom sees anyone save during the hot summer months when the city folks crowd to the mountains away from the burning wrath of the sun that pours down its intense heat on the brick and stone pavements, that seems to burn into the very life of man itself.

Long ago he had grown weary of all the beauty and charm this world could give, so he sought out this lonely life among the wooded peaks of the White Mountains, where he is waiting patiently for the boom of death. Many have sought him, asking for the story of his life, and up to the year 1891 he had made no reply.

One bright summer day in the year I have already mentioned, a man, James Mitchell by name, found himself seated in Jack's humble little home listening to a brief sketch of his sad and sorrowful life.

His parents died when he was only twelve years of age, leaving him to battle the storms of life alone. Remember he was very young and very romantic, and like thousands of boys at his age his head was filled with many curious ideas. The greatest desire of his heart was to be a seaman, so his whole ambition was to go to sea. For weeks he went about the docks in London in search of employment, but found it not. One day, weary, faint, and nearly heartbroken, he sat down in a doorway to cry, when his heart's angel came to



him, a little child, who was lost in that great city. The sweet little face of the frightened child, from the day she came into his life up to this day, has never been blurred from his memory, and never can be, until God bids his life in this world to cease, until his lips are mute, and ears are deaf for all eternity, for she became the center of his heart. They were firm friends at once, so together they set out hand in hand, for he was determined to find her parents. For days they walked the streets weary and foot-sore, but at last the little girl's parents were found, and while clasped in her father's arms she breathed Jack's little story which went straight to the heart of the kind parent, who as luck would have it, was a sea captain.

He promised Jack he would take him with him and always be his friend, and he was as good as his word. He had lived with the captain several years and had been on many voyages with him, when, one day, the captain came home with the news that he was to go on a voyage around the coast of Africa to Ceylon, and Jack was to go with him. At first the leave-taking was hard to bear, but Jack and the captain laughed it away as they unclasped the clinging arms.

"Little Mary, we will soon be at home again. You must be brave, my little girl!" whispered her father. Oh, how many times he thought of those words in the dark, dark days that lay before him, like a great yawning gulf, unseen.

On the morning that the *Nelson* set her sail seaward not a cloud was to be seen. All was warmth and sunshine. The little ripples of the mighty deep lapped the sides of the huge ship like the sound of little, silver, tinkling bells. The dock was crowded with friends who had come to wave a last good-by, forever, though, of course, they knew it not.

Jack leaned over the railing and watched little Mary until his eyes were blurred with tears, and her little, slender form was lost in the distance. Then he went below and did not appear on deck again until the next day. He found the sailors rude and rough, but he soon became acquainted with them, and in a short time found himself quite at home, though it was several days before he entirely recovered from his homesickness.

The sea had been calm until they rounded the Cape and well past Madagascar, and was headed toward Ceylon. When far in the northeast the sky was leaden with inky clouds, and now and then came the hoarse muttering of thunder followed by sharp flashes of lightning. Nearer and nearer it came and louder rolled the thunder. Soon the storm broke upon them in all its fury, as if the imps of hades were set free. Three days and three nights the rain dashed in blinding sheets and the sea roared and beat against the poor ship like hounds at the throat of a hunted deer, and on the night of the third day, shortly after midnight, the ship was wrecked on a lonely island, miles away from the mainland, and only fifteen men out of the forty-two were saved, among whom were the captain and Jack. The island on which they were wrecked was scarcely a mile in length, but they found a spring.

Nineteen months elapsed, and out

of the fifteen men only four were alive. The others died of fever or starvation. They ate whatever they came across, a snail, snake, or a crab, for nothing came amiss. Their eyes became bloodshot, their cheeks hollow, and those who could, wandered about the island in search of food, which they equally shared among the others. And thus time went by, still hope had not died within. But at last the rainy season set in and death spared only two, the captain and Jack, and one day the captain called him to his side:

"Jack," he said, "it is all up with me, I am going, good-by. My time is short; I have tried to stick it out as well as I could, but it is all up. Give me your hand, lad. One more shake, for something tells me you will be free. You will see my wife and little Mary once more. Oh, how I wish I could see them! Good-by, my lad."

A slight struggle in the last convulsion of the death agony, and it was all over. Jack's best and truest friend was dead, and he was left alone. He hollowed a grave near the beach with his hands, placed the form he loved better than his own life, within, and kissed the pale, wan brow; then he placed a handkerchief over the face and hid him away from the world forever. Jack heaped a pile of rocks over his grave and made a cross of wood to mark the resting place of the beloved captain.

A week passed 'mid the roar of a mighty storm, but when it cleared away he went out of doors, for the sun was shining brightly, just as it did on that morn months before, when they left home with little Mary and her mother bidding them good-by on the dock in the harbor of London. Heavens of glory! could his eyes be deceiving him? His signal had been seen and a vessel was making for the shore. Suddenly it stopped and let down a boat. Yes, they were coming for him. He ran down the beach laughing and dancing with delight, but just before he left the island he went to the captain's grave and kissed the bare, black rocks. Some may think it was foolish, but he loved him so!

The vessel took him back to the Cape, and from there he found a ship bound for London. He took it, and a few weeks later he reached home, but Mary and her mother were not there. The mother had died and Mary had gone to the workhouse, but he soon found her to his great joy, and amid their tears he told her his story and his life on that lonely island.

Time went by and they were very happy together. The owners of the *Nelson* heard his story and paid him his wages back from the time when he left the harbor months before.

But this was not the end of Jack's life on the high seas. For, after a time, he went to sea again, after placing Mary in a boarding-school for a year. On his return it was well calculated that they were to be married. Many were the beautiful presents he had bought her while in Calcutta and other foreign ports. He had received many letters from her, but after a time they ceased to come. So when he once more reached London, he hastened to the school in search for her, when pitying friends told him the dreadful truth which has changed his whole life, and made



him a hermit, praying always to God for the boon of death. Mary, his little queen, his heart's idol, was dead.

Dead! oh, how much meaning there is in that little word. It means heart-break, a life of sorrow, the blackness of grim despair. Yet, there are people in this world who go hand in hand with sorrow, who have held the hand of death upon their hearts and have made no moan. These know how to bear the burden of their grief; but when the grim destroyer lays his cold touch upon the hearts of the young, and those to whom young hearts cling, none but God can know the bitterness of it.

Mary's death was a great blow to poor Jack, from which he never recovered. All the shining silks and laces and costly jewels he had bought her were brushed aside, and he left his home in London forever, never to return. He cared not what became of himself. He has faced many dangers. He was in the Crimean War and fought on both land and sea, but yet his life was spared. He also went to India when a call came for volunteers to fight the mutineers. In those fierce battles he received many scars, but the deepest one was in his heart.

Later he came to America and found his way up among the White Mountains. But how he ever came to get there I have not been able to learn, though it has been rumored that he was sent there by the railroad company by whom he was employed. The entrance to his home is at the gateway of the notch. A large sign which reads as follows, points out the way: "The House That Jack Built."

A plank walk leads the way through the giant trees that form a beautiful arch of living green, through which the sunbeams softly filter, and where the song-birds pour forth their melody the live-long day, fluttering down and around the old man as if they loved him and wished to bring a little sunshine into his sad and lonely life. He sits before his little home and makes canes with twisted branches and dainty little baskets of sweet grass. He is always glad to welcome visitors and is very pleasant. I first learned of him through a friend of mine and have never regretted that I made him a visit last summer, though I never think of him but what a tinge of sadness creeps through my whole being. A soul, which God has made, shut out from the world forever, forlorn, and heart-broken. To me, it is more sorrowful than any language can express.



NECROLOGY.

EX.-GOV. FREDERICK SMYTH.

Ex.-Gov. Frederick Smyth died April 22, at his winter home in Hamilton, Bermuda. He was born in Candia, March 9, 1819, and his early years were spent on his father's farm. His education was received in the common schools of his native town, supplemented by a short course at Phillips Andover academy, and with a view to pursuing a college course he taught school several winters. Circumstances, however, induced him to relinquish his plan, and after working for a while in a store at Candia, he went to Manchester and entered the employ of George Porter, who carried on a general merchandise business on Elm street, subsequently becoming a partner.

This connection lasted until 1849, when his long official career began. In that year he was elected city clerk, and so popular was he in this capacity that he was reëlected the following year, although two thirds of the members of the city government were opposed to him politically. In 1851 he was again chosen to the same office. His service as city clerk was followed by three terms as mayor of Manchester, being elected in 1852, and reëlected in 1853 and 1854. Among the measures advocated by him while mayor was the establishment of a free library. His recommendation of a public library was somewhat in advance of popular sentiment, the city government being composed of men who had little faith in the value or necessity of literary culture, but the plan was finally carried out, and the library is an enduring monument to the name of Mayor Smyth.

After the close of his term of office he was appointed chairman of the commission to locate and build the Industrial school. This institution was very unpopular at the time, but he was its staunch advocate, and has lived to see his views vindicated.

He was early a Whig, and always since a Republican in politics. In 1857–'58, Mr. Smyth was a member of the legislature from Ward 3. About the same time he was elected treasurer of the New Hampshire Agricultural society, holding the position for ten years. He was also a director in the United States Agricultural society, and was manager of the three great fairs held at Richmond, Chicago, and St. Louis. He was also vice-president of the American Pomological society. In 1861 he was appointed one of the agents on the part of the United States to attend the international exhibition at London, where he was chosen a juror. It was mainly through his efforts that the exhibits there of the Langdon mills and the Manchester Print Works were recognized and received medals.

After returning home he devoted his time to the banks with which he was con-

nected and taking active part in the measures calculated to strengthen faith in the national administration. He went to the front after the battles of Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and gave efficient aid in caring for the sick and wounded. In the same year he was for the fourth time elected mayor of Manchester, and practically without opposition. The following year (1865) he was chosen governor of the state by a majority of more than 6,000, at the time, that being the highest given to any candidate for nearly a quarter of a century.

The state debt, which heretofore had seldom exceeded a few thousand dollars, had risen to millions, and loans had to be made in competition with other states and with the national government. State bonds were hard to sell at any price, but notwithstanding these difficulties, within three months after his inauguration, Governor Smyth had raised over a million dollars, largely through personal solicitation and mostly from the Manchester banks, and the result was that the credit of the state was firmly established.

In 1866 he was reëlected governor by a handsome majority. During his first term as governor he was made one of the corporate trustees of the national homes for invalid soldiers, and served with General Grant, Jay Gould, General Butler, and others on the committee whose duty it was to arrange the details. During his second term the first steps were taken toward the foundation of a state agricultural college, a measure which he warmly advocated. He had been treasurer of the college for twenty-five years. He also urged the restocking of the streams of the state with fish, a purpose which more recent legislative action has carried into effect.

In 1866 he was chosen by congress one of the managers of the military homes, and was later made vice-president of the board. In 1872 he was a delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention. President Hayes appointed Governor Smyth honorary commissioner to the International Exposition at Paris in 1878, and while abroad he visited many European countries. He was trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, in which he founded a scholarship. Dartmouth college conferred upon him the degree of A. M. in 1866.

Besides his numerous other financial interests, Governor Smyth was president and one of the heaviest stockholders of the Concord & Montreal railroad. Generous and benevolent in a high degree, he gave cheerfully of his abundance, and his public charities have been large. He succeeded the late George W. Nesmith as president of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin. He was president of the Franklin-street Congregational society in Manchester for nineteen years, resigning that position in 1894, and was a member of that church, taking deep interest in its work.

Governor Smyth was twice married; in 1844 to Miss Emily Lane, daughter of John Lane of Candia. Mrs. Smyth died in 1884, and the following year, while in Scotland, he married Miss Marion Hamilton Cossar, a Manchester lady visiting there.

Nearly five years ago, Mr. Smyth sustained a paralytic shock, which somewhat incapacitated him for active duties. Attended by his devoted wife, he passed the time alternately at his beautiful home at The Willows, in Manchester, and at Bermuda.

COL. CHARLES A. SINCLAIR.

Col. Charles A. Sinclair, of Brookline, well known in political and business life, died April 22, at his residence in Brookline, Mass. He was born in Bethlehem, N. H., August 21, 1848, and was the son of John G. Sinclair, who was for twenty-five years the leader of the Granite State Democracy. He fitted for Dartmouth at Phillips Exeter academy, and upon leaving college entered upon the study of law in the office of the Hon. Harry Bingham at Littleton. Finding the law uncongenial, he engaged in business until his removal to Portsmouth. He was an ardent Democrat, representing his town in both branches of the legislature, and in 1891 his party honored him as their nominee for United States senator. He served on Governor Weston's staff with the rank of colonel, during 1871 and 1872.

Col. Sinclair was a man of many enterprises. For many years he was actively interested in the hotel business in Boston, and was a director, and subsequently president of the Boston & Maine railroad. He was represented in many corporate interests in all parts of the country, and was a 32d degree Mason. He is survived by a widow, the daughter of the Hon. Frank Jones of Portsmouth, and four daughters.

AMOS BROWN.

Amos Brown, of Seattle, who died recently in San Francisco, was a native of Bristol, having been born there June 29, 1832. In 1885 Mr. Brown retired from active business and became a successful speculator in real estate. He leaves a family of five children, one of whom is a prominent lawyer in Seattle.

CAPT. A. W. BARTLETT.

Capt. A. W. Bartlett, a prominent lawyer and a brave military officer, who died at his home in Pittsfield, recently, was born in Epping, August 29, 1839, and was the son of Richard and Caroline O. (Williams) Bartlett. He attained his education in the public schools of his town, and in 1860 began teaching in the West, at the same time studying for his chosen profession, the law. He was a ready speaker, and while in the West took an active part in the exciting political campaign of 1860, in behalf of Abraham Lincoln, and gained a favorable reputation as an eloquent campaign speaker.

In 1862 he enlisted as drummer boy in Co. F, 12th N. H. Volunteers, but proving his ability for a higher position, he was soon detailed as company clerk, rising to the rank of sergeant-major of his regiment. March 3, 1864, he was made second lieutenant of Co. G, later promoted to first lieutenant, and finally was commissioned as captain of the same company. He fought with conspicuous gallantry in the terrible battles of Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, and many others.

After only three weeks of instruction, he was selected by General Wister as chief signal officer of the *James*. He was given charge of the transmission and observation station on the Bermuda front, known as Butter's or Cobb's tower, and later was given charge of Crow's Nest tower near Dutch Gap, where, at one time, for several hours he was under fire of the enemy's guns, and the terrible storm of shot and shell hurled at him is evidenced by the fact that hardly a por-

tion of the original structure remained that was not shattered by flying pieces of shell.

He served as judge-advocate on General Wister's staff, and was recommended by that officer for past judge-advocate, with the rank of lieutenant, but preferred the position of signal officer, which he held, until, by reason of sickness and meritorious services, he was granted a furlough. Failing to regain his health when his leave of absence expired, he resigned his position. After his return to health he began the practice of law, and has been well-known at the bar of Hillsborough and Merrimack counties as an able and honorable advocate. He was a charter member of the G. A. R. post of Pittsfield, and his services were often in demand as Memorial Day orator, until failing health obliged him to give up public speaking. He was a versatile and graphic writer, and was the author of the history of his regiment.

As a citizen, friend, and counselor he was universally respected, and his death called forth many expressions of sorrow from a large circle of friends. He is survived by one son, Richard Bartlett.

EDWARD WINSLOW CROSS.

April 23, just as the Sabbath was ushered in, with every premonition of a bright and beautiful day, the spirit of Edward Winslow Cross, the beloved son of Judge and Mrs. David Cross, passed from its casket of clay and entered into immortality. At his deathbed were present the members of his family, whom he recognized, and to whom he spoke words of endearment and farewell, "God bless you all," being almost the final syllables that fell from his lips. His brother had not been permitted to see him during his illness, so that the parting with him was a greeting as well as a good-by. The end came peacefully and beautifully, and the remembrances of it, although full of pain, are brightened by the knowledge that the loved one realized his condition, was not wandering in his mind, had faith in the life hereafter, tenderly spoke to the different members of his family and sought to lighten the shadow of the approaching bereavement.

The announcement of the sad tidings of the death of this highly cultured young man bears with it profound sorrow and deep regret to a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Possessed of a disposition which was the reflection of a sunny and genial nature, he won friends wherever he went. He was an ardent admirer of Nature, being an entomologist of rare and skilful ability, and it was one of his greatest pleasures to be in the fields, or in the roads, or grass-grown ways, day after day, seeking and gathering moths, which he took intense pride in studying. His passionate love for Nature and her wealth of insect life never ceased, and he was the possessor of one of the finest collections of geometridæ in this country. In fact, it is authoritatively stated, that the only collection of this kind that eclipses the one he leaves is owned by Dr. G. Hultz of Brooklyn, N. Y. He began to collect moths when a student at the high school, and he pursued it for years with intense enthusiasm, and became known as an authority in certain lines. He had written articles for the *Entomological News* of Philadelphia and the *Canadian Entomologist*. He lately became a member of the Agassiz Entomological society of Cambridge.

Adept as he was in this science, he was also making brilliant progress in the study of law, which he had chosen as a life vocation. He labored untiringly and zealously over his books, and his talents and studious habits gave promise of a brilliant future in his preferred profession. With him the study of law seemed to be hereditary, and he entered upon the work with zeal, perseverance, and determination. Judge Cross was very desirous that one of his sons should become a lawyer, and it was a loyalty to this wish and a devotion to his father's hope that directed Mr. Cross's choice of a profession. He was the youngest son, born in Manchester, educated there, a student at Phillips Andover academy for a year, where he took a preparatory course, after which he entered Amherst college, graduating from that institution in June, 1897. After completing his course at Amherst he entered the office of his father, remaining but a year, and then becoming a student at the Harvard law school, where his last sickness befell him.

His college life was full of interest and one that his many associates can look back upon with respect and admiration. While mingling with his companions in those classic halls his display of a sunny disposition and winsome qualities won for him the love of all who daily came in contact with him. He was interested in college fraternities and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta of Amherst college.

The fight to save his life was one of the bravest imaginable. Stricken with pneumonia the dread enemy was recognized at once, and all that two of Manchester's ablest physicians could do to combat the direful effects of the disease was zealously and untiringly performed, their efforts being supplemented by one of Boston's most skilful doctors. Four trained nurses were employed, and two of these were constantly near him. The same methods so successful in supplying air to the lungs in the case of Kipling were resorted to in this case, but young Cross had not the constitution and vitality to enable him to recuperate, and so the sad end came. The nearest relatives of the deceased are his parents and one brother, the Rev. Allen Eastman Cross, of Springfield, Mass., and a grandmother, Mrs. Ira A. Eastman. The deepest sympathy is extended to the grief-stricken family in their hour of affliction, and the irreparable loss which they have sustained. Judge and Mrs. Cross have lost four children.

WILLIAM O. SIDES.

Postmaster William O. Sides died at his home in Portsmouth, April 27. He was born in Exeter, January 17, 1831. The family removing a few years later to Portsmouth, he attended the public schools of that city. In his youth he was employed as a mule spinner in a cotton mill. For several years he was proprietor of a livery stable, a business he gave up to enter the army. He was credited with being the first man to enlist in New Hampshire for service in the Civil War.

He was appointed recruiting officer at Portsmouth, and in five days enlisted 105 men. Of this company, which became Company K, 2d New Hampshire Volunteers, he was commissioned captain. He fought in the first battle of Bull Run; was severely injured, and forced to resign his commission. Subsequently, however, he was appointed a captain in the Veteran Reserve corps, and was on duty in Albany and Elmira, N. Y., and Alexandria, Va., and afterwards at Fortress Monroe and Fort Snelling. He was mustered out June 30, 1866.

Mr. Sides served for a time as messenger of the national house of representatives, was later an inspector in the Boston customs house, and also at Portsmouth. In the Blaine campaign he started the *Penny Post* in the interest of the Maine statesman. President Harrison appointed him postmaster of Portsmouth, and his second appointment to this place was made by President McKinley in September, 1897.

Mr. Sides had served in the legislature and had held a number of public offices. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, being a past grand chancellor of the latter order. In 1858 he married Margaret A. Badger. They had four children, Antoinette C., Annie B. (now Mrs. Garrett), Grace A., and Walter Herman Sides.

COL. JOHN J. DILLON.

Col. John J. Dillon died of apoplexy in his office in Manchester, April 29. He was born in Ireland but came to America in 1863 and served two years in the 4th Regiment, N. H. Volunteers, one half of which time was spent in Rebel prisons. After the war he located in Bristol and was for a time employed in the blacksmith shop of Lovejoy & Kelley. While here he was prominently connected with the Good Templars, and was sergeant in the Head Rifles. On going to Manchester he continued his connection with the militia and rose to the colonelcy of the 3d Regiment. Colonel Dillon did an extensive business in life insurance, and was one of the best known and most active Grand Army men in New Hampshire. His age was 58, and he leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter.

HON. JOHN H. OBERLY.

The death of Hon. John H. Oberly, editor of the *People and Patriot*, occurred at his home in Concord, April 15. After the expiration of the first Cleveland administration, Mr. Oberly engaged in publishing enterprises in Washington with Mr. Stilson Hutchins, and also became interested in the *People and Patriot* in Concord. In 1896 he edited the Richmond *State*. In 1897 he became the editor of the Washington *Times*, and remained with that paper in various capacities until last January, when he left to devote himself to the Concord paper.

He was in the South when the Civil War broke out, and came North upon the opening of hostilities. From first to last he was a staunch supporter of the Union cause. Mr. Oberly was an upright, broad-minded, scholarly man. The information of his death will be received with deep regret, not only in New Hampshire, but by his many friends in Washington and the West. He leaves a wife and several daughters, one of whom is the wife of ex-Comptroller Eckles.

JUDGE JOHN ROBINSON CLEVELAND.

Judge John Robinson Cleveland, who died in Pompanoosuc, Vt., recently, was a native of Lebanon, being born there May 6, 1820. In 1856 he went to Brookfield as register of probate, and later was elected judge of probate for Randolph district of Orange county, a position which he held for ten years, resigning on account of ill health. He was well known in social and political circles, hav-

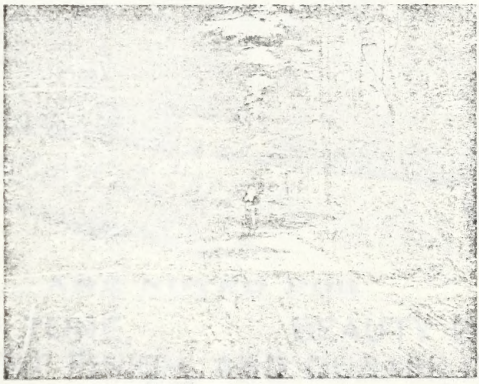
ing served the town of Brookfield as clerk and treasurer. He represented the town in the general assembly of Vermont in 1867, '68, and '69, and also as a member of the constitutional convention. Judge Cleveland was a member of the Masonic lodge of Brookfield, and an earnest helper in all religious and temperance work.

MRS. SUSAN ELLEN SAWYER.

Mrs. Susan Ellen Sawyer, wife of ex-Gov. Charles H. Sawyer, died in Boston, April 20, at the residence of Mr. Henry Sawyer, nephew of the governor, aged 59 years, having been born in Dover, August 13, 1839. She was president of the Woman's Auxiliary, Y. M. C. A., regent of the Dover chapter of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, and was a member of the Society of Colonial Dames. She was united in marriage to Charles Henry Sawyer, governor of New Hampshire from 1887–'89, on February 8, 1865, and is survived by her husband, four sons, and a daughter.

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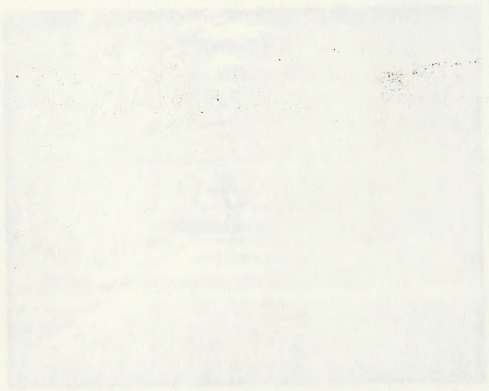


ROAD TO CAMP WEETAMOO.

CONCORD · N. H.

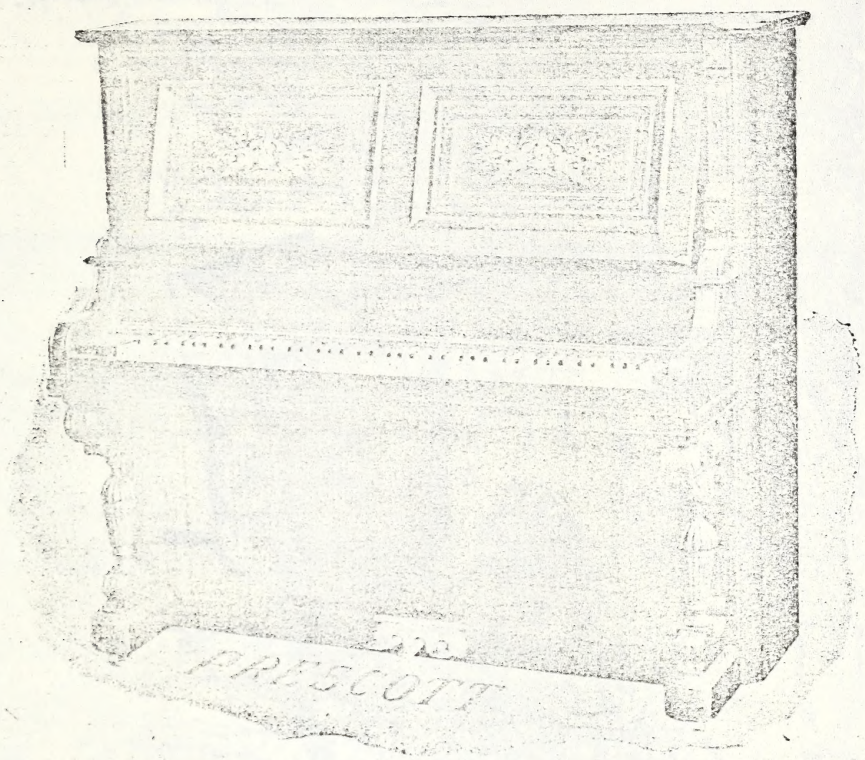
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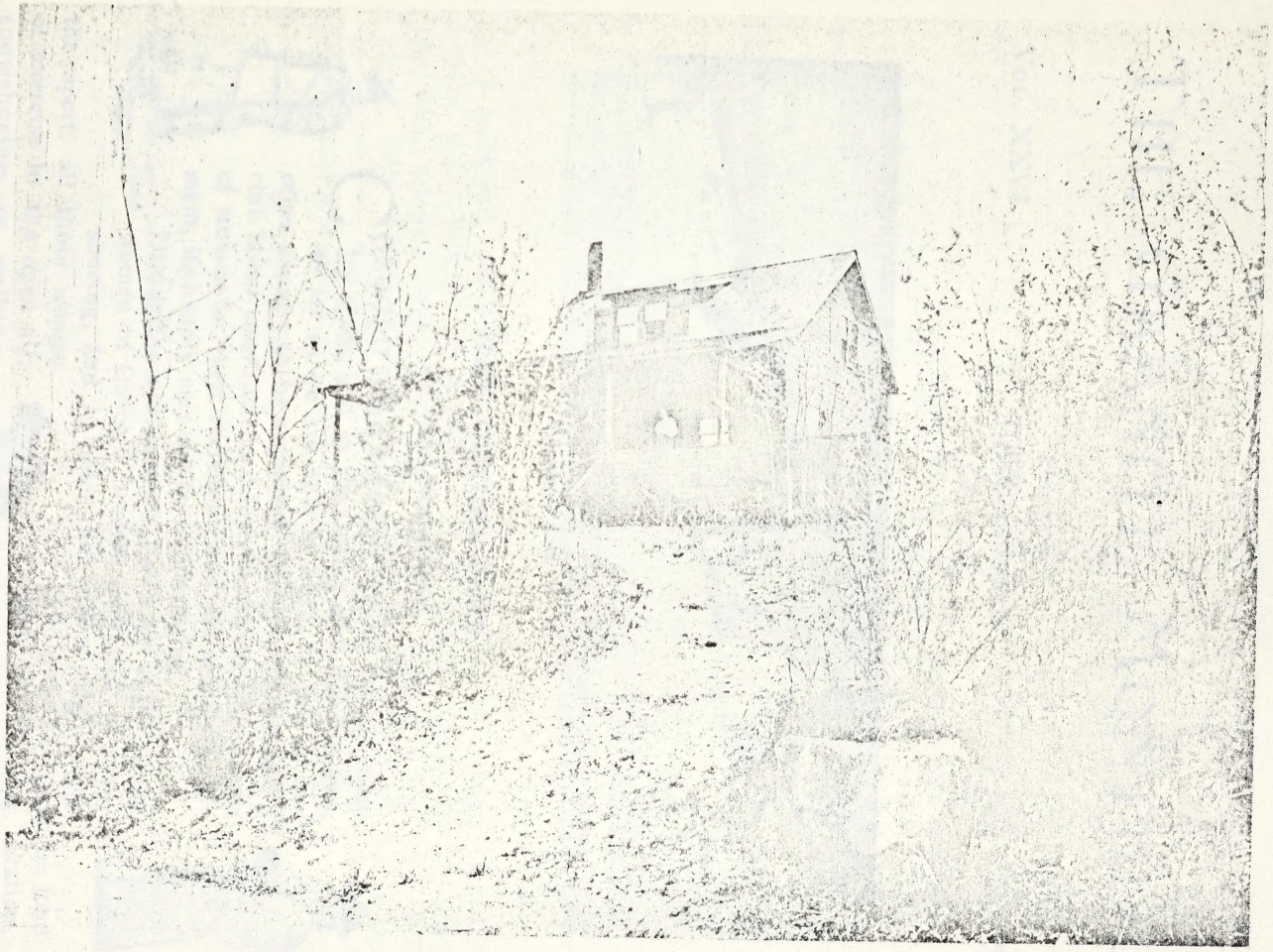
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CAMP WEETAMOO

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVI. JUNE, 1899. No. 6.



A Snowshoe Slide.

THE OUTING CLUB.

By Elena Piedra Abad.

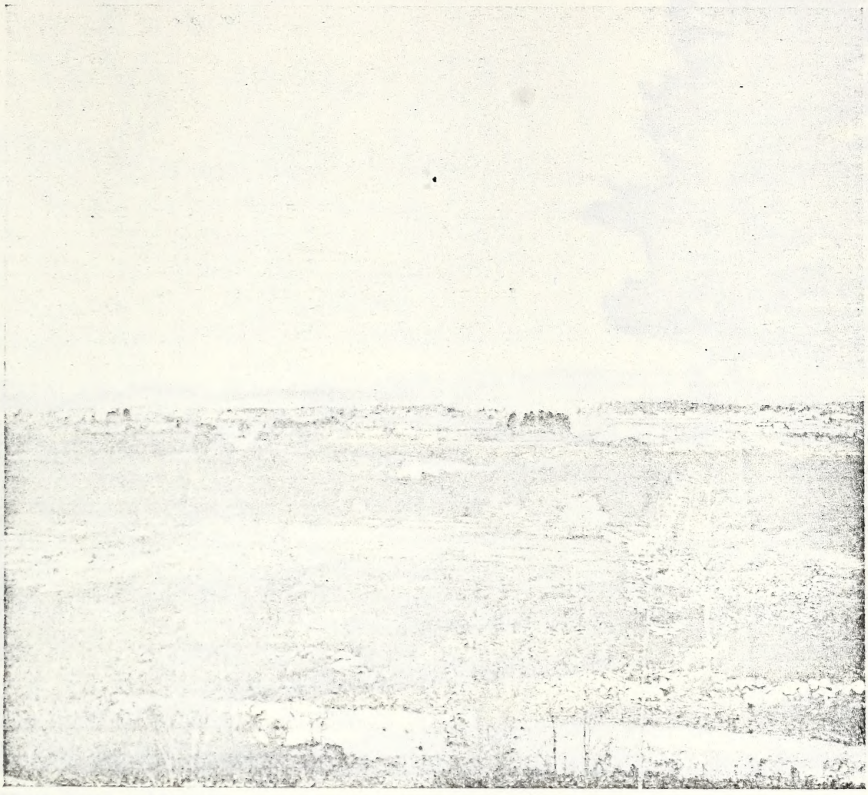


CONCORD is fast becoming famous for her country clubs, and as the Outing club was the first, as far as we are able to learn, in this or any other country to be organized, land purchased, and a club house constructed exclusively through the efforts of women for their recreation and out-of-door enjoyment, its history may not be uninteresting.



During the winter of 1895-'96 a few of the young women of Concord became interested in snowshoeing, and in order that others might enjoy the sport, all those women who were known to be fond of exercise in the open air, such as wheeling, skating, snowshoeing, or walking, were invited to meet at a certain time and place for organization. Some twenty-five young women, married and unmarried, responded to this call, and an organization was effected by the choice





PANORAMIC VIEW

of a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. A constitution was adopted later, declaring, among other things, that "the object of this club shall be the promotion of out-door exercise for women."

THE FIRST SNOWSHOE TRIP.

The snow was late in appearing that winter, and long and anxiously, not patiently, did we wait for it. At last the "shoeing" was declared to be passable, and a trip was planned. The asylum grounds were named as the rendezvous. One young lady was so fortunate as to have access to some old campaign torches, and she had a sufficient number of them "trimmed and burning bright" upon the arrival of the company. A few of the number had gotten up most elaborate blanket suits, and with shoes securely fastened in place, each with a flaming torch over her shoulder, we started south through the asylum fields entirely oblivious to the fact that the full moon was shining as bright as day until some one shouted from a passing street car that we really ought to have more light. But we pretended that we knew what we were about, and kept on with our torches until a clump of pines was reached, and there we extinguished and deposited them until our return, but we trembled to think of the ludicrous story that would be circulated about town next day.



FROM CAMP WEETAMOO.

On that trip we went as far as Mr. Charles Morgan's, the last house in Concord at the Bow line, and there hot coffee, sandwiches, and doughnuts were kindly served. The return home was uneventful, although the gait was not quite so rapid as at the start.

But a few of us felt that we wanted a club home, although we did not dare mention it openly, even to the others, for they had already said that of course we could not have a club house such as the men had. But we said to ourselves, "If not, why not?"

LOOKING FOR A SITE.

The two original promoters of the project constituted themselves a committee to look about quietly for a suitable location for a club house. They wheeled all about the country within a radius of eight or ten miles: Over Tebbett's hill, up the Contoocook, around Penacook lake, over the "Mountain" in East Concord, along the bluffs east of the river, finding charming views at all these points, but always with some insurmountable objection, chiefly that of inaccessibility and lack of facilities for getting supplies.

But they found one spot that seemed to combine all necessary features,—beauty of scenery, river and mountain; good roads, and safe for any one alone; good neighbors at





The Old Mill.

just the right distance; a little store at the foot of the hill—and all just far enough from the city. They climbed to the highest point of the site, a rock hidden by shrubbery, and, pulling aside the bushes as best they could, looked out—and they knew that they had found *the place*.

The next step was to obtain a vote of the club authorizing negotiations for the lot, which was brought about by a limited amount of argument, and a deed to two acres on the height of land at Bow Mills, two miles and three quarters from the state house and overlooking the Merrimack river, was obtained of Hon. Henry M. Baker.

Next we made very crude plans for our house, and contracted with a builder to erect the same, which was done most satisfactorily. But first we had to be incorporated, in order to hold property, and each member was invited to present a name that seemed to her to be appropriate. From the number we selected "The Outing Club" for our corporate name, and the record was made in the office of the secretary of state, July 27, 1896. Then the club house must be named, and for this we considered that some Indian term would be appropriate, inasmuch as the valley we overlooked was so replete with Indian lore. One member discovered in Bouton's History of Concord reference to a "Squaw Lot," and although it was not exactly in our locality, we could not but admit that it would be more or less appropriate; but we were just a little careful about making public mention of the name, well knowing that it would be considered a great joke, and that it would stick fast



to us. This same young lady presented another name for consideration,—Weetamoo. Now there are within the limits of Concord two clubs bearing Indian names, "Passaconaway," named in honor of the grand old chief of the Penacooks, and "Wonolancet," and as Weetamoo was a daughter of the former and sister of the latter, as well as princess of her father's tribe, we decided that that should be our name, for she was

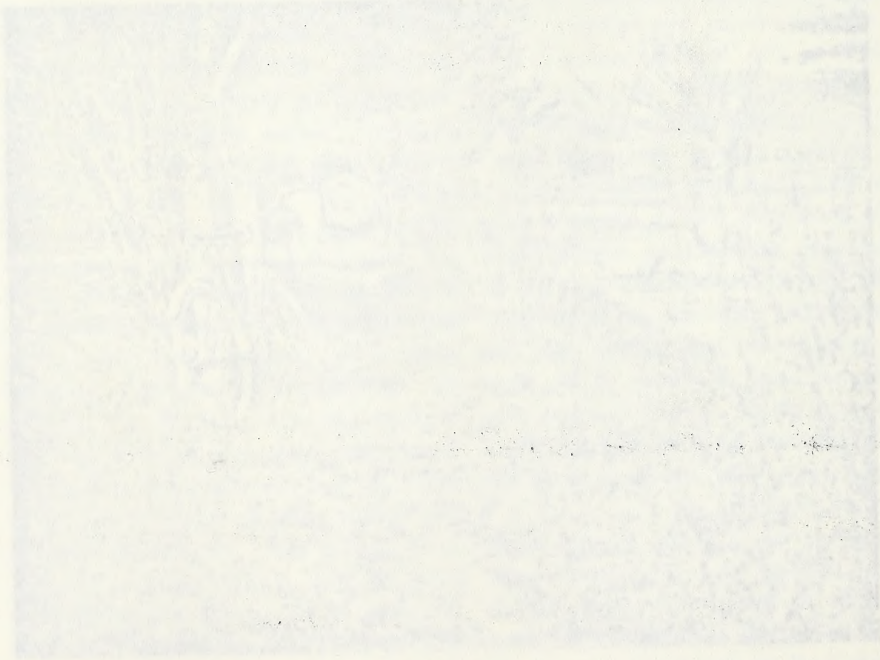
"Child of the forest!—strong and free—
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,
Or struck the flying bird in air.
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon
Her snowshoes tracked the hunter's way;
And dazzling in the summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray."

So "Camp Weetamoo" is the name of our home.

The camp is located upon the summit of a hill overlooking the Merrimack, winding in and out, while the grand old mountains form a fitting background for the scene. Inside the camp everything is fitted up for comfort. The main room, 22 by 24 feet, has a waxed floor for dancing, a piano, and an immense fireplace. The kitchen, 22 by 11 feet, is thoroughly equipped, including a refrigerator and a pump. On the floor above, and directly over the main room, is a dormitory of the same size as the latter, from which most glorious views are to be had. Surrounding the camp on two sides is a piazza eleven feet wide. Here we string our hammocks, and try to read, but our eyes will not stay fixed on the page, but wander to the ever-changing landscape again and again. Now there is a shower passing over Kearsarge; is it coming our way, or or will it pass to the north? Oh, see

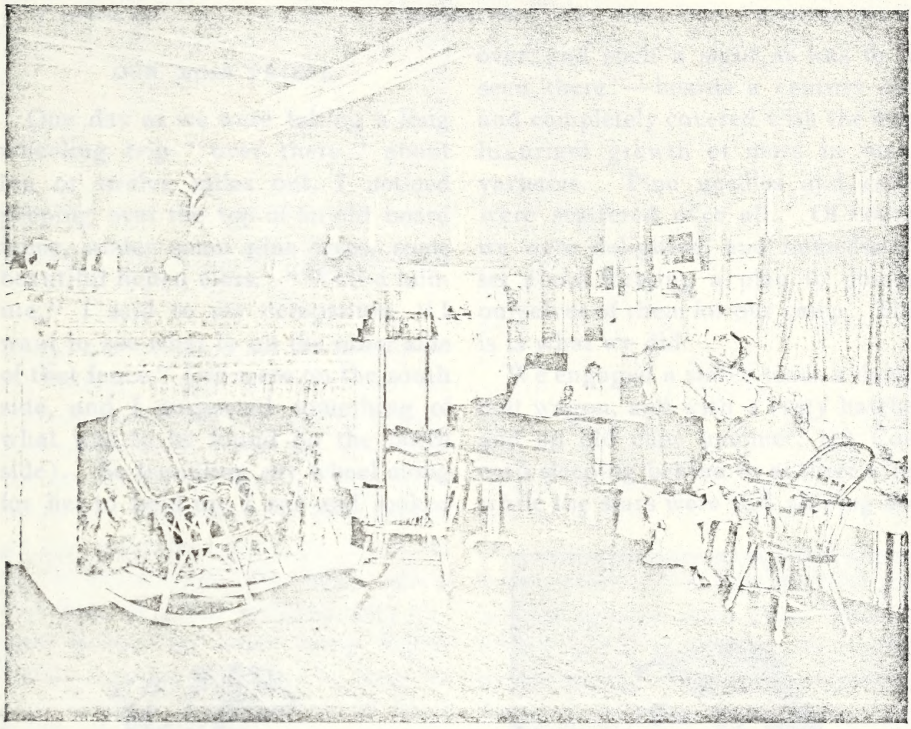


Weetamoo Patn.



what a shower they are getting up in Concord, why the town is completely hidden from view!

Now the clouds clear away, and far off up the valley stand out, clear and plain, Moosilauke and Lafayette. And over there is Belknap, or Gunstock, mountain, and do you remember what a time the Wild Flower club had climbing it that hot day last August, and when we had finally gained the summit, not a mountain, not a lake was to be seen for the smoke that lay between us and them? Later comes the sunset, with its ever-changing and ever-marvelous effects, and as darkness hovers over all, one by one the stars appear and the whip-poor-wills begin their plaintive cry. But, perhaps, the most beautiful time of all is at sunrise. We have been known to be so enthusiastic as to arise as early as three o'clock to watch the approach of day here. The dawn was just breaking, and soon the clear amber of the sky took on faint streaks of crimson. Brighter and brighter it grows, and we get excited in trying who shall catch the first glimpse of the sun. Once he kisses the waters of the river, great banks of fleecy clouds roll up, as if to shut him out, and all the valley is veiled in mist, while we bask in the full sunshine, high above. By the time breakfast, *al fresco*, is finished, the day, as we ordinarily know it, has begun, and we mount our wheels for the city in ample season for the day's duties.



The Living-Room.





Miss Caroline S. Stewart.
President, 1897.



Mrs. Maude Knowlton.
President, 1898.



Miss Mary Niles.
President, 1899.

OUR MOSS FRIEZE.

One day as we were taking a long wheeling trip "over there," about ten or twelve miles out, I noticed peeping over the top of an old board fence, under some pine trees, some beautiful lichen moss. "Wait a minute," I said to my companion, "I want to see what is on the other side of that fence" (we were on the south side, and I suspected something of what was to be found on the north side). So trundling my wheel along for her to hold up, I ran and looked over, and such a sight as was to be seen there!—boards a century old, and completely covered with the most luxuriant growth of moss in many varieties. Pine needles and cones were scattered over all. Of course we were delighted, and immediately set about forming a plan to possess ourselves of them for our camp. This is is what we did:

We engaged a stable team, a democrat wagon, and with a rusty hatchet and an old claw hammer, left Concord sleeping behind us at three a. m., while the stars were still shining and



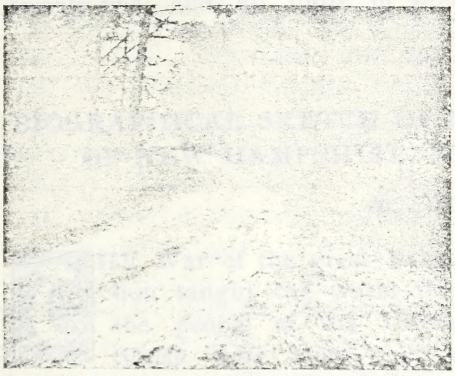
Miss Nellie S. Abbott.
Secretary and Treasurer.



Dr. Maude Kent.
President, 1896.



the old moon hung not very high in the eastern sky,—that phase of the moon always seems uncanny and weird in some way, perhaps because it is such a stranger in that form. On a bridge (there is more than one

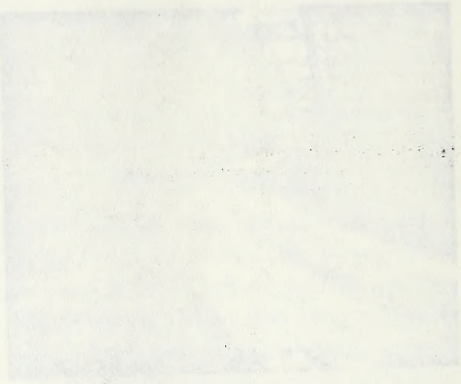


A Bend in the Road.

bridge out of Concord) we halted for hot coffee, which we had brought with us and which had not yet cooled, and sandwiches; but the stop was but short, for we had a long drive before us. Arrived at the place which we had carefully blazed, we found, to our consternation, that each board was held in place between two upright posts, the latter being firmly bound together by spikes as large as your finger. But by dint of hard work with the claw hammer we finally released the boards, only to be confronted by a new difficulty: the boards were all of twenty-four feet in length and as sound as a nut, and we could not possibly load pieces more than twelve feet long. What should we do? We could make but little impression on them with our hatchet, and when I jumped on them I bounced like a rubber ball. But my companion was equal to the emergency, and said, "I will fix it. You roll a log up here, and we will place one end of the board on that and the other end on that rock, and then *I* will jump on it." Her instructions were carried out to the letter, then she mounted the board exactly in the middle, placing her two feet close together. She is no "feather weight," and I watched with bated breath, fearful of the result to her. "Now," she said, "one, two, three," and up she shot about two feet,—yes, exactly two feet—and coming down in just the right place, crash went the board, and the problem was solved!

In this way we loaded our prize, as many as we could accommodate, placing them lengthwise under the seat and allowing them to extend out behind. At nine o'clock a. m. we were driving down State street, as calmly as you please, if a little cramped, with our boards nicely done up in newspapers, to protect them from injury as much as possible, and landed them at the camp door. We had to make a second trip, but the next time we took a saw along, and it was easier. And that is where and how we got our moss frieze—ninety-six feet of it. It was not a very great transgression, because there were only three or four lengths of the fence standing.

Our camp will have been dedicated three years on the nineteenth of September next, and in that time we shall have nearly, if not quite, liquidated our debt. We borrowed of one of our number a sum sufficient to pay for the camp and two acres of land, giving a personal note as security. We have practically but one club rule: No member is at liberty to loan her key; she may entertain as many guests there as she pleases, but she



must accompany her key in every instance. During the two years and a half that the camp has been open, 2,383 persons, by actual count, have registered there.

There is the utmost harmony in our membership, which is limited to twenty-five, and all unite in pronouncing the project a grand success. There are many beautiful woodland paths and ravines in our vicinity, rich in flowers and rare ferns, and where the whir-r-r of the partridge, mingled with the songs of other birds, and the rippling of the brook, is the only sound to be heard.

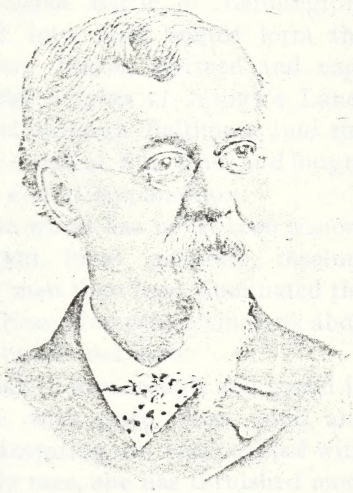
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MAJ.-GEN. JOHN G. FOSTER, SON OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC.[1]

By Frank G. Noyes.

THE War of the great Rebellion taught the world that the people of the United States were more than a "nation of shopkeepers." The heroism, deeds of daring and courage, displayed by the men of the South, as well as of the North, between the dates of Sumter and Appomattox, compelled mutual respect and admiration for the power and prowess of men of both sections. They showed to the world that the men of all sections of the United States could "strike with the edge;" that they lacked none of the qualities that make soldiers and heroes.

The Spanish-American War of the year of grace 1898, illustrated the peculiar qualities of our peace-loving people. The skill and courage of the American navy in the recent war with the kingdom of Spain, supplemented by the indomitable pluck of our army, brought speedy and marvelous success to our arms, and compelled our haughty foe quickly to sue for peace.

The outcome of the War of the Rebellion showed the people of the world that liberty and republics were possible. It not only taught the principle of equality, but also flashed the electric fire of freedom to other lands. That principle is immortal



Col. Frank G. Noyes.

and will stand unchanged amidst the ruins that time and tyranny may scatter over the universe.

More than a hundred and twenty years have elapsed since this republic unfolded to the world the chart of

[1] Read before the New Hampshire Historical Society.

her liberties. It seems as yesterday that she was young and weak, to-day she ranks among the oldest, most stable, and most powerful governments of the earth. Years have not chilled the warm blood of her youth, nor diminished the ensign of her age. Time has written no wrinkles on her brow. With a conscious and just pride she feels that the foundations of her government have outlasted all the constitutions of civilized Europe. Political systems without number have undergone revision suited to the spirit of the age. But the platform of a constitution erected by the fathers of our republic has required no further additions to elevate or support it, except the declarations of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to exemplify the statement that all men are created free and equal.

We are no freer than our fathers were. The amount of liberty which satisfied them has been found sufficient for our happiness and prosperity. We have tested it in the crucible of Civil War. In the historic little red schoolhouse of New Hampshire has been laid the foundations of education and character which have developed men who have been invincible in field and forum.

At the dedication of the Matthew Thornton monument at Merrimack, the orator of the day used the following words concerning our state: "The soil, climate, and government of New Hampshire, from its earliest settlement, have conspired to furnish a splendid arena for making completely developed men and women. Physically, mentally, and morally her sons and daughters have ever been distinguished for being solidly equipped, rigidly disciplined, courageous, earnest, ready and able to meet and adapt themselves to any and all circumstances.

"With a history full of romance and war, she has always found within her territorial limits men who were sufficiently strong and willing to defend and protect her from all assaults, while the nation never called upon her in vain for assistance.

"In every crucial struggle of the republic, whether civil or military, legal or legislative, moral or constitutional, New Hampshire has been a master force. Her sons, impelled by a patriotism that has never flagged, signed the immortal Declaration of Independence, were first among those who initiated the Revolution at Bunker Hill, were first and foremost at the decisive Battle of Bennington, entered into and helped form the American Union, stormed and captured the heights of Lundy's Lane, marched through Baltimore into the jaws of death at Bull Run, and fought till the end at Appomattox.

"The world has never seen a more intelligent, loyal, patriotic, resolute race of men than have dominated the soil of New Hampshire since its abdication by the red man.

"Small in area, rough and grand in surface, with pure water, vital and health-inspiring air, and peopled with a sturdy race, she has furnished more than a just share of courage, character, brain, and heart to the country. Almost every page of her history reveals a striking and a noble figure. Her mountain peaks, which tower far above the level of the sea, are not more numerous than her giant sons, whose forceful deeds and lives have been conspicuous at home and abroad."

The Colonial wars, the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War of the Rebellion, and the recent war with Spain,—in all of which New Hampshire men were engaged,—produced men and heroes. It is the province of this paper to bring into strong relief the character, merits, and history of a man who was born in New Hampshire and who illustrated in his public life the strong characteristics of American manhood.



Maj.-Gen. John G. Foster.

John Gray Foster, son of New Hampshire, soldier of the republic, was born in Whitefield, Coös county, May 27, 1823. He was a descendant of a long line of Scotch-English ancestors, who bore conspicuous parts in the field and forum of the mother country. It will answer our purpose to give his lineage in this country, which is the result of researches made by himself in his own handwriting, about fifty years ago.

Our researches show that men of our hero's patronymic have included those who were distinguished in their day and generation as divines, as soldiers, and as members of the general court in Massachusetts and in New Hampshire. One of them, Hopestill Foster, was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in 1642, rep-



resentative in 1652, and for twenty years held a commission as captain of militia.

Another John, who was graduated at Harvard college in 1667, designed the arms of the colony of Massachusetts, an Indian with bow and arrows.

By the "Genealogical Register of Pilgrims" in the library of the Mechanics' Institute at Lowell, Mass., we learn that prior to the year 1825 no less than thirty-nine men of the name of Foster had been graduated from colleges in New England.

Let us now return to the lineage of John Gray Foster's immediate ancestry, as prepared by himself.

William Foster settled in Ipswich, Mass., in the year 1635. Reginald Foster settled in Ipswich, Mass., in the year 1636. Abraham Foster settled in Ipswich, Mass., in the year 1648. From one of these sprung Jacob Foster. To him and his wife, Sarah, their child Jacob was born about the year 1668. He was prominent in his section and deacon in the First church of Ipswich. He died July 19, 1710, leaving Abigail, his widow, and one daughter and four sons, among whom was Joseph. This son, Joseph, had by his wife, Sarah, one daughter and five sons. The second son, Isaac, was baptised August 1, 1720. Isaac married Sarah Brow November 18, 1744, and had five sons and three daughters. The fourth son, John, was born January 28, 1755; married Anna Beard, and by her had five sons and two daughters. The fourth son, Perley, was born September 20, 1792; married Mary Gray, and by her had five sons and one daughter. The second son, issue of Perley Foster and Mary Gray, is the subject of this sketch.

General Foster was born in Whitefield, N. H., May 27, 1823, and died in Nashua, September 2, 1874. His father, Maj. Perley Foster, removed to Nashua in the year 1833, when John Gray Foster was ten years of age. Capt. (Maj.) Perley Foster is well remembered as a military enthusiast in the old-time militia days, and "who that then saw them does not remember the independent company of 'Whitefield Highlanders' in their picturesque uniforms and well-ordered movements, and the old-fashioned annual musterings under the dignified conduct of their leader,"[1] Capt. Perley Foster, or the Nashua Light Artillery, which, under command of the same captain, was present at the dedication of the monument at Bunker Hill in the year 1843?

"The father's military spirit was intensified in the son, and as a lad he was always the chosen commander of military companies which were solemn realities to him in those days of boyish sports."[1]

When our hero was ten years old, his father settled in Nashua, and in the schools of that city and at Hancock academy, as well as at the United States Military school at West Point, were laid the foundations of his subsequent career.

He was appointed in the year 1842 to the United States Military academy, through the influence of Charles G. Atherton, of Nashua, who was then a member of congress from New Hampshire, and young Foster proved himself worthy of the confidence of that eminent man.

Foster graduated from West Point in 1846, ranking fourth in a distinguished class with McClellan, Reno,

[1] History of Coös Co., page 484.

Sturgis, Stoneman, Oakes, Gibbs, and George H. Gordon, names now famous as commanders in the United States army during the War of the Rebellion, and with "Stonewall" Jackson, Wilcox, and Dabney H. Maury, who were numbered with the best tacticians in the late Confederate army.

Upon his graduation, Foster was commissioned second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, and assigned to duty in the bureau at Washington. Immediately, thereafter, he was attached to the company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers, then just organized for the war with Mexico. He joined General Scott's army at Vera Cruz, and participated with it in the siege of that stronghold from March 9 to 29, 1847, when the famous castle of San Juan d'Ulloa surrendered; at the battles of Cerro Gordo, April 17 to 18; at Contreras, in August; at Cherubusco and Molino del Rey. In leading the storming column of Worth's division in the assault of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, he was severely wounded in the hip. His dangerous wound confined him to a sick bed for several months.

The writer has seen in the collection of Hon. Chas. W. Hoitt of Nashua, a long and friendly letter, written to Foster by Lieut. George B. McClellan, from the City of Mexico, dated May 5, 1848. This letter shows the affection in which our young lieutenant was held at that time by his friend and classmate. Who in the War of the Rebellion achieved so brilliant a reputation as Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan?

CITY OF MEXICO, May 5, 1848.

MY DEAR FOSTER: You can form some idea of the pleasure with which I received yours of "all fools' day," when I tell you that the last news we had heard from you, through Stewart, S. S., were that your physicians had given you up as a gone coon. I was looking for some further news from you with the greatest anxiety and dread, and need not tell you how glad I am to see from the tone of your letter that the venerable subaltern is still alive and kicking,—not only that, but that he is likely to remain so. The mail arrived last night, but, as usual, brought me not a single letter from home. They have been treating me with the most sovereign contempt for the last four months. I suppose they think that as the chances of my ever getting home are quite small, they will save themselves a vast amount of trouble and letter paper by cutting my acquaintance,—*muy bien, que sea como quieren!* We have been turned out of the Lombardini house since you left, for the old fellow's family, and are now living in the third story of the post-office building, almost immediately opposite. There was no furniture here when we came, but we have managed to get quite a number of chairs and tables from the Palace, so that we might be much worse off. We have lost the view from the windows, which is the worst part of the change. Harrison has arrived and is living with us. Smith, Stuart, Lee, Barnard, Beauregard, and Harrison have all gone to Cuernavaca to see the cave, etc. I hope that peace may be made by the time they return; I have my doubts, though. Alexander has arrived since they left; he is for the present staying with me, but he will have to find other quarters by the time they get back; there is not room enough here.

Since you went, that little attorney, Shell, has been appointed a second lieutenant in one of the ten regiments, so we are rid of him at last. I received by last night's mail the appointment of Yeager as a second lieutenant in the Third Dragoons. I discharged him this morning so that we now bear on the morning report forty-two present and absent! You will have heard before you receive this that a quorum has at last been got together. Now it remains to be seen what they will, in the plenitude of their wisdom, do. I presume we will know in three weeks, for it would appear to be a moral impossibility to keep together such discordant elements for a longer period—doubtless one very great inducement for them to make peace will be the desire of landing the six millions they are to receive upon the ratification of the treaty. If they don't get that they can't get their pay, and I imagine they care as much for themselves as for their country. Many thanks for your kind wishes in relation to the "consolation" and "the rays of light"

from *laeasa en frente*, but I fear you are premature. I reckon I should be cut if I tried, and even if I wished to and could succeed, I am so unfortunate as to be a poor damned beggar of a teniente. I have been asked more than once about the "Pobseato Lerido." I am sincerely sorry for the awkward mistake made about John Earle's books. It rather diminishes my implicit trust in Providence. Better luck next time. I have no doubt about having command of one of the four companies when the colonel gets them. The period is the only question. I opine that I will be an old fogie by that time. You are too modest in speaking merely for the first lieutenancy. Won't you have the second captaincy? I am sorry to say that I have lost sight of Billy (that animal minus his caudal appendage) since Duncan's Battery went out to Taenbaya, but I have been anxiously looking for him among the winners at the race course, so far in vain, but I doubt not that I shall soon behold that tail wagged in all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of a winner of the Oakes.

Hoping that I may soon see you *in propria persona*.

Believe me as ever,
Truly your friend,
GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Lieutenant of Engineers.

P. S.—Give my kindest regards to Stewart when you see him.

I hope that you will have discarded, at least, one crutch when I see you.

There came by the last mail from the auditor's office an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money for gout salve. I send it to you.

From the end of the Mexican War, in which he had won two brevets for his gallantry and meritorious services, until 1860, Captain Foster was engaged in various engineer duties, and was also at the Coast Survey office at Washington. From 1855 to 1857, he served as principal assistant professor of engineering in the United States Military academy at West Point.

From the valuable collection of Judge Hoitt, mentioned above, the writer has been shown a letter written from West Point to Foster, dated September 2, 1854, by Col. Robert E. Lee, who was at that time commandant of the Military academy. This epistle breathes love and esteem in every line, and shows an earnest desire to assist Lieutenant Foster in any way possible. It indicates plainly that our hero possessed those lovable qualities that we claim were developed stronger and stronger as the years rolled on. At any rate, we make no apology for referring to that letter written by no less a man and soldier than Gen. Robert E. Lee, who afterward held the supreme command of all the rebel armies that were arrayed against the United States in the War of the Rebellion.

WEST POINT, September 2, 1854.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN FOSTER: I am delighted at having you at W. P. But the same cause that detracts from your anticipations of comfort detracts from my anticipations of pleasure—the want of qrs. On the reception of your note I began to cast around to see what could be done. I am unable to say anything cheering; all the qrs. for families will be chosen over you. When you come on you are so fertile in expedients that I hope you will discover some remedy for the difficulty. Till then I hope you will be comfortable and happy with Mrs. F. in Baltimore, and she will then be happy to get rid of you for a season, to escape the long, dreary winter at W. P. by remaining in B. Remember me kindly to her, and though I should be much pleased to have her with us, still, for her comfort I should have been more gratified had you got a more comfortable station.

I am very truly yours,
R. E. LEE.

CAPT. J. G. FOSTER.

In the year 1858 Foster was assigned to duty as chief engineer in charge, and was engaged in building Fort Sumter. July 1, 1860, after fourteen years' continuous service, he was commissioned as full captain of engineers. December 26, 1860, Maj. Robert Anderson, First Artillery, U. S. A., took command of Fort Sumter, which subsequently remained under his command until its surrender, April 13, 1861.

The beginning of the War of the Rebellion found Captain Foster at its initial point, United States engineer in charge of the fortifications of Charleston Harbor, S. C., and in building Fort Sumter. Here he displayed marked activity and skill in preparing to meet the anticipated attack upon them. He was in command when the garrison of Fort Moultrie was transferred to Fort Sumter, December 26, 1860.

Foster was on duty at Fort Sumter when the steamer, *Star of the West*, was fired on. It will be remembered that the United States government attempted during the winter of 1860 to succor the garrison at Fort Sumter with stores of food and two hundred well armed and well instructed recruits from Fort Columbus. These troops, under able officers, were placed on board the steamer *Star of the West*, and sailed for Charleston Harbor. The steamer was making her way to Fort Sumter, and on crossing the bar she was fired on by the rebel batteries and forced to turn back without accomplishing her errand. He was engaged in the historic defense of Sumter, being second in command, and was present when it surrendered, April 13, 1861. The daily reports made to the chief of engineers of the army by Captain Foster, for several weeks, while in this service, up to the time of the bombardment, gave a concise account of the operations inside the fort, and also outside, so far as his spy-glass could command a distinct view. They also contained sketches of the enemy's batteries and their position, besides the number and calibre of the guns mounted inside Fort Sumter. The final stoppage of the mails by the rebel authorities on the 8th day of April, prevented further commentaries in this way.

Up to and including April 8, 1861, Foster had made daily reports by mail to the chief engineer of the army of the progress of the work on Fort Sumter. On that date, as stated before, further communication in that way was prevented by the rebel authorities, who then stopped the carriage or delivery of United States mails. I find among General Foster's papers, under date of May 20, 1851, a report made by Foster to General Totten, chief engineer, U. S. A., of the operations in Charleston Harbor from April 9 to the date of the evacuation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson's command on the 14th of April, 1861. This report is of great interest, giving as it does a detailed statement of the heroic defense of Fort Sumter, when attacked by the rebels under Beauregard, which was the overt act which commenced the four years of terrible Civil War that only ended with the final and complete triumph of our arms, and the surrender at Appomattox.

This report, together with a mass of letters, correspondence, etc., between Captain Foster, Major Anderson, John B. Floyd, the then secretary of war; S. Cooper, adjutant-general, U. S. A.; Colonel De Russey, commanding corps of engineers, U. S. A.; Horatio G. Wright, captain of engineers in charge of engineering department, Washington, and others, may be found in Series 1, Vol. 1, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published pursuant to act of congress approved June 11, 1880. It seems proper to insert here

from this report, Foster's statement of the armament of Fort Sumter, and also of the guns, batteries, etc., which the rebels had set up to use against Fort Sumter.

REBEL ARMAMENT.

On Morris Island: Breaching Battery No. 1—two 42-pdrs.; one 12-pdr. Blakely rifled gun. Morton Battery (next to No. 7)—four 10-inch mortars. Breaching Battery No. 2 (Iron Clad Battery)—three 8-inch Columbiads. Mortar Battery (next to No. 2)—three 10-inch mortars.

On James' Island: Battery at Fort Johnson—three 24-pdrs. (only one of them being on Fort Sumter). Mortar Battery, south of Fort Johnson—four 10-inch mortars.

On Sullivan's Island: Iron Clad (Floating) Battery—four 42-pdrs. Columbiad Battery, No. 1—one 9-inch Dahlgren gun. Columbiad Battery No. 2—four 8-inch Columbiads. Mortar Battery, west of Fort Moultrie—three 10-inch mortars. Mortar Battery, on parade in rear of Fort Moultrie—two 10-inch mortars. Fort Moultrie—three 8-inch Cols.; two 8-inch S. C. Howitzers; five 32-pdrs.; four 24-pdrs. At Mount Pleasant—one 10-inch mortar.

Total, firing on Fort Sumter, 30 guns, 17 mortars.

THE ARMAMENT OF FORT SUMTER WAS AS FOLLOWS:

Barbette tier: Right Flank—one 10-inch Columbiad; four 8-inch Cols.; four 42-pdrs. Right Face—none. Left Face—three 8-inch Sea Coast Howitzers; one 32-pdrs. Left Flank—one 10-inch Cols.; two 8-inch Cols.; two 42-pdrs. Gorge—one 8-inch Sea Coast Howitzer; two 32-pdrs.; six 24-pdrs. Total in Barbette, 27 guns.

Casemate tier: Right Flank—one 42-pdr.; four 32-pdrs. Right Face—three 42-pdrs. Left Face—ten 32-pdrs. Left Flank—five 32-pdrs. Gorge—two 32-pdrs. Total in casemate, 21 guns. Total available in both tiers, 48 guns.

After the bombardment and surrender of Sumter, Foster, from New York, as stated above, sent to General Totten, chief engineer United States army, Washington, D. C., the record of service up to April 13, when Fort Sumter surrendered.

For a short period after the surrender of Fort Sumter, Major Foster was on duty at Washington, D. C., and Sandy Hook, N. J. He was appointed October 23, 1861, brigadier-general United States volunteers, when he entered upon his brilliant career in the Civil War.

With the Burnside, N. C., expedition he won the brevet, February 8, 1862, of lieutenant-colonel, United States army, for gallant service and capture of Roanoke Island, N. C., and March 12, 1862, the brevet of colonel, United States army, for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Newberne, N. C. July 1, 1862, General Foster, with the Eighteenth Army Corps, was placed in command of the department of North Carolina. (Here several New Hampshire regiments came under his command.) In this command he organized and conducted several expeditions, the principal one being for the destruction of the Goldsbrough railroad bridge, in which he had to fight four battles in as many days.

In the early part of the year 1863, Foster was actively engaged in resisting the rebel, General Hill, who, having been repulsed at Newberne, made vigorous efforts to capture Little Washington, an important post commanding the passage from Tar to Pimlico river, where Foster with a small garrison was shut up. An attempt was made by land to relieve the Union position, but it failed; all was suspense, and for many days continued so.

At last, on the afternoon of April 10, 1863, with only a forlorn hope for success, the river had been so thoroughly fortified and obstructed by the enemy, to save the garrison from starvation, a steamer was fitted out and left Newberne with supplies of food and a regiment of stout hearts. With much hazard and some loss of

life the boat passed the batteries and succeeded in landing its freight. With food, the position being a strong one, the Union troops were able to hold out, but General Foster desired to do more,—defeat his besiegers.

Becoming tired of the futile efforts of his subordinates to bring troops to his assistance, he determined to return by the same boat that had brought his command relief in food, and he started on this forlorn hope, the issue of which was extremely doubtful, on the afternoon of April 14, 1863.

On arriving at the rebel batteries they opened on the steamer a furious fire; being within range, the infantry of the enemy poured in volley after volley. The craft was struck by six and twelve-pound shot more than twenty times, besides being thoroughly bored by musket balls. A minié bullet killed the pilot. Shot holes were made at the water line, but the leaks were stopped. One of the missiles passed through General Foster's own stateroom, cutting the mattress in twain, he being at that time in another part of the boat. Balls struck the machinery, but, fortunately, did not disable it, and the boat went on, reaching Newberne the same night. The presence of the commander of the department restored confidence, and he commenced work at once. A division of troops was soon in marching order, but the enemy knew their man too well; he had escaped from their anticipated capture of him, and they rapidly made haste to get away. Meanwhile General Foster received a commission as major-general United States Volunteers, to rank from July 18, 1862.

Upon the return of General Foster from North Carolina, President Lincoln was so delighted with his skill, energy, and pluck, that our hero was assigned to a more important command than he had hitherto held, that of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe, from whence he made a daring reconnoissance by steamer up the James river, amidst exploding torpedoes.

In the summer of 1863, when Burnside was shut up in Knoxville, Tenn., by Longstreet's invading forces, General Foster was sent to his relief, with the intention of attacking the Confederates in the rear. The movement becoming known to Longstreet, and he being fearful for the safety of his command, threatened in front and rear, raised the siege of Knoxville after a severe repulse at Fort Sanders, and began his retreat eastwardly.

When Burnside was relieved of the command of the Army and Department of the Ohio, Foster was assigned thereto, Dec. 12, 1863, but was obliged to ask relief and relinquish it Feb. 9, 1864, in consequence of severe injuries received from the fall of his horse. As soon as he had somewhat recovered, he was assigned, May 26, 1864, to command the Department of the South, with headquarters at Hilton Head.

When it became known that Sherman was marching through Georgia, Foster opened communications with him by way of the Ossabaw and Warsaw sounds, and also assisted him by making demonstrations on Pocotaligo and other points along the line of railway from Savannah to Charleston. So well was this coöperation carried out, that the first reliable news of the

success of General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea was sent to Washington from General Foster's command, and on Dec. 22, 1864, he opened up communication with Savannah by water. After General Sherman's famous march from Atlanta to the sea, General Foster was assigned to duty in Florida, where he was successfully engaged during the final operations of the Federal arms, which ended in the collapse of the Rebellion and the surrender by General Lee at Appomattox.

Soon after this surrender, the new Department of Florida was organized, and embraced within its limits the whole state of Florida in the military division of the gulf. General Foster was assigned to command this department, the general headquarters being at Tallahassee, the capital of the state. He and his troops thereby became subject to the orders of General Sheridan. In this new command he continued active, intelligent, and impartial, and closed his military career in the War of the Rebellion in the complete enjoyment of the esteem of his associates, the respect of his subordinates, and in the full confidence of the people and the government of the United States.

General Foster stood very high in the estimation of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, both of whom recommended him for promotion at the close of the war.

The compiler has seen letters addressed to the secretary of war, and to General Grant, written in behalf of General Foster, and recommending him in the very strongest terms for promotion to high rank in the army. It would seem that letters written by such men as Daniel Clark, Aaron H. Cragin, United States senators at the time they wrote; E. H. Rollins, J. W. Patterson, and Gilman Marston, members of congress; Henry Wilson, United States senator; Gov. Wm. Marvin of Florida, also United States senator; and many other distinguished men of influence, would have gained for Foster such rank as was desired for him in the regular army; but the president of the United States, after the close of the war, did not promote him to be a full major-general, United States army, or a full brigadier-general, United States army, but did not refuse to confer on him the rank of brevet major-general, United States army.

In a letter written to General Foster, under date of July 17, 1866, by the father of the present governor of New Hampshire, who was then in congress—Hon. E. H. Rollins—he used the following words regarding the then president of the United States: "His present conduct indicates that he would not, in the selection of officers, be influenced by his original political friends, and I am in doubt as to the aid our congressional delegation might be able to give you in the line of promotion you desire, and which you deserve." *Ex uno omnes disce.*

He, of whom the distinguished congressman just quoted wrote, was the constitutional president of the United States. Let us therefore quote the famous lines of Matthew Prior and leave him.

> "Be to his virtues very kind,
> Be to his faults a little blind."

General Foster was also regarded very highly by Edwin M. Stanton, the famous secretary of war. This statement is evidenced by letters

which the writer has seen, in one of which the distinguished secretary used the following words to Governor Marvin of Florida, in the winter of 1865-'66: "I have great confidence in the administrative ability of General Foster."

The marked ability of General Foster was recognized abroad as well as at home. His reputation was international. In the year 1868 he published a pamphlet on submarine blasting. This monograph was recognized throughout the civilized world, and was considered to be authority on that subject. In the year 1869 General Sir John F. Burgoyne, field marshal of the British Army, sent a letter to Brevet Major-General John Newton, who ranked General Foster in the corps of engineers, and requested that a copy of Foster's book on submarine blasting should be sent to him. General Burgoyne afterward wrote a letter to General Foster thanking him for the book which he had sent through General Newton. This letter, which the compiler has seen, was dated London, September 20, 1869.

General Foster was made president of the railroad commission when the project was planned to build a railway through the government land at and near West Point. He was also a member of the Sutro Tunnel commission. These, together with numerous other high positions that he held, tend to show that he was regarded as a superior "all round man."

During his long service of twenty-eight years in the United States army, our hero received from the president no less than sixteen commissions. The following is a list of such commissions with the date and rank conferred by each:

On July 1, 1842, John G. Foster was a cadet in the United States Military academy, to July 1, 1846. Subsequently he received the following commissions:

July 1, 1846, brevet second lieutenant, U. S. A.

Aug. 20, 1847, brevet first lieutenant, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, Mexico.

Sept. 8, 1847, brevet captain, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, Mexico.

May 24, 1848, second lieutenant Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

April 1, 1854, first lieutenant Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

July 1, 1860, captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., for fourteen years continuous service.

Dec. 26, 1860, brevet major, U. S. A., for the distinguished part taken by him in the transfer of the garrison of Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, S. C.

May 14, 1861, major Eleventh U. S. Infantry, declined.

Oct. 23, 1861, brigadier-general, U. S. Volunteers.

Feb. 8, 1862, brevet lieutenant-colonel, U.S.A., for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Roanoke Island, N. C.

March 12, 1862, brevet colonel, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Newberne, N. C.

July 18, 1862, major-general U. S. Volunteers.

March 3, 1863, major Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

March 13, 1865, brevet brigadier-general, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Savannah, Ga.

March 13, 1865, brevet major-general, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the Rebellion.

March 7, 1867, lieutenant-colonel, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

On the first day of September, 1866, he was mustered out of the volunteer service.

On the 30th day of August, 1866, by order of the secretary of war, he was assigned to duty in accordance with his brevet rank of major-general, U. S. A.

Special orders No. 439.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, September 3, 1866.

[Extract]

* * * * * * * * *

5. The telegraphic orders from this office dated August 30, 1866, assigning to duty according to their brevet rank the following named officers, are hereby confirmed:

Brevet Maj.-Gen. John G. Foster, major Corps of Engineers.

* * * * * * * * *

By order of the secretary of war,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Foster was a man of very commanding presence, possessed of a superior mind and great executive ability, was ardent and energetic in the performance of duty, had undaunted courage and unswerving loyalty. By nature he was genial and sympathetic, manifested cordiality and affection to his companions, was an admirable *raconteur* with an almost exhaustless store of anecdote and story, and by his family and intimates was greatly beloved.

Following may be found the military history of General Foster in detail:

MILITARY HISTORY.

Entered as cadet, U. S. Military academy, West Point, July 1, 1842, from which he was graduated, after a full course of four years, on July 1, 1846.

Served as follows: Assistant engineer in the Engineer Bureau at Washington, D. C., 1846; in the war with Mexico, 1847-'48; attached to the company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers, was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, Mar. 9-29, 1847; the battle of Cerra Gordo, Apr. 17-18, 1847; battle of Contreras, Aug. 19-20, 1847; battle of Cherubusco, Aug. 20, 1847; battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8, 1847, where he was severely wounded; on sick-leave of absence, disabled by wounds, 1847-'48; assistant engineer in building Fort Carroll, Patapsco river, Md., 1848-'52; at coast survey office, Washington, D. C., Mar. 20, 1852, to Apr. 26, 1854; assistant engineer in building Fort Carroll, Md., 1854; at the Military academy as principal assistant professor of engineering, Jan. 11, 1855, to June 27, 1857; as superintending engineer of the survey of the site of fort at Willett's Point, L. I., N. Y., 1857, of preliminary operations for building fort at Sandy Hook, N. J., 1857-'58, of building Fort Sumter and repairs of Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, S. C., 1858, 1861, also in charge of Forts Macon and Caswell, N. C., 1858-'61; and also of construction of Fort Carroll, Md., 1859-'60.

He served in the Rebellion of the seceding states, 1861-'66, as follows: as chief engineer of the fortifications of Charleston harbor, S. C., being engaged in strengthening the works in anticipation of attack upon them,—transporting the garrison of Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Dec. 26, 1860,—and in defense of Sumter, Dec. 27, 1860, to Apr. 14, 1861, including its bombardment, Apr. 12-14, 1861, when it was surrendered and evacuated; as assistant engineer in the Engineer Bureau at Washington, D. C., Apr. 22 to May 5, 1861; as superintending engineer of the construction of Sandy Hook Fort, N. J., May 11 to Nov. 22, 1861; in command of troops (brig.-gen. U. S. Vols) at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 25 to Dec. 20, 1861; on General Burnside's North Carolina expedition, commanding brigade, Dec. 20, 1861, to July 1, 1862, being engaged in the capture of Roanoke Island with its garrison and armament, Feb. 8, 1862; capture of Newberne, Mar. 14, 1862, and bombardment of Fort Macon which capitulated Apr. 26, 1862; in command of the department of North Carolina, July 1, 1862, to July 13, 1863 (his force constituting the Eighteenth Army Corps, Dec. 24, 1862; he was commissioned a major-general, U. S. Vols., to rank from July 18, 1862), during which time he successfully conducted the expedition to burn the Goldsborongh railroad bridge, Dec., 1862, being engaged in the battle of South West Creek, Dec. 14, 1862; combat of Kinston, Dec. 15, 1862; action of Whitehall, Dec. 17, 1862; battle of Goldsborough Bridge, Dec. 18, 1862; repulse of the rebel attack on Newberne, Mar. 14, 1863, and defense of Washington, N. C., Mar. 29 to Apr. 16, 1863, when the siege was raised; in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, July 15 to Nov. 13, 1863, and of the Army and Department of the Ohio, Dec. 12, 1863, to Feb. 9, 1864, which he was obliged to relinquish in consequence of severe injuries received from the fall of his horse, Dec. 23, 1864; on sick-leave of waiting orders, at Baltimore, Md., Feb. 9 to May 5, 1864; in command of the Department of the South, May 26, 1864, to Feb. 11, 1865; in command of the Department of Florida, Aug. 7, 1865, to Dec. 5, 1866.

Mustered out of volunteer service, Sept. 1, 1866.

Subsequently he served in the regular army as follows: On temporary duty in the Engineer Bureau at Washington, D. C., Jan., 1867, to May 10, 1867; as superintending engineer of the defences of Portsmouth, N. H., and works for the preservation and improvement of Boston Harbor (except sea-walls of Great Brewster, Deer, and Lovell's islands), Mass., May 10, 1867, to May 25, 1871; of improvement of Provincetown harbor, Mass., June, 1868, to May 25, 1871; of surveys of Gloucester, Wellfleet and Wareham harbors, Mass., July, 1870, to May 14, 1871, and of improvement of Taunton and Merrimack rivers, and Hyannis and Plymouth harbors, Mass., July, 1870, to May 14, 1871; as assistant to the chief of engineers at Washington, D. C., May 14, 1871, to June 11, 1874; as superintending engineer of the improvement of Merrimac river and harbors of

Gloucester, Salem, Boston, Duxbury, Plymouth, Wellfleet, and Provincetown, Mass., June 11 to Aug. 24, 1874; of repairs and construction of the sea-walls of Great Brewster, Deer, and Lovell's islands, June 11 to Aug. 24, 1874; and of survey of Hingham Harbor, Mass., July to Aug., 1874, and as member of board of wreck of steamer *Scotland* in New York harbor, Mar. 26, to July 31, 1868; on improvement of Oswego harbor, N. Y., July, 1868; on location of West Shore railroad through public lands at West Point, N. Y., 1870; on improvement of Erie harbor, Pa., Oct., 1870; on Sutro tunnel, Nevada, Apr. 27, 1871, to Jan. 6, 1872; on locks of Louisville and Portland canal, Dec. 1871; on improvement of Cape Fear river, May 14, 1872, and on Harbor of Refuge on Lake Erie, July, 1872.

Died, Sept. 2, 1874, at Nashua, N. H., aged 51.

When he was borne to the grave at his Nashua home, business was suspended; thousands of sorrowing friends filled the streets, mourning badges floated from public and private buildings, and the air was filled with the sound of tolling bells, minute guns, and muffled drums.

General Foster, in honor of whom the post in the Grand Army of the Republic in the city of Nashua was named, was buried at the Old cemetery in Nashua with military honors.

On the 5th day of September, 1874, to his parent earth in the Old cemetery of Nashua, N. H., was bequeathed the body of John G. Foster. His remains were followed to the grave by many officers of the army, and other distinguished friends. A comrade of General Foster's in the Mexican War, Col. Thomas P. Pierce, marshaled the civic cortege, and eight general officers, comrades in the War of the Rebellion, including Generals Burnside and Gordon, guarded the hearse, while John G. Foster post, G. A. R., Col. George Bowers, commander,—another Nashua comrade of the general's in the Mexican War,—and a detachment of the United States regulars escorted the great procession to the grave in the Old Nashua cemetery.

A beautiful white marble monument suitably inscribed was erected to his memory by his wife soon after the burial, in the lot where his mortal remains now repose.

A bronze memorial urn has been placed near the head of General Foster's grave by his friends and comrades in arms, the members of John G. Foster post, No. 7, Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, and the urn is kept filled with fresh flowers.

Near by, in the same cemetery, also rests all that is mortal of Brevet Brigadier-General Aaron F. Stevens, colonel Thirteenth N. H. Volunteers, who was General Foster's townsman and friend.

In this cemetery also repose the remains of many other men who were distinguished in their day and generation as statesmen and soldiers in every war waged by the United States from the War of the Revolution to the present time. The body of Charles G. Atherton, a distinguished senator of the United States, by whose influence General Foster was sent to West Point, was buried in this cemetery, and lies near the grave of our hero.

General Foster was twice married. At Baltimore, Md., January 21, 1851, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, married to Mary L. Moale, daughter of Col. Samuel Moale of Baltimore. Mrs. Foster died in New York, June 6, 1871; in Washington, January 9, 1872, at St. Matthew's church, to Nannie Davis, daughter of George M. Davis. One daughter was born to him by his first wife,

Annie M., born in Baltimore, Md., November 3, 1851, married Lieut. Henry Seton, U. S. A., at the cathedral in Boston, April 26, 1870. Mrs. Seton has two sons. Her husband now (May, 1899) is a major in the regular army of the United States, and is (Twelfth Infantry) in the service in the Philippine Islands.

Through his long military service, General Foster's career was marked by a faithful, devoted, and intelligent discharge of duty, by personal gallantry, by honest administration, and by a firmness which was not weakened by his great kindness of heart.

To the discharge of his important functions he brought eminent personal qualifications, military decision with courtesy, authority with kindness, knowledge with consideration, unfaltering integrity and unflinching firmness, fidelity to every trust and loyalty to his country, and with a restless energy and untiring industry that never left anything unfinished or to chance.

Though dead, the record of his fame is resplendent with noble deeds well done, and no name on the army register of the United States stands fairer or higher for the personal qualities that command universal respect, honor, affection, and love of mankind. He was not a carpet knight, or one who shirked the bugle call to battle. As was said of Admiral Porter, "he was animated by a detestation of all forms of oppression, whether by governments or peoples." This was in him a consuming passion. His life was filled with exciting events, but it was not until the Civil War that there came to him the opportunity for which he was fitted by lifelong training.

We have ready applause for brilliant deeds and are not slow to admire genius, and yet that which most commands our profound and abiding reverence is not the flash of some brilliant achievement, but the steady, strong progress of noble character.

This is the kind of power with which the memory of General Foster comes to us to-day. He was great in war, and equally so in peace. There are no private discounts to reduce the excellency and glory of his public record.

Foster may be accepted and proclaimed as a typical American soldier, "tempering fire with prudence, and uniting vigor with imperturbability." In the decisive moment of attack no columns were more resistless than those that he directed, and in the terrible crisis of a losing day no front was firmer and more deadly than that which he presented to a rashly exulting foe. His modesty, his valor, his generosity, his soldierly frankness, his kindly fraternal ways with his brother officers, his fatherly interest for his men, his unflinching loyalty, so endeared him to every one who knew his sterling qualities, that all could unite and say, "This was a man; the world was better for his having lived."

NOTE.—The author of the foregoing begs to say that biographies are, at best, but compilations; that he has been favored by Mrs. Seton, General Foster's daughter, with a great number of papers, very many of which are in Foster's own handwriting; that he has used the prerogative of biographers and quoted freely from others, and in many instances without credit, notably from General Cullum's "Biographical Register."

NASHUA, May, 1899.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

By Ezra S. Stearns.

THE Massachusetts grant to William Brenton, known as Brenton Farm, bears date of 1656. This grant of considerable area was located on both sides of the Merrimack river including the present village of Thornton, in Merrimack, and a considerable part of Litchfield on the opposite side of the river. In the progress of years the Massachusetts charters of Dunstable, Nottingham, and Naticook, with several subdivisions of these ancient townships, and later the incorporation by New Hampshire of Litchfield and Merrimack, introduced many changes in the territorial relations of the early settlers of the locality, but none of these is of import in this connection.

The Brenton Farm was early divided in lots of convenient area and sold to prospective settlers. In this division and sale one acre on each side of the river, with land for highways leading thereto, was reserved for the accommodation of a ferry. The necessity and utility of a ferry were self evident. It was designed for the convenience of the community and to promote social and business intercourse between the settlers on the opposite sides of the river. For many years it was used in peace and contentment, but as the settlements increased and the profits became more material it became the source of contention and litigation. It was many years before there was an established ferry with constant attendance. Any of the dwellers near the river was privileged to own his boats for his personal convenience, or to collect a toll from a willing patron.

Prominent among the early boatmen on the river was Christopher Temple, who owned and occupied the farm in Merrimack adjacent to and north of the farm later owned by Colonel Lutwyche and later by Hon. Matthew Thornton. He settled on this farm about the year 1729, and after a residence there of twelve years he leased the farm to Zachariah Stearns of Bedford, Mass., and removed to Littleton, Mass. Mr. Stearns remained a tenant on the farm until 1744 or 1745. In the conduct of the ferry he employed, a part of the time, a boat owned by the town of Litchfield, but moored when not in use on the west bank of the river. Later Thomas Mordough and John Usher were tenants on this farm and continued a ferry until about 1760.

About the time of the removal of Mr. Temple, Capt. Robert Richardson of Litchfield, for a year or more, was accustomed to ferry across the river, having a station on the west side at the Temple farm, and twenty years later, for a short time, Captain Parker, also of Litchfield, assisted his neighbors and strangers from other towns in crossing the river, but, from

first to last, the ferries were almost exclusively conducted by residents of the west side of the river.

If Christopher Temple was the pioneer he early had a rival in Capt. Jonathan Cummings, who owned and occupied the Lutwyche or Thornton farm, and there maintained a ferry nearly thirty years.

It will be remembered that Captain Cummings and Mr. Temple occupied adjoining farms in Merrimack. They were neighbors and friends. At the suggestion of Mr. Temple, Captain Cummings applied to the court of general sessions of the peace for the county of Middlesex holden at Cambridge, May 18, 1736, for a license to keep a ferry. The petition was granted, but, in 1741, when the jurisdiction of Massachusetts was ended, the license became void. After the removal from Merrimack of Mr. Temple, Captain Cummings, forgetful of the lapse of his license, contended for the exclusive right to maintain a ferry and there was a continued contention between him and the tenants of the Temple farm.

For many years two ferries were continued, and at this late day it is impossible to determine which party secured the greater profit or got the best of the quarrel.

In 1760, there were important changes to be noted. Strangers appear in place of the old boatmen, and as the profits of the rival ferries increase with the growth of the settlements, the bitterness of the contention is intensified. At this time, or to be more exact, in April, 1760, Edward Goldstone Lutwyche, having leased the farm of Capt. Jonathan Cummings, removed from Boston to Merrimack. About the same time James Matthews purchased and removed to the Temple farm. These newcomers continued the ferries and the fight and each had loyal friends and patrons.

In 1763, Mr. Lutwyche purchased the Cummings farm, and three years later he secured a decided advantage over his neighbor Matthews. Appealing to Gov. Benning Wentworth, he secured a grant, as it was styled, giving him "the sole privilege of keeping a ferry and of keeping, using, and employing a ferryboat and ferryboats for transporting men, horses, carriages, goods, and things from the shore of Merrimack aforesaid, where the said Edward Goldstone Lutwyche now dwells, across River Merrimac to the opposite shore of Litchfield"—"and for the encouragement of the said Edward Goldstone Lutwyche to keep such boats and give such attendance as aforesaid we do strictly forbid our loving subjects to interfere with the same ferry or setting up any other ferry within the space of two miles above or below the same granted ferry." This grant is dated July 8, 1766. The two-mile reservation included the Temple farm ferry, at this time owned by Mr. Matthews. Fortified with this grant from the governor, Mr. Lutwyche surveyed the situation with complacency, but Matthews was of stubborn material and was not ready to peacefully surrender a right which had been an adjunct to his farm for more than thirty years. He said many things not complimentary to Mr. Lutwyche or Governor Wentworth, and he attested his sincerity in the continued maintenance of his ferry.

In August of the same year Mr. Lutwyche sued Mr. Matthews for trespass upon his exclusive right under his grant to keep a ferry. In the inferior court of common pleas the plaintiff secured a verdict but the defendant appealed to the superior court of judicature, and after an animated trial the verdict was reversed. The plaintiff then obtained a review and was finally successful. Mr. Lutwyche and his ferry were triumphant. The rival ferry was suspended, but Mr. Matthews was angered and beligerent. At this time Mr. Lutwyche was appointed colonel of the fifth regiment of the royal militia, and Mr. Matthews not only derided the colonel, but he made many ungracious remarks of the "whole crew," as he styled them, of the colonel's household.

It was a hot time on the lower Merrimack and growing decidedly warmer until Mrs. Sarah Lutwyche, the widowed mother of the colonel, sued Mr. Matthews for slander. The testimony in the case represented that Mr. Matthews was rude and coarse in conduct and abusive in speech. This case had three trials, and Mr. Matthews, in the end, was again defeated. The written testimony in these cases, preserved in the court files, furnishes the material for the foregoing narrative.

The remainder of the story of the ferry runs in more peaceful lines and is soon told. It remained in the control of Colonel Lutwyche until his sudden departure from the state in the spring of 1775, and immediately the towns of Litchfield and Merrimack took possession of the ferry on the allegation that Colonel Lutwyche was unfriendly to the cause of the American patriots, and Sarah Lutwyche, the mother of the absent colonel, petitioned the provincial congress for redress. In November following it was ordered that the committees representing Litchfield and Merrimack surrender the ferry to its proper owner.

By the act of 1778 the estates of several Tories, including that of Colonel Lutwyche, were confiscated, and thus the farm and the ferry became the property of the state. In 1780, the farm was sold for the benefit of the state to Hon. Matthew Thornton, who procured, in 1784, a new charter for the ferry, and while he lived continued in the peaceable possession of the farm and the ferry.

During the years of the early settlement of Litchfield and Merrimack, the frequent changes in town lines and the close alliance that existed between the dwellers on the east and the west side of the river have easily led to many erroneous statements concerning the residence of the first settlers of those towns.

The dispositions used in the lawsuits between Lutwyche and Matthews incidentally afford considerable information of the residence of the deponents.

The fact that in 1734 Christopher Temple was one of a committee to build a meeting-house in Litchfield has led the annalist to count him among the dwellers of that town. In his deposition, dated July 7, 1767, he testifies that he built the first house on the farm then owned by James Matthews, and that he lived there about twelve years, remaining a short time after he had leased his farm to Zachariah Stearns. From other testimony it is shown that he

lived on the west side of the river from about 1729–'41. He was a selectman of Naticook, embracing territory on both sides of the river, 1734, 1735, 1738, 1739, and 1741.

John Chamberlain testified that in 1733 he bought a farm and removed to Merrimack, and has resided there until the present time (1767). He was foremost among his townsmen.

Benjamin Hassell declared "he was the first person that lived in the town which is called Merrimack, on the west side of Merrimack river, and that some time afterwards Captain Cummings and Christopher Temple moved into said town." He was a son of Joseph Hassell, Jr., and was born August 19, 1701.

Capt. Jonathan Cummings was born July 3, 1703. He was a son of Thomas and Priscilla (Warner) Cummings of Dunstable. He married Elizabeth Blanchard, a daughter of Joseph Blanchard, and was one of the early settlers on Brenton Farm, in Merrimack. He was a selectman and one of the first deacons of the church.

John Stearns, then of Merrimack, testified that about 1739 or 1740, his father, Zachariah Stearns, removed to the farm of Christopher Temple, later owned by James Matthews, and lived there two years, then moved away in the spring, returning the next fall, and then remained two years and a half. Zachariah Stearns, a son of John and Mercy (Davis) Stearns, was born in Concord, now Bedford, Mass., February 6, 1701–'02. After his removal from the Temple farm he was a selectman 1746–'47.

Robert Usher testified that his father, John Usher, leased the farm later owned by James Matthews about 1748, and lived there six years. This family probably lived in Merrimack a few years previous to their removal to the Temple or Matthews farm.

Thomas Mordough testified that about 1754 he moved to the Matthews farm and lived there a few years. According to his testimony the farm was then owned by Mr. Gordon of Boston.

James Nahor testified that he resided on the east side of the river since 1734, and that the proprietors of Brenton Farm reserved a road four rods wide through the farm to the river, and on the west side the road of equal width was located between the Lutwyche and the Temple or Matthews farms.

William Richardson testified that he had lived on the east side in Litchfield since 1729.

Benjamin Blodget testified he had lived in Litchfield since 1732 or "thereabouts."

John Harvell said he had lived in Litchfield since 1737 or earlier.

Bridget Snow testified that in the month of July, 1766, she removed, with her goods, from Londonderry to Hollis and crossed the Merrimack river in the ferryboat of James Matthews.

In one of the depositions mention was made of Mingo, a negro servant of Colonel Lutwyche.

Of James Matthews, who has been frequently named in this article, very little information is available. April 1, 1761, he purchased the Temple farm of James Gordon of Boston. In the deed he is styled "of Bedford." At this date he had several children, some of whom were accustomed to manage the boats on the river.

It has been asserted in the New Hampshire prints that Colonel Lutwyche was a gentleman of wealth, a retired lawyer, and an Englishman. The facts do not warrant these assertions. Edward and Lawrence Lutwyche were brothers and were born about 1700 in the county of Radnor in Wales. They came to America and settled in Boston previous to 1728. Edward Lutwyche was a taverner in Boston, having license from year to year to conduct his business on Linn, King, and Ship streets. Lawrence Lutwyche was a distiller and accumulated a moderate estate. He was chosen a constable of Boston, 1739, and the following year he made return of the warrant for the town meeting which granted leave to erect Faneuil hall. In 1739 he was one of the vestrymen of Trinity church. He married, May 6, 1735, Sarah Lindall, born June 17, 1712, daughter of Dea. James and Mary (Higginson) Weed Lindall of Salem. The intentions of marriage are recorded in Boston, March 24, 1735. He died in 1740. His will is dated September 2 and was probated October 15, 1740. He left his estate in equal shares to his widow, Sarah, and his only child, Edward Goldstone Lutwyche.

In the will of Caleb Lindall, an uncle of Sarah, wife of Lawrence Lutwyche, who died November 13, 1751, mention is made of his niece, Widow Sarah Lutwyche, and her son, Edward Goldstone Lutwyche.

Dea. James Lindall was one of the original proprietors of Weare and of Lyndeborough, and he owned land in Merrimack.

In April, 1760, Colonel Lutwyche and his mother removed from Boston to Merrimack, where he resided fifteen years. In 1763, he was chosen chairman of the board of selectmen, an unusual compliment to one of his age. In later years he is not frequently named in the records of the town, and the measure of his popularity among his townsmen is not easily determined. In regard to his contention with Matthews over the ferry, the sentiment of the community was divided, and it is presumable that the people objected to a monopoly of the business under his charter. If he experienced any loss of esteem at home he was fully compensated by the potent influences at Portsmouth. He was regarded with favor and kindly remembered by Govs. Benning and John Wentworth, who gave him the charter of the ferry and named him an original grantee of the towns of Acworth and Enfield, and of Guildhall, in Vermont. He was early commissioned a captain, and was the colonel of the Fifth regiment, succeeding Col. Zaccheus Lovewell, from 1767 until his sudden departure from the province.

The house of representatives, in 1768, appointed him, with two others, to hear and report upon a petition of the collectors of Amherst in regard to taxation, and the following year, in an act providing for the construction of a road from Boscawen to Charlestown, by the concurrent vote of the council and the house he was appointed one of the agents to construct the road, and in the prosecution of this work he took a prominent part, and two years later he appears as an agent of the Masonian Proprietors in the building of a road near Sutton. In 1771, upon the

organization of five counties in the province, he was one of the justices of the peace for Hillsborough county, but the date of his commission cannot be determined.

At the beginning of the Revolution, and while his townsmen were pledging life and fortune to the American cause, he adhered to the mother country and fled to Boston. It is said that he took his departure from his province during the night succeeding the memorable 19th of April, but I do not know on what authority this statement was originally founded. At the evacuation of Boston by the British in March, 1776, he accompanied the army to Halifax, and later he appears in New York, where he married, Jane de Repalje, a daughter of John de Repalje. They had one daughter, Catherine, who became the wife of Col. Peter Walden, of Norwich, Eng.

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND MRS. THRALE.

By Fred Myron Colby.

AN entertaining paper might be written of the haunts of Samuel Johnson, whose very name calls up memories of a host of noted people among whom he lived as oracle, critic, and friend. It was a strange career, that of this greatest man of letters of the eighteenth century, and how like a romance it reads! The half starved schoolmaster going from Litchfield to London to seek his fortune, the struggling poet and literary hack in Grub street living on three pence per day; the hard working editor and essayist in the great room over St. John's gate, the oracle of coffee houses, dining with Reynolds in Leicester square, and supping with a chosen few at the "Mitre tavern" in Fleet street; the great philosopher hiding in his garret to work, the autocrat of tea-parties, heavy, awkward, pedantic, cynical as Carlyle, yet a genius and a Christian, and the central figure around which are grouped the statesmen, poets, novelists, dramatists, actors, and artists of George the Third's time.

We willingly pass by Grub street, its toils and miseries and petty vexations. It is pleasanter to think of the after days of success when women of rank and fashion were proud to entertain him at their houses, and the most famous men of the age assembled around him at his own home in Bolt court, at the coffee houses, at Portman square, or at Mrs. Thrale's house at Stratham. Would we not like to have seen those social assemblies and tea-parties, and all the lions of that last century gathered together, and to have listened to Johnson's Leviathan speech, Goldsmith's good-humored nonsense, Garrick's bold sallies, Sheridan's wit, and Miss Burney's conversation? It is not a hard matter at all to go back to those days and picture the scenes in which they lived and wrote and acted, and out of which they have vanished.

Dr. Johnson's house in Bolt court still stands nearly as in his day. It

is a long shallow building of brick, four stories in height, with a quaint doorway in the center, over which is inscribed the doctor's name and the date of his residence there. The rooms are large and comfortable, and one experiences a thrill as he passes up and down the winding, oaken staircase, which must have been mounted more times than we can count by the big, shambling feet of the illustrious owner. Crossing the paved court you can walk into Fleet street, just as Johnson did, through a long, narrow passage under a shop. Here stands the "Mitre," somewhat faded and humbled, but the very place where Johnson and Boswell used to visit arm in arm.

To pass an evening in that old house then would have been worth going across the sea for. Almost any night one would have seen there Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, and Horace Walpole, and Johnson's two devoted admirers, Tapham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, whose devotion to the literary autocrat shows there must have been a companionable side to "the old bear's" nature.

It is not a long walk to Leicester square, where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived. Sir Joshua's residence, now number forty-seven, is a large, dignified-looking mansion with wide windows and massive chimneys. The stately drawing-room, where the famous painter used to receive his guests, is intact, but all the mirth, the dignity, the splendor of the old day has departed. Nothing is there to tell us of the "sweet Sir Joshua," as his contemporaries called him, the gracious gentleman, with handsome, serene face, not even one of his pictures. Johnson, besides being on hand at the dinner parties, used to call evenings at this house and stay until he fairly wore out Reynolds's patience. They were so different: Johnson, slovenly, awkward, and arbitrary, utterly without tact; the painter, elegant, graceful, and polite, and with proverbial good nature. It is said that Reynolds once took his hat and left the house as the doctor entered it, but Johnson did not take the hint, and kept on calling.

But the house most intimately associated with Johnson is Thrale Hall at Stratham, near enough to London to make the drive in and out in a few hours. It is a large, solid house of the Queen Anne style, enclosed in a park, and shaded by ancestral oaks. It was the residence of Henry Thrale, a wealthy brewer, whose wife was noted for her cleverness, vivacity, and grace in entertaining her guests.

Their house, for a long time was one of the literary and social centers of London. They made the acquaintance of Johnson in 1764, and this acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. A room was prepared for him at the villa, a plate was always laid for him at table, and he was considered so much one of the household that people who wanted to see him went oftener in search of him at Stratham than to his own house in Bolt court. It would seem that a full half of Johnson's life during about eighteen years was passed under the roof of the Thrales.

They were the happiest years of his life, and to the care and attentions of this kind host and hostess, the learned and blameless hypochondriac was doubtless indebted to his escape from insanity. Mrs. Thrale rallied him in his fits of despondency, soothed him,

coaxed him, and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenuity, stimulated by womanly compassion, could devise was wanting in his sick-room. He requited her kindness by a fatherly affection, which was delicately tinged by a gallantry as pure in sentiment as it was oftentimes awkward in expression.

The attention of his hostess was even carried to his dress. He was slovenly to excess, usually wearing an old brown coat with metal buttons, a shirt that ought to have been at wash, his knee bands loose, his black worsted stockings "ill drawn up," his feet in unbuckled shoes, and a little, shriveled, unpowdered wig much too small for his head. Mrs. Thrale wisely provided some fine additions to his wardrobe, which were kept at the hall. When there was to be a dinner party or anything of the sort, a servant was stationed in the hall, and as the doctor passed from the library to the dining-room his old brown wig was gravely lifted from his head and replaced with a fresh one, the old wig being laid on his dressing-room table for use on the following day. What a change such a life must have been to a man who had been accustomed to dine and sup in a tavern; whose home was either a dull lodging in the Temple or his dingy house in Bolt court; who was in the habit of staying out till two o'clock every morning, and coming down the next day unbrushed, unwashed, perhaps unfed, and always sick at heart and ill at ease.

All the literary lions of the age were visitors one time or another at the Thrales. Mrs. Thrale was always on the watch for new celebrities, and pounced upon them as a cat would on a mouse, with the same feline facility but not with the carniverous intent. She was a short, plump little woman, very brisk in her manners, pretty and vivacious. Mr. Thrale was a tall man, with rather a stately carriage, and the manners and tastes of the old-fashioned English squire. He had an income of about ten thousand pounds a year, so they could afford to be generous. They entertained elegantly but without ostentation. Mrs. Thrale, who was one of those clever, engaging, pert, vain women who are perpetually doing and saying something that is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, are always agreeable, was a charming hostess.

And her house was full of agreeable persons. Besides the great Samuel in scratch wig and single-breasted coat, there at many a dinner or evening party could have been seen David Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Sheridan. Two women, famous in their day and generation, and not forgotten now, were also guests at Stratham, namely, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, celebrated for her wonderful powers of conversation and her superb entertainment at Portman square, and Frances Burney, "Little Burney," afterward Madame d'Atblay, who poured Johnson's tea for him at the table, and was the recipient of his almost ful-

some compliments. These were the figures of that famous group whose shades haunt the now antiquated house which once rang with their repartees or resounded to their sober arguments.

The mode of life at Stratham was typical of the period. The guests strolled about the grounds, or read in the library, as they preferred, until the ten o'clock breakfast. At three or four o'clock they all reassembled for the afternoon dinner round the hospitable board, where the excellent claret, and still better beer of the worthy brewer, warmed even Johnson's soul, who, as Horace Walpole quaintly said, "was good-natured at bottom, but ill-natured at top." After the sumptuous repast came tea in the parlor, Dr. Johnson usually drinking nine or ten cups. Supper was served in the dining-room at ten or eleven, and this was really the most social and brilliant meal of the day. Here the old philosopher was at his best. Mrs. Thrale was queen of this symposium, Johnson was the king.

We can fancy him sitting there by Miss Burney's chair, and opposite his graceful hostess, broad-shouldered, ungainly, his unfortunate visage seamed and disfigured with the scrofula—that fearful disease, which, as an infant, put out to nurse, he had contracted, and which good Queen Anne, in her diamond stomacher and long black hood, unconscious, as she stretched out her round arm, on whose head her fair hand rested and had failed to cure—uttering his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice and an energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form, and the asthmatic gasping and puffings in which his bursts of eloquence generally ended.

To predominate over such society was not easy, yet Johnson was the autocrat there. He had an opinion on every subject, and his conversation was worthy of record whether he tilted on light topics with Mrs. Thrale or Little Burney, or discussed art with Reynolds, political economy with Thrale, or the "Letters of Junius" with Burke.

His colloquial talents were, indeed, of the highest order. He had great common sense, quick discernment, humor, immense knowledge of literature, and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. In his talk he threw away his pompous trisyllables, and his style was simple, easy, and vigorous. He reminds one of Franklin, who, like him, loved to fold his legs and have his talk out. In spite of his sometimes savage autocracy and his total want of tact, Johnson does not seem to have ever angered any of his friends.

Sometimes the company was astounded by a profound silence on the part of the learned egoist, when anything offended him. But Mrs. Thrale was always equal to the emergency. In all these scenes she appeared to the utmost advantage, gracious, well-bred, and with what is an attribute of good breeding sometimes ignored, a forgetfulness of self, that was wonderful in a pretty, flattered, and talented woman.

For a number of years Stratham preserved its charming aspect of hospitality and social superiority. Occasionally all the party used to go into London together, meeting soon

after for a *conversazione* at Mrs. Thrale's grand town house at Grosvenor square. Mrs. Thrale, accomplished, still young and fascinating, was received at court, and had a court dress woven from a pattern of Owghee manufacture, brought by Captain Burney, Fanny's brother, from the island. It was trimmed with gold "to the tune of sixty-five pounds," and was the source of much comment among the ladies in fashionable society in that day.

In April, 1781, Mr. Thrale suddenly died, and Mrs. Thrale was left an opulent widow of forty. Two years afterwards she married an Italian musician named Piozzi. This marriage offended many of her old friends, and Dr. Johnson was most hurt of all. October 6, 1782, he took his last leave of Stratham. Mrs. Thrale did not ask him to return. She subsequently went to Italy among her husband's family.

While spending a merry Christmas at Milan, in gay little music and dancing parties, she learned that the great man, whose name is so closely associated with hers, had died almost two weeks before. She outlived him by almost forty years, dying when over eighty. Her best claim to literary remembrance lies in her published recollections of Dr. Johnson and his letters to her, which she issued at intervals after his death

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A COLORADO CAÑON.

By Fred E. Keay.

THE first impression made by the Rocky Mountains of Colorado upon the mind of one whose previous mountain experiences have been among the White Hills of New Hampshire is one of disappointment. Partially by natural causes, but still more by the unwise hands of men, the mountain sides have been stripped of their garments of foliage. All is barren and desolate. The geology of the mountains is painfully evident. It is as if one were examining a skeleton—wonderful, indeed, in its mechanism, graceful, perhaps, in its outlines, and yet only a skeleton.

This feeling naturally becomes less vivid as acquaintance with the scenery becomes more intimate, but the fact represents still the essential difference between the mountain scenery of the two states. To eyes accustomed to the forest-clad slopes of the White Mountains the almost total absence of vegetation can never cease to excite surprise.

The lack of water is another striking contrast. Through the cañons mountain torrents flow, but their volume shrinks enormously during the summer, and they are largely fed by the snows upon the higher ranges, the rainfall upon the eastern slopes being exceedingly small. Artificial irrigation is compulsory upon all who would raise crops of any kind, or even maintain a green plot before their homes.

The larger streams are dignified by the name of river; all other streams are known in the vernacular as

"cricks." Every river or "crick" has its own cañon, whether it be a deep, swift-running stream in the depths of the mountains, or a tiny rill that flows across the plain for a few brief hours.

Even the smallest of these streams ploughs for itself a deep furrow in the soil, with steep, almost perpendicular banks, deeply furrowed by still smaller streamlets that trickle down the sides. Anything approaching a sloping river bank is almost unknown. In two or three places where the Arkansas river flows through beds of sand, I saw such banks, but they were well out from the mountains.

The whole phenomena of the mightiest cañon of the Rockies can be studied in the bed of one of these transient brooks. The same power is at work in each, but here it carves in clay instead of in rock, and its task is sooner done. Magnify the winding bed of this streamlet, restore the flowing water, and you have created another Cañon of the Colorado, another Royal gorge.

One of the most picturesque of Colorado's many cañons, that of Clear creek, is within a very few hours' ride from Denver, and is traversed by a narrow gauge railway, the construction of which presented many difficult feats of engineering, which are in themselves worthy of much sacrifice to see.

Clear creek is a typical mountain stream, clear, perhaps, in its upper courses, but clay-colored and muddy in its passage through the cañon. The creek has its source high up on the slopes of the Snowy range, and is one of the tributaries of the South Platte river. From its bed and surrounding mountains have been extracted millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver, and the district still is a large producer of precious metals, although the more recent discoveries in the Cripple Creek district have overshadowed it.



In Clear Creek Canon. Photographed from a Moving Train.

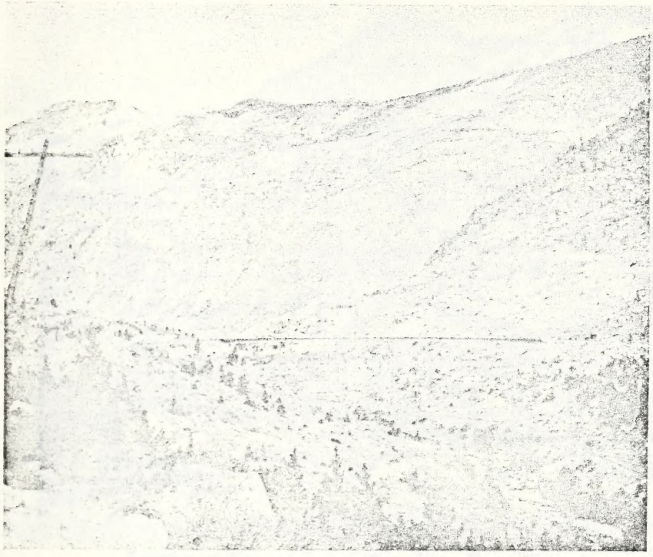


We left Denver early one October morning, in an open observation car, bound for Silver Plume *via* Clear Creek cañon and "the loop." The railroad rises almost exactly 4,000 feet in the fifty-four miles between its termini, the station at Silver Plume being 9,176 feet above the sea level.

For several miles out from Denver the country is quite level. Around Arvada, below the mouth of the cañon, were trees of considerable size, a sight as welcome as it was rare. This town is well and thoroughly irrigated, as was evidenced not only by the trees, but by the large and vigorous berry orchards and fields of deep-green alfalfa. We were told that one of these alfalfa fields was then bearing its fourth crop of the season.

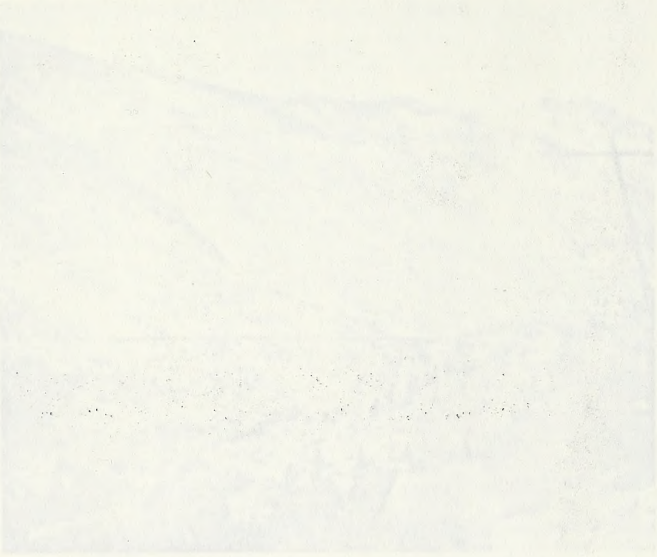
These patches of alfalfa, which are to be seen wherever irrigation is possible, gave to the landscape, as we saw it, its only touches of bright color amid the general dull brown of fields and rocks. Earlier in the season, when the famous Colorado flowers are in blossom, the alfalfa may be less striking.

Soon after passing the outer mountain wall, but before entering the cañon proper, the train halted at the town of Golden, once a mining camp, now a prosperous, well-built city, with pleasant houses on the hillsides, large brick factories in the valley, and rows of straight, stiff Lombardy poplars across the creek.



The Great Loop Bridge.

From Golden onward the railway and the creek fill the floor of the cañon, winding together around almost impossible curves, where the entire train, including even a portion of the very car in which we were seated, was visible before us. Occasionally the creek is crossed in search of a more secure foothold for the narrow track, and in many places the steep, rocky face of the mountain has been removed to afford passage for the

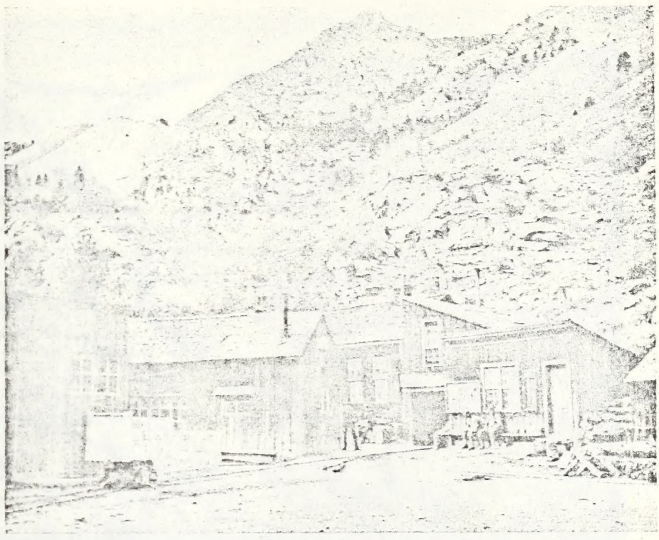


train. In at least one place the mountain side threateningly overhangs the track, and everywhere it is so precipitous that constant watchfulness is necessary on the part of the track inspectors, to prevent accidents through the fall of some of the boulders that strew the steep slopes in such profusion with apparent insecurity.

As the mountains are bare of forests there is nothing to stay the course of a boulder that may be started downward. I believe there is a law in Colorado prohibiting the pushing or throwing of a stone or rock down any mountain side, on account of the danger to miners. Such is the vigilance of the railroad authorities, however, that the first accident has still to be recorded.

At Elk creek, our car stopped opposite a rude hut hanging on the rocky mountain wall above us. Beside the door a cat was leisurely washing its face, while over the rocks above a pair of Rocky Mountain blue jays were hopping unconcerned.

Just above Elk creek a man was busily washing sand taken from the bed of Clear creek, in search of gold dust. Time was when this occupation was profitable, but it is so no longer. The worker probably earned scarcely living wages. The wooden basins and flumes, wherein placer mining was formerly conducted on an extensive scale, are located in and beside the creek bed near Roscoe. Here the entire creek was once turned into artificial channels by gold seekers.



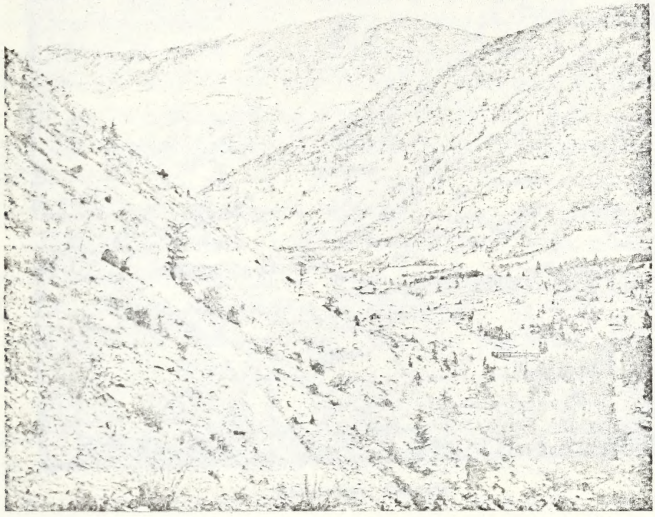
Entrance to Diamond Tunnel Mine, Silver Plume, Colorado.

Near this place the cañon broadens for a few miles, giving opportunity for limited agricultural endeavor. Here clematis trailed its feathery clusters over the rocks.

At Forks creek, twenty-nine miles from Denver, and 6,880 feet above the sea, connection is made with a branch to Central City, a metropolis of the mining district. The little



wooden station at Forks creek, built upon stilts over the bank of the creek, contains a dining-room, and its outer walls were generously placarded with notices of tempting luncheons put up for travelers. Our experience with Colorado railway dining-rooms was uniformly pleasant. However mean and commonplace the building might be, the food was excellent. Poultry was always prominent on the bills of fare, and the Forks creek luncheons were constructed around half a chicken for each person.



The Railroad Curves, from the Wagon Road

The shrill whistling of the locomotive, accompanied by a marked diminution in the speed of the train, indicated some obstruction ahead. For half a mile above Forks creek we continued thus, but the sharp curves shut out any view of the track before us. At last, in a straighter section, we saw the cause of the trouble in a little gray burro that had wandered down the track, and was being driven back by the locomotive.

There was no other road for the poor animal but the railway track. He could not climb the steep wall on one side, and to try to descend the precipice on the other would be suicidal, so he trotted back as leisurely as possible under the circumstances until he reached a safe footing at one side. High on the barren mountain side a herd of goats were pasturing, so far away that they looked like mere specks.

Idaho Springs is a well-known summer and health resort. From the car window, at least, it was strikingly unlike a typical New Hampshire resort. Situated at the bottom of a huge bowl of rock, the sides of which are but sparsely clothed, the town streets are shaded with trees encouraged to grow by the nearness of the creek and by irrigation. Among the generally small and plain wooden buildings were some more



ambitious structures, probably hotels. The place relies upon the purity of the air and the medicinal value of its mineral waters, rather than upon its scenic beauty, although if one can forget the barrenness of the mountain contours, the strange rock-figures will be found endued with a beauty peculiar to themselves.

A pale line zigzagging along the mountain sides almost at their summits marks the highest wagon road in the state, a rough trail indeed, giving access to hidden mines and overlooking what must be a magnificent mountain landscape. About the loneliest thing we saw was a tiny cemetery across the creek on the bare ledges, an object of utter desolation.

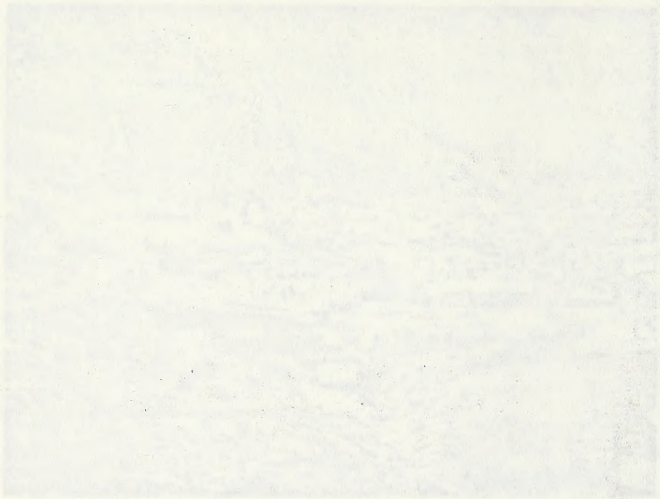
Georgetown, fifty miles from Denver, is a busy mining town of 1,800 inhabitants. Like all these mountain towns, the newness has not rubbed off. The houses appear to have been put together with the greatest haste, and the least attention to architectural effect possible. For the most part they are simply four walls with partitions, and they are huddled together on narrow, unkept streets.

From Georgetown to Silver Plume, a smaller and still newer mining town, the greatest engineering difficulties have been overcome by the railway builders. The wagon road between the two towns is about a mile and a quarter long, while the distance by railroad is four miles. The track makes great curves on steep grades, and then countermarches and crosses itself on a thin trestle 110 feet above the roadbed below, thus making a complete loop.



Georgetown, Colorado.

Over the slopes round about Silver Plume are scattered many "dumps" from gold and silver mines. These heaps of broken, whitish rock stand out like excrescences from the mountain sides. After leaving the train at Silver Plume we started, in company with a number of other "tenderfeet," for the nearest heap, the



first dump of the Diamond Tunnel mine.

The climb thither, though short, was extremely arduous, owing, in part, to the steepness of the road, and, in part, to the rarity of the atmosphere, for we were 9,200 feet above the sea. At the tunnel portal we were armed with rude lanterns made from lard pails—"buckets," as they are called in Colorado—and tallow candles. By these flickering lights we made our way 1,600 feet into the mine, seeing the different lodes and pockets, from one of which $3,000,000 had been dug in years gone by, but which had been so thoroughly worked that the damp walls betrayed scarcely a glimmer of precious metal.

The present workings of the mine are located 6,000 feet farther into the mountain's heart, and the ore is brought out through the tunnel in small cars, running on a railway of extremely narrow gauge, and drawn by burros.

For the sake of novelty we decided to walk back to Georgetown by the wagon road, but on the score of comfort the walk was not comparable to the ride in the train, neither were the views, as a whole, as interesting. The roadway was covered many inches deep with fine gray dust, notwithstanding that a vigorous young gale was tearing the dust from the road and bearing it away in clouds. After rounding the mountain face well above the valley, the road suddenly plunged into Georgetown. When we first caught a glimpse of the town it was almost immediately below us, its closely built houses completely filling the narrow cañon.

We made our way through the town streets,—given over chiefly to burros and children—passing several "hotels," one, if I remember aright, being the "Hotel de Paris," a name which struck us as particularly incongruous, as the edifice was by no means imposing, even though adorned with a gorgeously gilded sign.

By the railway station we sat down on some rocks and ate our luncheon, while a young girl stood near at hand and watched us openly. Whether we or the food were stranger we could not determine, but we evidently furnished her with a fascinating, though brief, entertainment.

The sun had been shining fainter and fainter throughout the day, and as the train backed to the Georgetown station the western sky was dark with clouds, braced against the high summits of the snowy range.

Scattered snow-flakes began to fall, and there was every indication of a heavy snowfall, but the train proved fleeter than the storm, and we left the dark clouds tangled among the higher peaks, while we ran swiftly down the cañon into the open country, and found ourselves all too soon again before the union station in Denver.

THE KNOT OF ARMY BLUE.

By Adelbert Clark.

The sky was thick for many a mile
With fire and rolling smoke,
From where the guns poured forth their flame
When war in thunder broke.
The trampled ground was red with blood
And shot in wild storms flew,
But through it all the captain wore
A knot of army blue.

Amid the moans of wounded men
And many a rebel's cry,
A picture of his love at home,
Reflected on the sky.
The garden with its scarlet blooms
Ablaze with morning dew,
When on his manly breast she pinned
A knot of army blue.

But when the night its darkning veil
Of shadows, close had drawn,
The brave young captain's stainless soul
In Paradise was born.
They found him by a cannon's wheel,
His heart pierced through and through,
And close beside him on the ground,
They found the knot of blue.

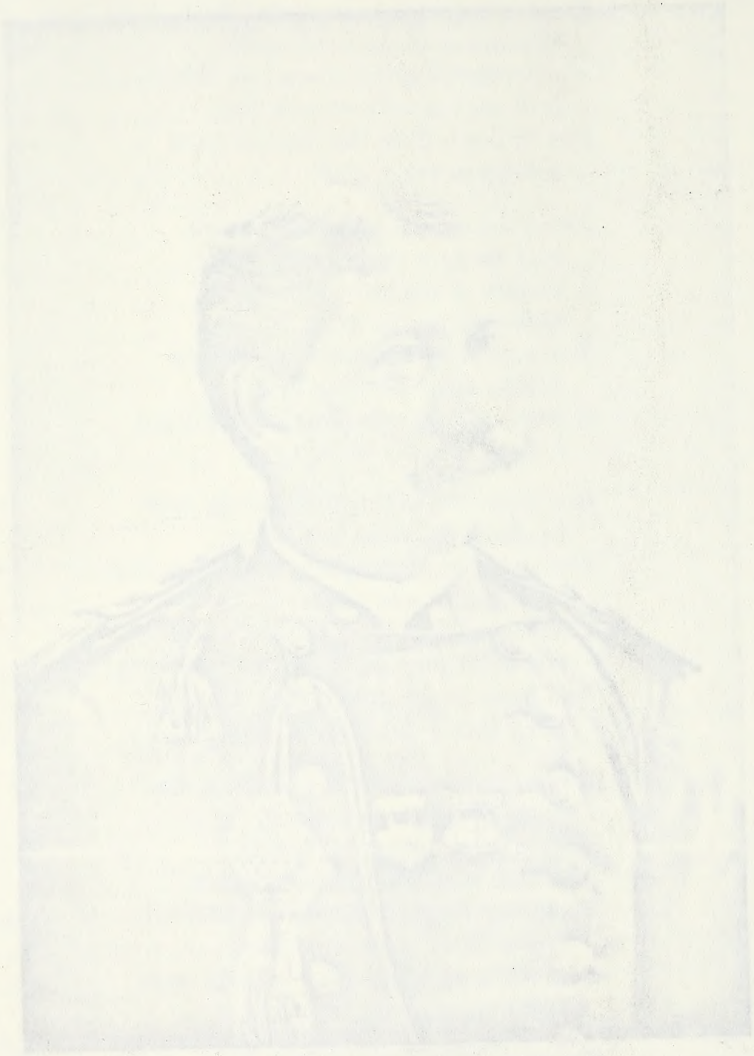
Home, from across the deep blue sea
From Philippines it came,
Within a box of rarest flow'rs,
Which bore the maiden's name.
Each tiny flower seemed to breath—
"Thy lover, dear, was true,
And while he fought, he bravely wore
The knot of army blue."

Sweet maid, she sleeps in peace to-night
Beneath the churchyard's mold;
The mellow moonlight spread its rays
On starry flowers of gold,
While on the pulseless breast below
Hid from the sun and dew,
There lies the gift she gave her love—
The knot of army blue.



BRIG.-GEN. JASON E. TOLLES.

First Brigade New Hampshire National Guard.



NEW HAMPSHIRE PEOPLE

BRIG.-GEN. JASON E. TOLLES.

Of the notables of the month, New Hampshire's quota will be found in attendance upon the annual encampment of the National Guard, held in Concord the present month. At the head of the list, in command of the First brigade, N.H.N.G., stands the ever genial and popular Jason E. Tolles, of Nashua, who began his military life by enlisting as a private in Co. F, of the Second regiment, October 16, 1877. He was corporal in May, 1878; sergeant in 1879; captain of the company in 1881; became adjutant of the regiment in July, 1884; major in 1885; lieutenant-colonel in 1889; and was colonel of the regiment from 1894 to 1899, when, on February 28, he was commissioned brigadier-general of the First brigade.

As a civilian he has been a member of the board of education of the city of Nashua for thirteen years, and is now serving his second term as mayor of that city.

LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES W. HOWARD.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Brigade Staff.

Lieutenant-Colonel Howard was born in Nashua and was graduated from the High school of that city. His military career began in 1891, when, on March 17, he enlisted as private in Co. K, Second regiment, N. H. N. G. He was promoted to second lieutenant, March 18, 1891; first lieutenant, February 25, 1892, resigned March 24, 1893; adjutant



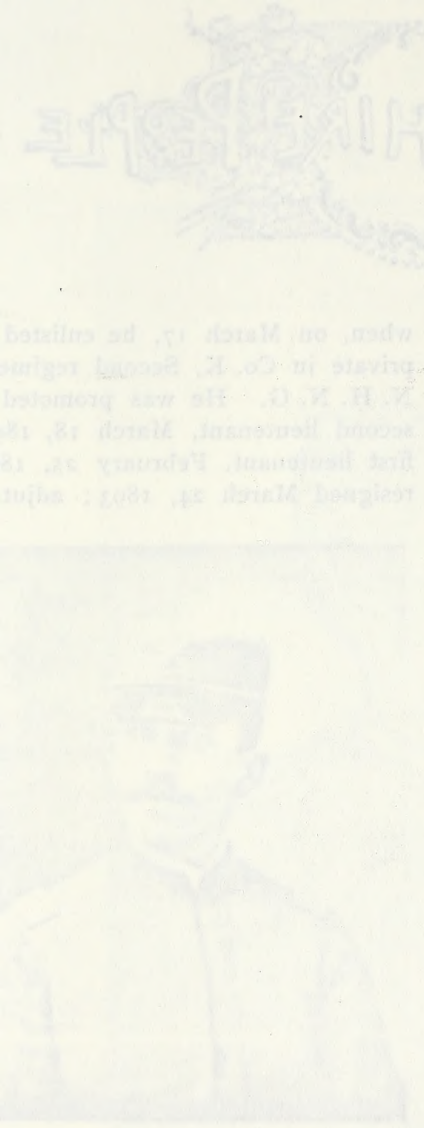
Lieut.-Col. Charles W. Howard.

of the Second September 13, 1894, on staff of Colonel Tolles, and received his present commission on the brigade staff this year.

MAJOR PAUL F. BABBIDGE.

Assistant Inspector-General.

Major Babbidge began his military





Major Paul F. Babbidge.

life in Maine by enlisting in the First regiment of volunteers, December 1, 1872, and served four years as private, corporal, and sergeant. On the 10th of December, 1888, he enlisted in Co. H, Second regiment, N. H. N. G. He was made sergeant, December 25, 1889; color sergeant, April, 1890; first sergeant, October 20, 1890; second lieutenant, June 8, 1892; first lieutenant April 18, 1894; captain, May 31, 1895. On May 11, 1898, Captain Babbidge and his company were mustered into the United States service, and left Concord for the South, May 17, as a part of the New Hampshire regiment for the Spanish War. On June 11 he was detached from the service and ordered North on recruiting service, and was stationed at Manchester until July 14, when he rejoined his regiment and was mustered out October 31. He was appointed assistant inspector-general, March, 1899, on the staff of General Tolles.

CAPTAIN CHARLES B. BODWELL.

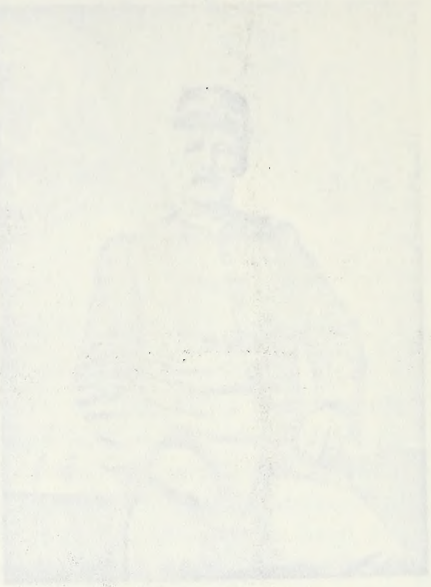
Brigade Quartermaster.

Captain Bodwell began his military experience in the cadets of the High school at Manchester, of which he was at one time captain. He was also a member of the old Manchester



Captain Charles B. Bodwell.

cadets. In 1894 he was appointed brigade quartermaster-sergeant on the staff of General Lane, and in January, 1898, was commissioned brigade quartermaster on the same staff; April, 1899, he was commissioned brigade quartermaster on the staff of General Tolles. In June, 1898, he received a civic appointment as property clerk for the assistant quartermaster of Chickamauga Park, Ga.; in July, was transferred to the First army corps, with Maj.-Gen. John R. Brooke, for the expedition to Puerto Rico, where he was taken sick with typhoid fever, and returned to the states on the hospital boat *Relief*. He was doorkeeper of

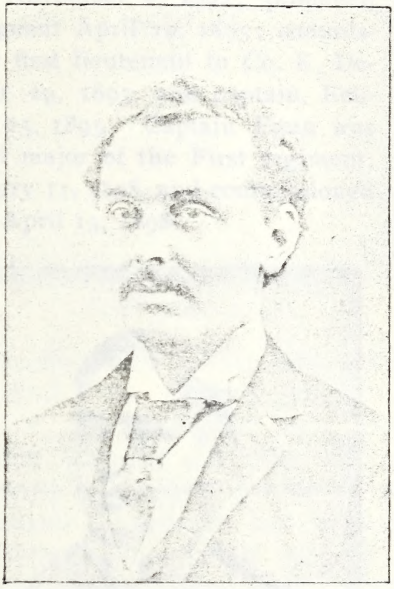


the senate at the last session of the New Hampshire legislature.

MAJOR FRANK L. KIMBALL.

Brigade Inspector of Rifle Practice.

Frank L. Kimball was born in Nashua, April 13, 1857. He received his education in the common schools of that city, being graduated from the High school in 1874. In 1881 he enlisted in Co. F, Second regiment, N. H. N. G. He received his discharge in July, 1884. Three years later he was appointed quartermaster-sergeant of the Second regiment by Colonel Copp; was commissioned captain and aide-de-camp in 1889; major and brigade inspector of rifle practice in 1893, to which position he has since been twice commissioned. He inaugurated and had charge of the first state rifle competition in New Hampshire in 1893.

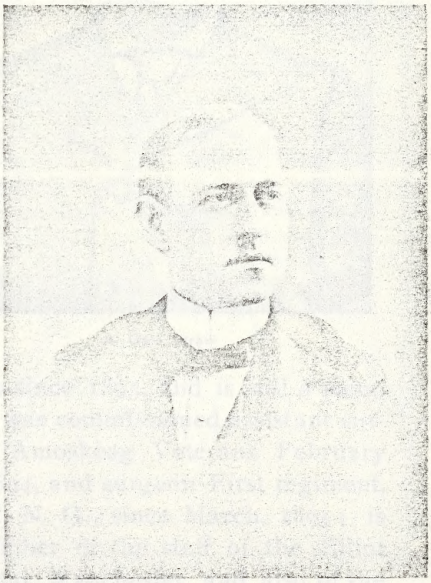


Major Frank L. Kimball.

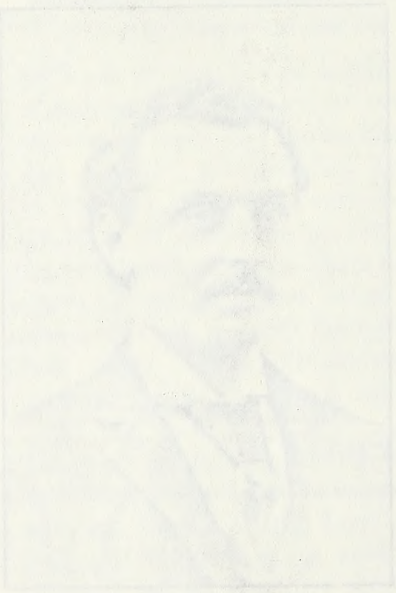
Major Kimball has served four years in the city government of Nashua, two years in the council, and two years as alderman.

CAPTAIN R. EMMETT WALSH.

Capt. R. Emmett Walsh, aide-de-camp on the staff of General Tolles, was born in Manchester in 1873. He was educated and has always made his home there. He is a pharmacist by profession. Mr. Walsh was appointed hospital steward of the First regiment, N. H. N. G., on Colonel Scott's staff, in April, 1896. In this capacity his services were marked by careful and attentive work, which was also noted in his new position of inspector of rifle practice, with rank of first lieutenant, to which he was commissioned in 1897. As inspector he showed marked ability and much interest in military affairs and won the good



Captain R. Emmett Walsh.

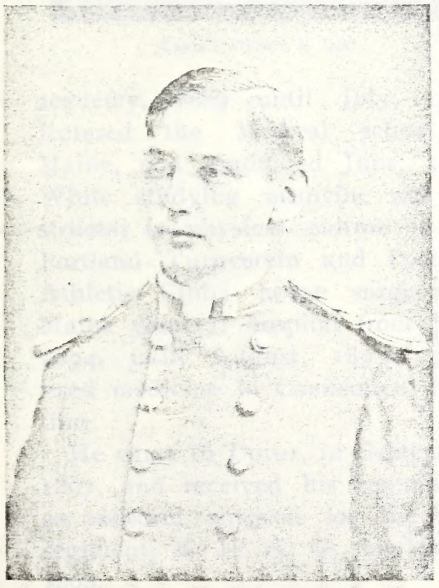


will and commendation of his superiors. His selection by General Tolles to serve upon his staff gave general satisfaction.

Mr. Walsh is now serving his third term on Manchester's board of education, and takes much interest in school work. He is a member of the sub-committee on High school, and is chairman of the important committee on music.

MAJOR JOHN F. EGAN.

Major John F. Egan was born in Manchester, December 25, 1873. He enlisted in Co. K, First regiment, June 8, 1892; was promoted to corporal November 6, 1892; promoted to sergeant April 10, 1893; commissioned first lieutenant in Co. K, December 29, 1893, and captain, February 25, 1895. Captain Egan was elected major of the First regiment, February 11, 1898, and commissioned major April 13, 1898.



Major John F. Egan.

Major Egan is a loom fixer in the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. under Overseer Charles D. Sumner.

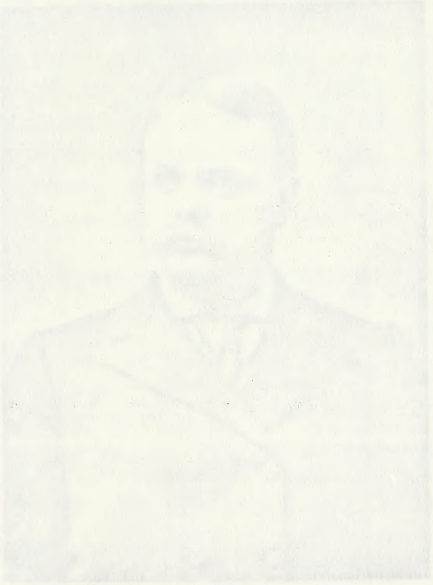
A. GALE STRAW, M. D.

Surgeon, First Regiment.

Dr. A. Gale Straw was born February 9, 1864, at Manchester; educated at the public schools; graduated at Dartmouth college, A. B. 1887, and A. M. 1890; was graduated at Harvard Medical school in 1890; has practised at Manchester ever since; has been secretary of board of United States pension surgeons since 1893, and is still a member; was commissioned assistant surgeon Amoskeag Veterans February 22, 1894, and surgeon First regiment, N. H. N. G., since March, 1895; is a member of the staff of the Elliot hospital, Manchester, and also of the board of common council.



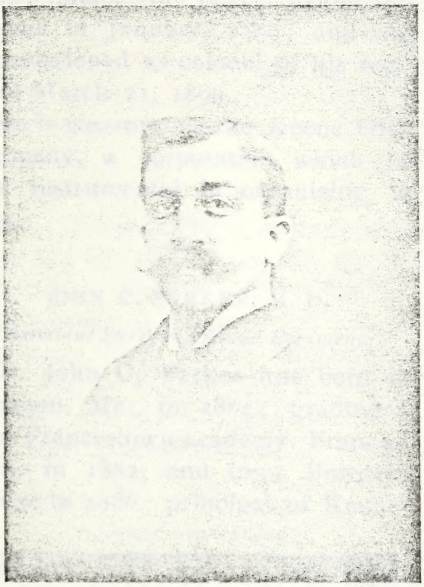
A. Gale Straw.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. DYER.

Assistant Surgeon, First Regiment.

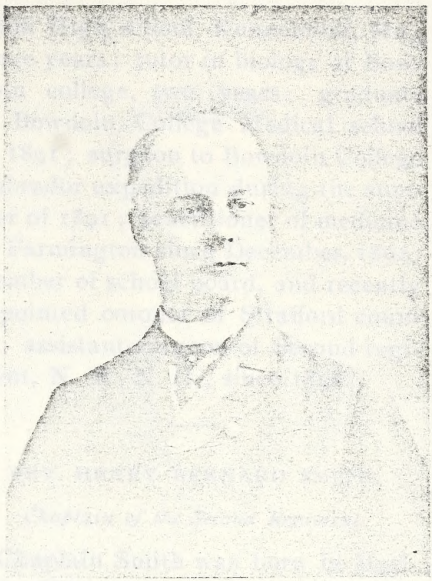
Capt. William H. Dyer was born in Portland, Me., March 17, 1869. Graduated from Portland High school in 1889; special course in physical culture at Harvard college, 1889; instructor at Phillips-Exeter



Captain William H. Dyer.

academy, 1889 until July, 1891. Entered the Medical school of Maine, and graduated June, 1894. While studying medicine was instructor in physical culture in the Portland Turnverein and Portland Athletic Club; house surgeon at Maine General hospital from July, 1894, until August, 1895; practised medicine in Connecticut for a time.

He came to Dover, in September, 1897, and received his commission as assistant surgeon for the First regiment, N. H. N. G., on May 3, 1898.

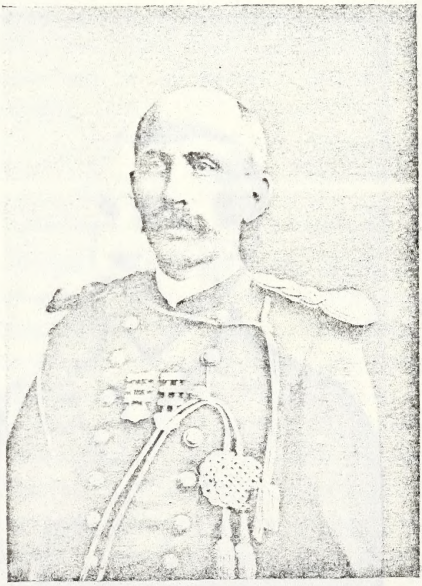


Rev. George E. Hall, D. D.
Chaplain, First Regiment.

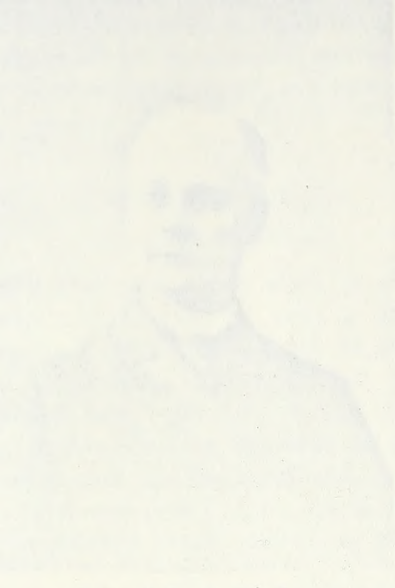
EDWIN O. UPHAM.

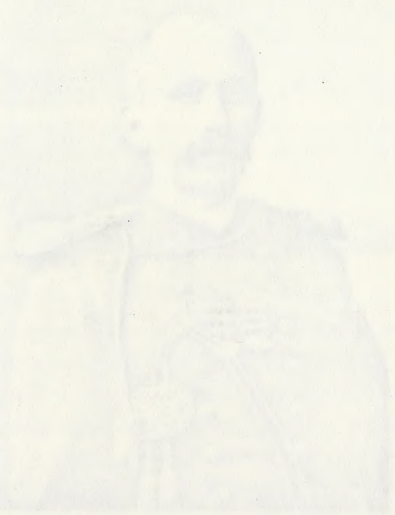
Colonel, Second Regiment.

Colonel Upham was born in Melrose, Mass., May 6, 1859. He moved



Col. Edward O. Upham.





to New Hampshire in 1877, and the following year enlisted in Co. G, Second regiment, upon its organization, April 17. His promotion was steady, being corporal in 1883, sergeant in 1884, first sergeant in 1885; received his commission as second lieutenant in February, 1889; first lieutenant in August, 1889; captain in 1890; major in 1894; lieutenant-colonel in January, 1899; and was commissioned as colonel of his regiment March 21, 1899.

He is treasurer of the Keene Glue Company, a corporation which he was instrumental in organizing in 1883.

JOHN C. PARKER, M. D.

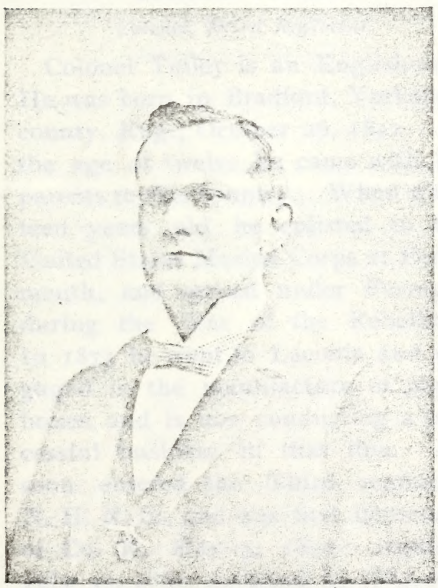
Assistant Surgeon, Second Regiment.

Dr. John C. Parker was born in Lebanon, Me., in 1864; graduated from Francestown academy, Francestown, in 1882, and from Bowdoin college in 1886; principal of Kennebunk High school, Kennebunk, Me., three years; tutor in biology at Bowdoin college, two years; graduate of Bowdoin College Medical school in 1891; surgeon to Bowdoin College Labrador expedition during the summer of 1891; practitioner of medicine in Farmington since December, 1892; member of school board, and recently appointed coroner of Strafford county; assistant-surgeon of Second regiment, N. H. N. G., since 1896.

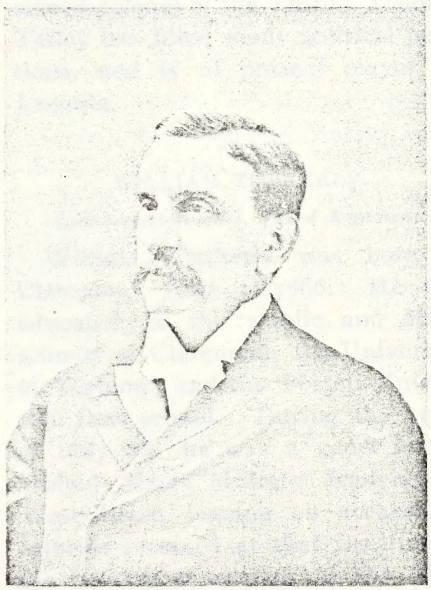
REV. HENRY BERNARD SMITH.

Chaplain of the Second Regiment.

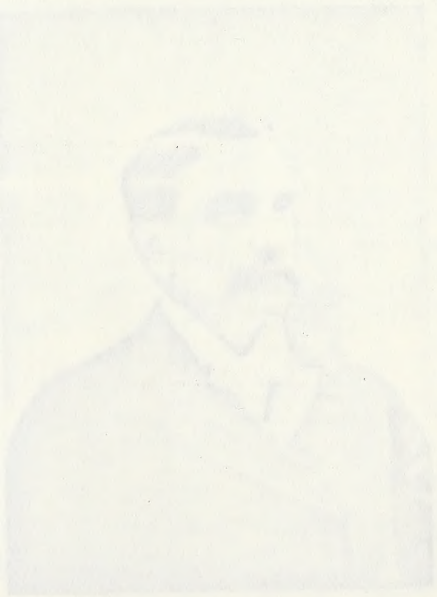
Chaplain Smith was born in Marietta, Ohio, February 16, 1848. He graduated from Marietta college, June 29, 1870, studying theology with a private instructor during his collegiate course. He was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry November 27, 1870, and immediately came East. He has had settlements

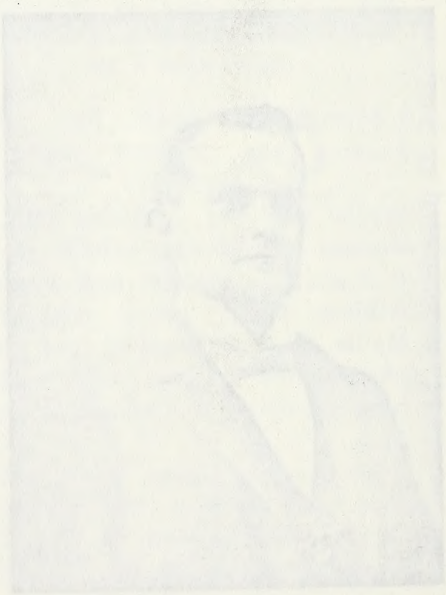


John C. Parker, M. D.



Rev. Henry B. Smith.



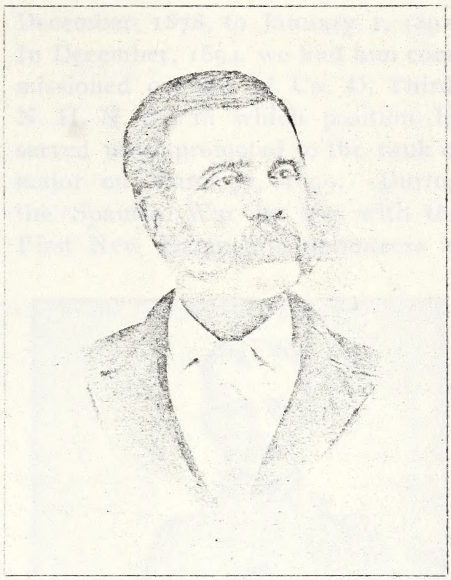


in Lockport, N. Y., Stoughton, Mass., Nashua, N. H., and at present has charge of a church in Troy, N. Y. His longest and most successful pastorate was over the Universalist church in Nashua, this pastorate extending through thirteen years. He is still a resident of New Hampshire, and expects to make the old Granite state his permanent home. He received his commission as chaplain of the Second regiment, N. H. N. G., in August, 1889, and has served in that capacity continuously since, having been reappointed for the third time by Col. E. O. Upham. He is the ranking chaplain in the service, and among the ranking captains. He is deeply interested in the National Guard, and fills his position with fidelity and ability. Mr. Smith stands high in Masonic circles, having attained the distinguished honor of the 33d.

EDMUND TETLEY.

Colonel, Third Regiment.

Colonel Tetley is an Englishman. He was born in Bradford, Yorkshire county, Eng., October 26, 1842. At the age of twelve he came with his parents to this country. When nineteen years old he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at Portsmouth, and served under Farragut during the War of the Rebellion. In 1873 he went to Laconia and engaged in the manufacture of paper boxes, and is now conducting a successful business in that line. He soon entered the Third regiment, N. H. N. G., and was first lieutenant of Co. K, May 5, 1879; captain, July 30, 1881, resigned in 1884, and was again captain of Co. K, in 1892.



Colonel Edmund Tetley.

He went with the First New Hampshire volunteers to Chickamauga, and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the same June 20, 1898. When the First was mustered out at the close of the war he was commissioned colonel of the Third. Colonel Tetley has filled many political positions, and is at present mayor of Laconia.

WILLIAM TUTHERLY.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Third Regiment.

William Tutherly was born in Claremont, June 3, 1866. He was educated in the public and High schools of Claremont, the University of Vermont, and the Boston University Law school. During the years of 1887-'88, he was a cadet in the United States Military academy at West Point, leaving on account of injuries received at that institution. He became a member of the New Hampshire bar in 1892, and in 1893,



removed to Concord where he is engaged in the practice of his profession. In May, 1889, he was commissioned paymaster of the Third regiment, N. H. N. G., on the staff of Col. True Sanborn, remaining with the Third until May 7, 1898, when he was commissioned major in the First New Hampshire volunteers. After a long illness from fever and malaria, contracted in the unhealthful camp at Chickamauga, he returned to Concord and received his commission as lieutenant-colonel of the Third, March 7, 1899.



Lieutenant-Colonel William Tutherly.



Major Julius C. Timson.

JULIUS C. TIMSON.

Major, Third Regiment.

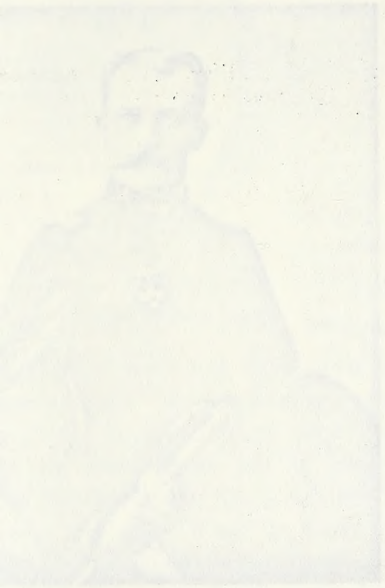
Major Timson was born in Brattleboro, Vt., April 19, 1860, and was educated in the public schools of his native city. He served in the First regiment, Vermont National Guard, from December, 1878, to January 1, 1892. In December, 1894, we find him commissioned captain of Co. D, Third, N. H. N. G., in which position he served until promoted to the rank of major on March 7, 1899. During the Spanish War he was with the First New Hampshire volunteers as captain of Co. D, and remained in service until the regiment was mustered out at the close of the war.

Major Timson is a member of most of the secret societies of this vicinity and is a prosperous business man of Claremont, where he conducts a general insurance and real estate office.

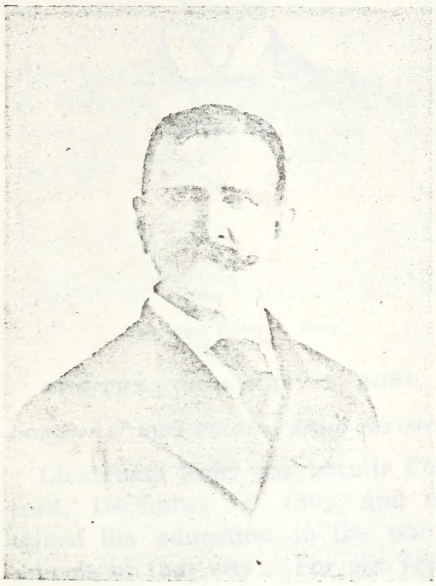
FRANK W. RUSSELL.

Major, Third Regiment.

Frank W. Russell is a native of New Hampshire, being born at Plymouth June 22, 1847. He was a cadet in the United States military



academy at West Point, N. Y., from June 10, 1864, to June 15, 1868, at which time he was commissioned second lieutenant of the Sixth United States cavalry. He remained in the service four years, resigning June 10, 1872. On the 28th of May, 1884, he was commissioned captain and aide-



Major Frank W. Russell.

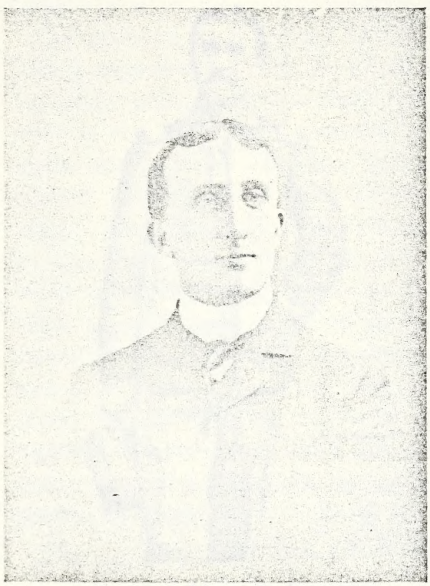
de-camp on the staff of Gen. D. M. White, and was promoted to be major and assistant inspector-general December 11, 1885. He resigned from the National Guard May 20, 1889, but again became a member of New Hampshire's militia as first lieutenant of the Third infantry, April 29, 1898; captain, May 3, 1898; was commissioned into the service of the United States to the Spanish War as captain, May 7, 1898; commissioned a major June 20, 1898; was mustered out November 1, 1898; appointed major Third infantry, March 7, 1899.

Major Russell has never held any civic office.

FIRST LIEUT. GEO. D. WALDRON.

Adjutant, Third Regiment.

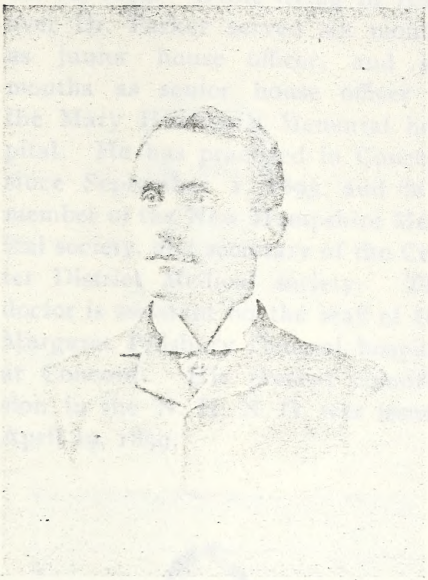
Adjutant Waldron was born in Concord, August 24, 1871, and has always lived in his native city, gaining his first taste of military drill in the Concord High School cadets.



Adjutant George D. Waldron.

He was instrumental in the formation of Co. E, in Concord, and upon its organization April 14, 1891, was commissioned its first lieutenant. He has been adjutant of his regiment since May 16, 1893; was mustered into the service of the United States with the First New Hampshire volunteers, and served at Chickamauga with them until July 25, when he was honorably discharged. When the First was mustered out he resumed his position as adjutant of the Third.

In civic life he is freight agent of the Boston & Maine railroad at Concord.



Lieutenant Harley B. Roby.

LIEUTENANT HARLEY B. ROBY.

Inspector of Rifle Practice, Third Regiment.

Lieutenant Roby was born in Concord, December 13, 1867, and obtained his education in the public schools of that city. For six years after leaving school he was connected with the banking house of E. H. Rollins & Son, and during the last half of this time he was a member of the firm. He then severed his connection with that firm and engaged in the banking business upon his own account, and has achieved marked success.

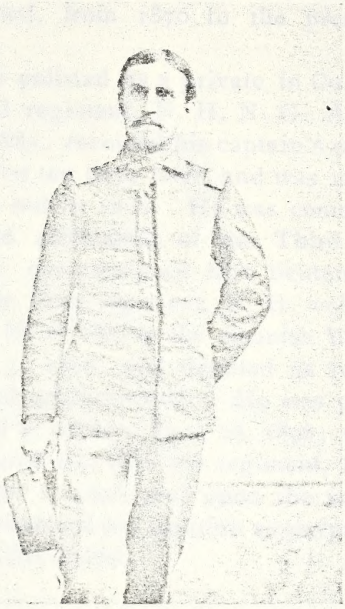
His first military appointment was upon the non-commissioned staff, First Brigade, N. H. N. G., as sergeant-major, May 14, 1886; on September 16, 1889, he was made first lieutenant of Co. C, Third regiment; resigned December 26, 1890.

His present commission upon the Brigade staff bears date of May 13, 1896.

LIEUT. EDWARD W. RICHARDSON.

Quartermaster, Third Regiment.

Quartermaster Richardson was graduated from the Concord High school with the class of '89. He is an enthusiastic militiaman, having



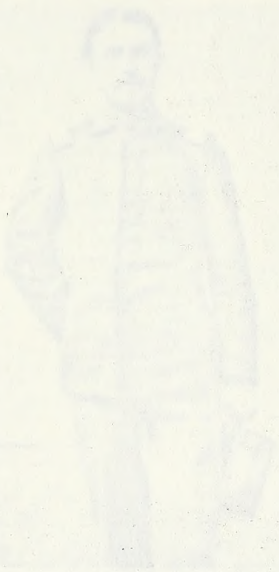
Lieutenant Edward W. Richardshn.

served through the various non-commissioned positions with steady promotions since his enlistment. He went with the boys to Chickamauga, and served faithfully through that trying time to the end of the war. Upon his return he was commissioned as above February 24, 1899.

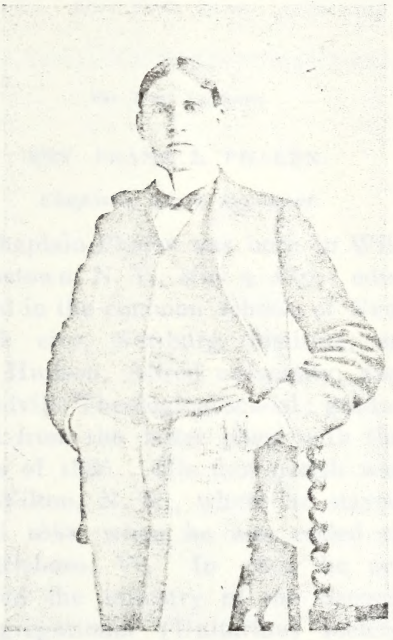
CAPTAIN GEO. H. PARKER.

Assistant Surgeon, Third Regiment.

Dr. Parker was born in Wells River, Vt., September 26, 1873, and fitted for college at St. Johnsbury academy. He was graduated from Dartmouth Medical college Novem-



ber 20, 1894. While living in Hanover Dr. Parker served six months as junior house officer, and six months as senior house officer of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial hospital. He has practised in Concord since September 1, 1895, and is a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, and secretary of the Center District Medical society. The doctor is assistant on the staff of the Margaret Pillsbury General hospital at Concord. His present commission in the N. H. N. G. was issued April 29, 1899.



Captain George H. Parker.

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. COLBY.

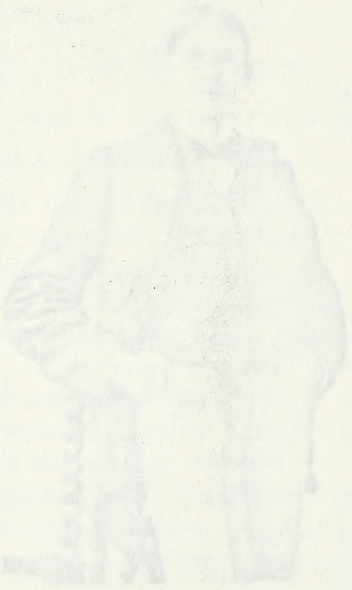
Paymaster, Third Regiment

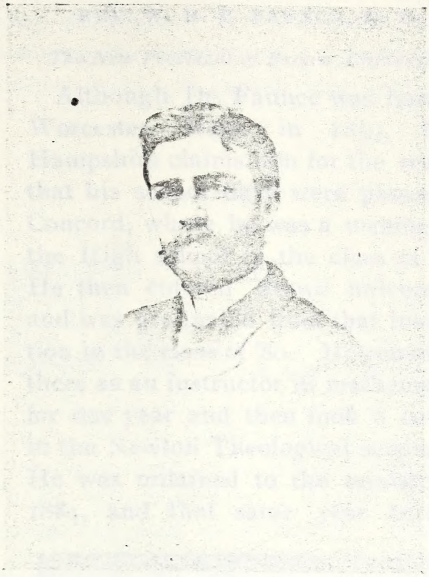
George H. Colby was born in Pembroke in 1841. He was graduated from the Manchester High school in 1859, and was chief clerk in the Manchester post-office from April, 1861–'63, when, in October, he joined the Army of the James as civilian clerk in the quartermaster's department, serving until his discharge in 1865. He has been in railroad service, on what is now the White Mountains division of the Boston & Maine railroad, from 1870 to the present time.

He enlisted as a private in Co. E, Third regiment, N. H. N. G., April 15, 1885; received his captain's commission ten days later, and was mustered out in 1890. He was commissioned paymaster of the Third in 1894; commissioned first lieutenant in the First regiment, N. H. volunteers for service in the Spanish War, May 7, 1898, and detailed as regimental quartermaster. He was promoted to captain June 28, 1898; was mustered out with the regiment, November 1, 1898, and upon the same date resumed his position as paymaster of the Third.



Captain George H. Colby.





Rev. Frank L. Phalen.

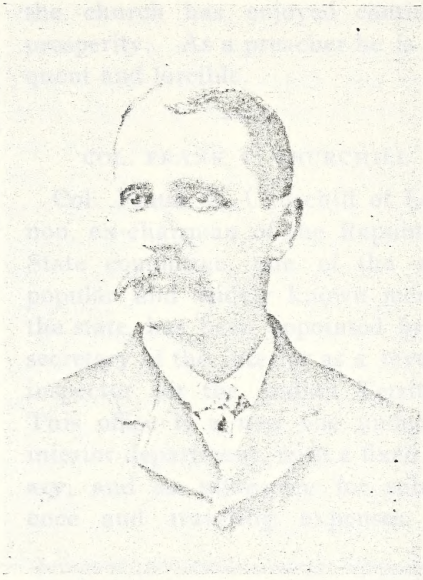
REV. FRANK L. PHALEN.

Chaplain, Third Regiment.

Chaplain Phalen was born in Williamstown, N. Y., May 9, 1859; educated in the common schools of New York city, Newburg institute, on the Hudson, Alfred university, and Meadville Theological school; graduated from the latter place with the class of 1886. His first parish was in Wilton, N. H., where he stayed until 1888, when he was called to Brattleboro, Vt. In 1892 he accepted the ministry of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) society in Concord. In 1897 he was elected chaplain of the house of representatives in the New Hampshire legislature; in 1898, commissioned chaplain of the First New Hampshire volunteers for the Spanish War, and in 1899, chaplain of the Third regiment, N. H. N. G. He is general secretary of the New Hampshire Unitarian association.

MAJOR ALBERT F. RAY.

One of the unnamed heroes of the War of the Rebellion, Major Ray, son of a sturdy New Hampshire farmer, was born in Henniker, August 25, 1843. On April 3, 1865, as senior officer in command of a detachment of men from the Fourth Massachu-



Major Albert F. Ray.

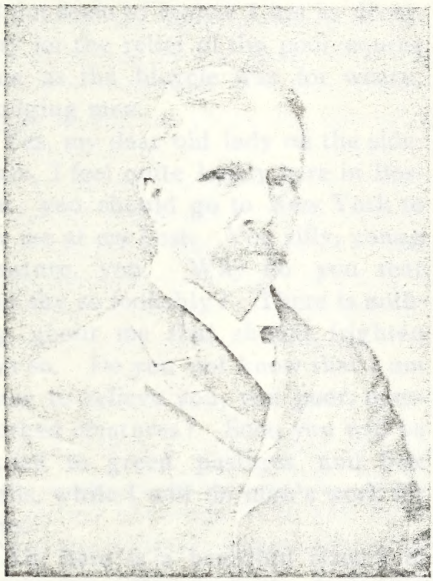
setts cavalry, was ordered by General Weitzel to enter Richmond; his first order was to take command of the fire department, and plant the flag of the nation over the capitol. Two bright, tasteful guidons of the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry were hoisted in place of the red cross of the Confederacy. "The living colors of the Union, our warrior's banner, took its flight to meet the warrior's soul."

Major Ray, residing at Haverhill, Mass., is the only officer now (June, 1899) living, who was with the first company of *Union soldiers* to enter Richmond April 3, 1865.

REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE, D. D.

The New President of Brown University.

Although Dr. Faunce was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1859, New Hampshire claims him for the reason that his school days were passed in Concord, where he was a member of the High school in the class of '75. He then entered Brown university, and was graduated from that institution in the class of '80. He remained there as an instructor in mathematics for one year and then took a course in the Newton Theological seminary. He was ordained to the ministry in 1884, and that same year became



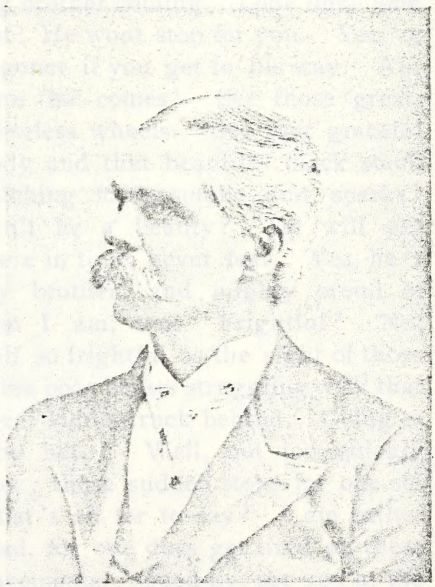
Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D. D.

pastor of the State Street Baptist church in Springfield, Mass., the largest church of that denomination in the city. He resigned the pastorate in 1889 to accept a call from New York to fill the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage.

Dr. Armitage was one of the giants of the Baptist denomination, and some of Dr. Faunce's friends feared that the young minister had assumed too heavy a responsibility in undertaking to maintain the high standard set by his predecessor. But he speedily proved himself the right man in the right place, and under his guidance the church has enjoyed continued prosperity. As a preacher he is eloquent and forcible.

COL. FRANK C. CHURCHILL.

Col. Frank C. Churchill of Lebanon, ex-chairman of the Republican State committee, one of the most popular and widely known men in the state, has been appointed by the secretary of the interior as a revenue inspector for the Indian Territory. This office is a new one under the interior department, with a fixed salary, and an allowance for subsistence and traveling expenses, and



Colonel Frank C. Churchill.

the department is fortunate in obtaining the services of a gentleman whose long and varied experience in public affairs has earned for him an enviable reputation for integrity, capability, and fidelity.

REFLECTIONS OF AN AUTOMOBILE.

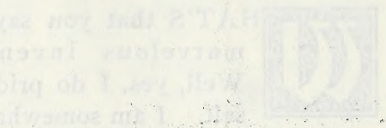
By J. R. S.

WHAT'S that you say? A marvelous invention? Well, yes, I do pride myself. I am somewhat of a marvel, but only for a time, however. Alas, like my nephew, the bicycle, I, too, must soon grow old and become quite commonplace. People look upon me now as a luxury. They do not seem to realize I am as necessary for the relief of the poor equine race as the bicycle was for weary, trudging men.

Yes, my dear old lady on the sidewalk, I feel quite lonely here in Boston; you should go to New York to see me at my best. You silly, young creature, you. Why do you rear and shy so foolishly? There is nothing about me that should frighten you so. Do you not know that I am come to relieve you, you poor, overworked creatures? Soon you will be exiled to green pastures and box stalls, while I will do man's work for him.

Ah, here is a beautiful stretch of boulevard. Yes, turn the lever and let us put to shame those poor struggling beasts by our side. Now see us glide along! Here you have the acme of graceful motion, no more runaways, no more mad plunges over side embankments. I am far too dignified for that. Look at my beautiful, new rubber tires. How noiselessly they glide over this smooth asphalt! Your nerves are not wrenched and torn by the harsh clatter of iron hoofs as I glide smoothly by. What's that, young man? You wish "she" could see me? Well, cheer up, in a year or two you can hire me from the livery round the corner any Sunday afternoon, and let me tell you, I possess great advantages over my equine friends, for I can go very slowly at the right time and am very easily handled.

Ah, small boy, you think to climb up behind as of yore, do you? One more turn of the lever and where are you, my son? Ha! ha! I am quite another creature from those Armstrong monsters by my side. Do you hear that gong? Well, that's my big brother coming. Look out! look out! He wont stop for you. You're a goner if you get in his way. Ah, here he comes! See those great, noiseless wheels. See that graceful body and that beautiful black stack belching forth smoke and sparks? Isn't he a beauty? He will get there in time, never fear. Yes, he's my brother, and mighty proud of him I am, too. Frightful? Not half so frightful as the sight of those three poor beasts struggling with that great ladder-truck behind. Going to stop here? Well, not too quickly now; those sudden stops jar one so. That's all for to-day? I am rather glad, for one does get tired on these pavements. Good-by, see you at the old stand to-morrow.



NECROLOGY.

CEDRIC LAIGHTON.

Cedric Laighton, one of the proprietors of the Isles of Shoals property, died at West Medford, Mass., June 5, after a protracted illness, aged about 58 years. He was born in Portsmouth, and was a son of the late Thomas B. and Eliza (Rymes) Laighton. His father removed to the Isles of Shoals to conduct a small boarding house for summer boarders, communication being had with Portsmouth by means of a sailing craft. Here Cedric grew up, remaining all the time, summer and winter, on the islands, except for periodical trips to that city, until his marriage. At the death of his father, Cedric, with his brother, Oscar, took charge of the property, which was then a small affair, and soon afterwards began to enlarge and improve it, continuing until now, when it consists of Appledore, Star, and Smuttynose islands, on which are situated the Appledore, Oceanic, and Mid-Ocean houses, as well as a score of cottages. They also own the steamer *Viking* of the Isles of Shoals line, the steamer *Sam Adams*, the schooner *Flying Eagle*, and a big fleet of yachts and craft, as well as the majority of the stock of the Gardner Cable company, which operates a cable between Portsmouth and the islands. Cedric married, about eight years ago, Miss Julia Stowell, in Boston, and she survives him, as do also three daughters, Margaret, Ruth, and Barbara. He was a brother of Celia Thaxter, the poet.

ARTHUR W. SILSBY.

Arthur Wilson Silsby, judge of probate for Merrimack county, died suddenly at his home in Concord, May 6. He was born in Concord, August 28, 1851, and was the son of George H. H. and Sarah F. (Chickering) Silsby. He was a direct descendant of Henry Silsby, who emigrated from England about the year 1630, and settled in Salem, Mass. Capt. Henry Silsby, great-grandfather of Arthur W., was an early settler in Acworth. He served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was a member of the Committee of Public Safety. His son, Ozias, Judge Silsby's grandfather, was a Congregational minister.

George H. H. Silsby, the father of Judge Silsby, born in Hillsborough, came to reside in Concord when he was fifteen years old. He was a stationer, printer, and bookbinder, and followed that business during the active period of his life. His wife, Sarah, who was born in Danvers, Mass., descended from Revolutionary patriots.

Arthur Wilson Silsby acquired his education in the public and High schools of Concord. He also took a short course at Phillips academy at Exeter, and

fitted for college. He commenced the study of law with the firm of Minot, Tappan & Mugridge. Later, after completing his preparations with Mr. Mugridge, he was admitted to the bar in 1877. Thereupon he entered into practice, remaining in the office with Mr. Mugridge until that gentleman's death in April, 1884.

On September 14, 1883, he was appointed judge of probate, and he presided over that court with ability, giving general satisfaction. His decisions were marked by an earnest desire to accord justice in all cases coming before him, and he showed that he was eminently qualified for that responsible office.

Judge Silsby was unmarried, and is survived by his mother and one brother. In politics he supported the Republican party. He was a member of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

SAMUEL S. KIMBALL.

Samuel Sparhawk Kimball, a retired capitalist of Concord, died at his home in that city May 12. He was the son of Samuel Ayer Kimball, a leading attorney of Concord, and Eliza (Hazen) Kimball, and was born March 1, 1825. He attained his education in the schools of his native town and in Bradford, Mass., academy. During the next eight years he served a clerkship with a business firm in Arkansas. In 1852, he married Hannah Mason of Hubbardston, Mass., and removed to Arkansas, where he engaged in business with his brother-in-law. He remained in the South during the period of hostilities, and in 1868 returned to Concord. Mr. Kimball was an important factor in the business life of the capital city, and held many positions of trust. He was president of the New Hampshire Savings bank for nearly a quarter of a century, and was prominently identified with the railroad interests of New Hampshire. He was a member and for several years treasurer of the board of trustees of the Rolfe and Rumford asylum, and also served on the board of water commissioners.

He became interested in the Boscawen mills at Penacook, and was the largest owner. In politics he was a Democrat. Mr. Kimball was a member of the North Congregational church, and had given much for charitable purposes. He is survived by one son, Dr. George M. Kimball, of Concord, and one brother, Hon. John H. Kimball, of Bath, Me.

CHARLES H. SANBORN.

Charles Henry Sanborn, M. D., died at Hampton Falls, on May 16, where he had been practising medicine since 1857. He was born in Hampton Falls, October 9, 1821; graduated at the Harvard Medical school in 1856, and had practised in Kansas and in Haverhill, Mass., during 1856. A fuller biography with a portrait will be given in July.

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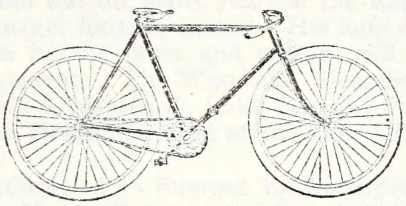
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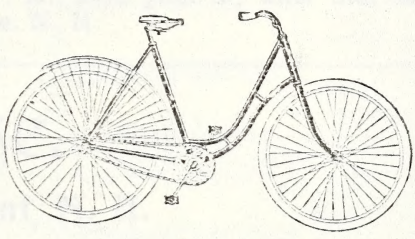
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Mr. Sumner L. Thompson, who has been clerk at the Ben Mere Inn for the last three seasons, and was for many years at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, is to be the manager for this season. His long experience has fully equipped him for the place and patrons will be well cared for under his management. The Woodsum Steamboat Company's steamers connect with all trains at Lake Sunapee railroad station, and their landing is directly in front of the Inn. The Ben Mere will open June 20.

Correspondents should be addressed to Sumner L. Thompson, No. 11 Court St., Concord, N. H., until June 1; after that date to Ben Mere Inn, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

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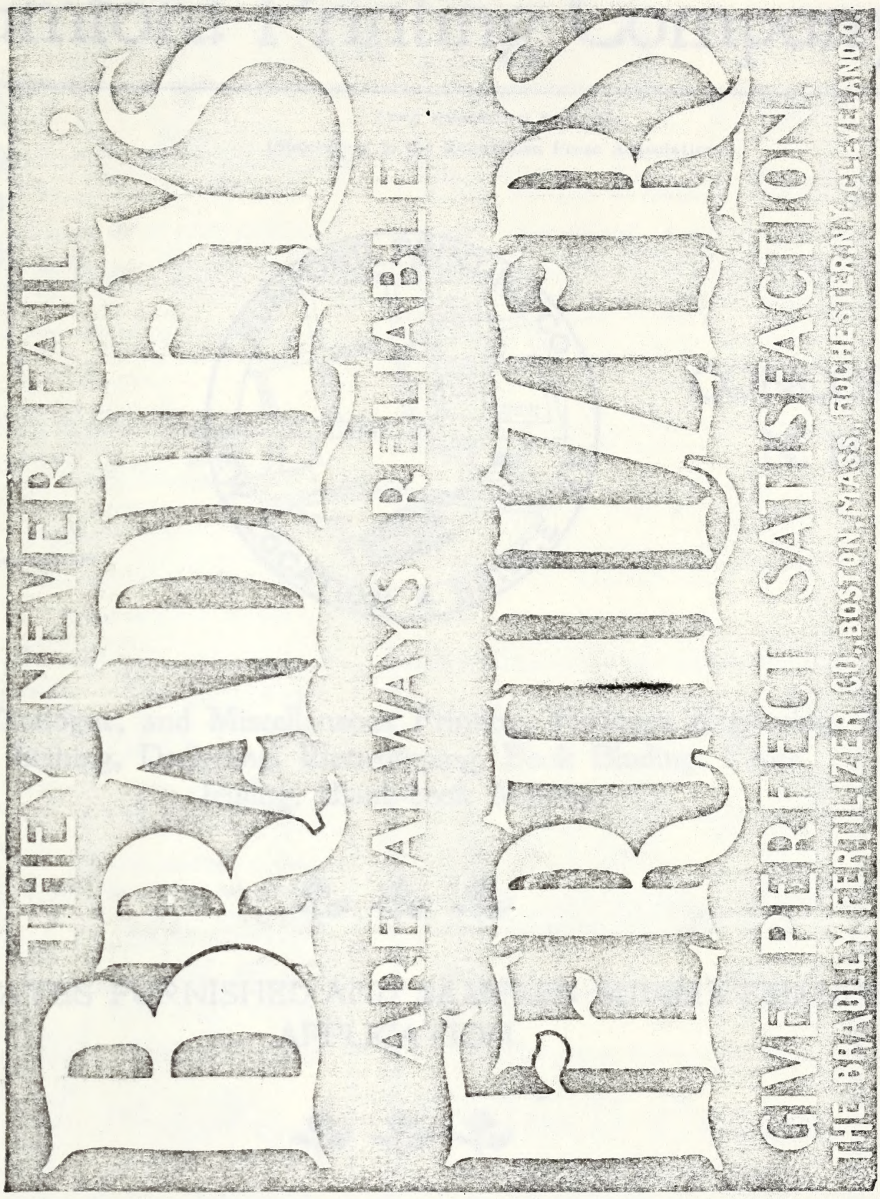
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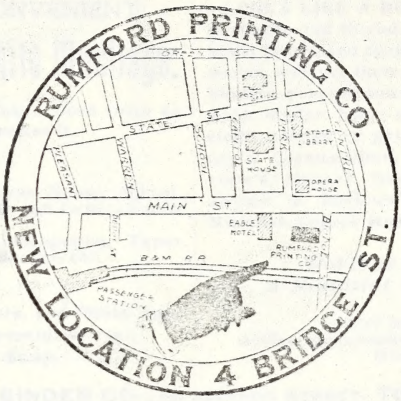
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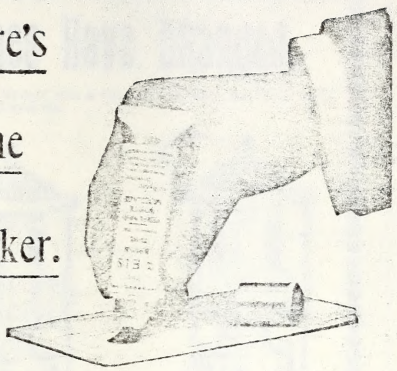
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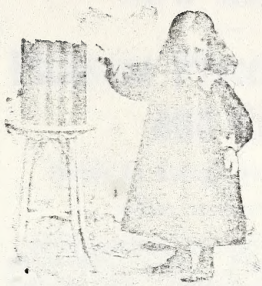
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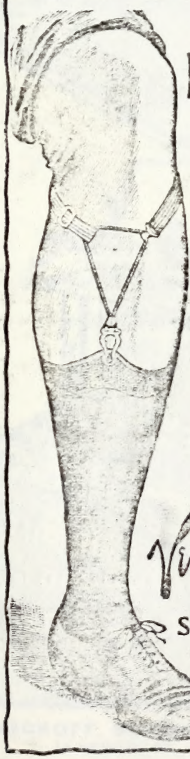
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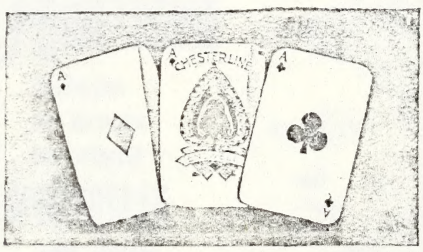
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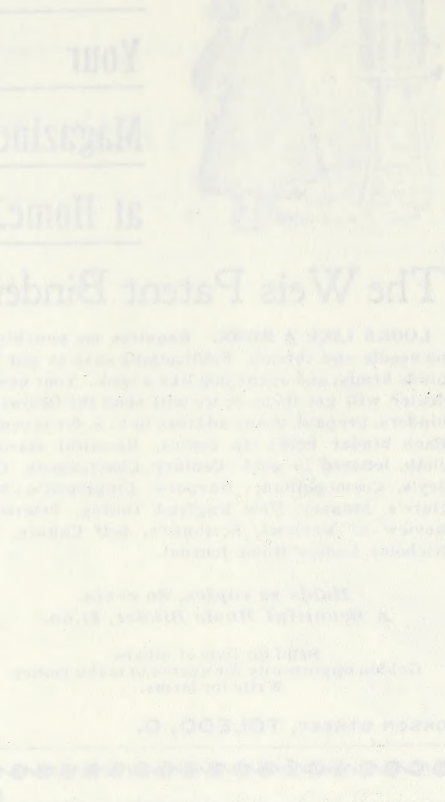
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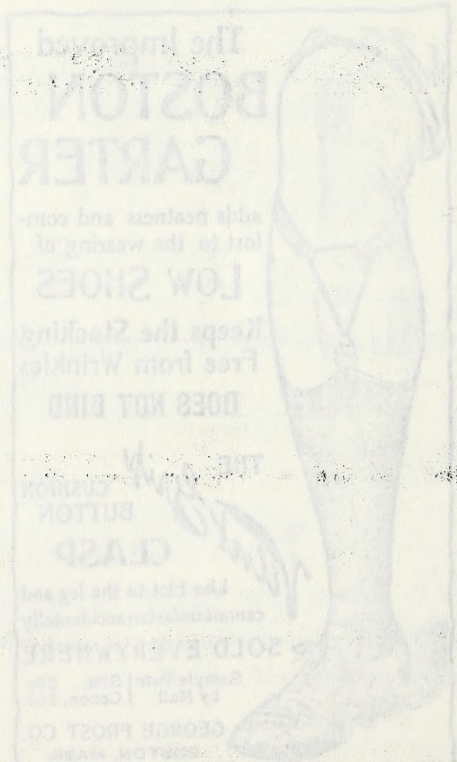
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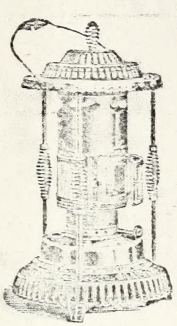


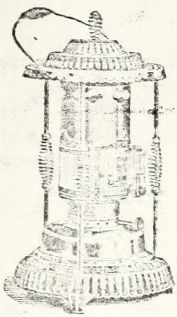




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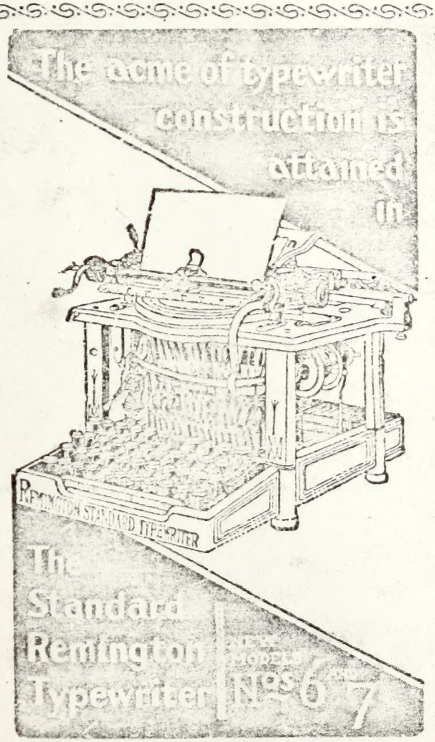
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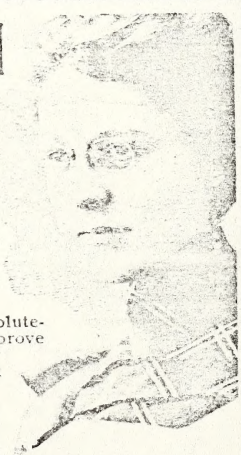
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